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MOVIE CLASSIC

APRIL

10¢

Joan Blondell

Wallace Beery Tells How It Feels To Be "DEAD" For An Hour

CLARA BOW'S First Interview Since Her MARRIAGE!

PN1993
.M744

How to Make Up Your Lips to Last 8 Hours or More

9 A. M.—*You apply when you go out* 5 P. M.—*Eight hours later—lovely red lips!*

New 8-hour lip coloring discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Formulated on entirely new principle. Waterproof . . . . Wearproof . . . . Indelible . . . . Ends constant "making-up."

Edna Wallace Hopper, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type, different from any other you have ever tried . . . *Kissproof or any other kind.*

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear.

Then, too, it is a true, Natural color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

What to Ask For

To obtain, ask for the New Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). And—remember it is Not the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is Entirely New.

Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Owing to tremendous demand the price is much less in this country. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick—lip and cheek rouge. Remember—Kissproof gives you imported lipstick quality without imported prices. Money cannot buy a finer lipstick.

NEW Kissproof *Indelible* LIPSTICK

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Time for the movies— No time for her gums and she has "pink tooth brush!"

You *bet* there's a big thrill in a swell movie! But if you want to *live* romance, as well as watch somebody *else's* romance, better spend a few seconds a day keeping your gums in condition!

You won't have an attractive smile for long unless your *teeth* stay sparkling white and sound. And that means you must keep your *gums* firm and healthy!

Your gums probably *aren't* firm and healthy. Modern foods are too soft and creamy to *stimulate* your gums. Lacking work to do, your gums have become lazy and sickly. Two to one they're so tender that they bleed. That's why you now may have "pink tooth brush".

And when "pink tooth brush" arrives, take heed! For it's Nature's danger signal—a warning that more serious gum troubles are on the way. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea may be just around the corner. And you certainly don't want to take chances with the *soundness* of your white teeth! Yet that's another thing "pink tooth brush" warns you about!

You can improve the condition of those gums of yours if you'll use Ipana Tooth Paste with massage. Clean your teeth with Ipana. But every time, rub a little *more* Ipana right into your gums.

You'll soon notice a new sparkle in your *teeth*. Use Ipana with massage regularly, and you'll be able to forget "pink" on your tooth brush!

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A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

All-New, All-Talking

All-Time Miracle of Entertainment!

CHESTER MORRIS

SYLVIA SIDNEY

THE MIRACLE MAN

JOHN WRAY

HOBART BOSWORTH

ROBERT COOGAN

IRVING PICHEL

SYLVIA SIDNEY • CHESTER MORRIS

The picture that swept the world—now an all-new, all-talking *masterpiece!* With a master cast! *Sylvia Sidney,* wistful, appealing dramatic diamond! *Chester Morris,* dynamic in the role that skyrocketed Thomas Meighan to fame! *And* Irving Pichel, John Wray, Robert Coogan, Hobart Bosworth! Will you rave about it? Naturally! It's a Paramount Picture, *"best show in town!"*

Directed by Norman McLeod Adapted by Waldemar Young. From the story by Frank L. Packard and Robert H. Davis and the play by George M. Cohan.

Paramount Pictures

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THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 2 No. 2 APRIL, 1932

GABLE'S
Handwriting Analyzed
by
LOUISE RICE

Turn to page 51, and read what Clark Gable's handwriting reveals to Louise Rice, world-famous graphologist and author of many books on the science of reading character from handwriting. This is the first of an exclusive, not-to-be-missed series in Movie Classic.

You will also learn on page 51 how you may obtain a Louise Rice Grapho-scope, showing you a new way to read your own handwriting.

NEXT MONTH
LOUISE RICE
Will Analyze
MARLENE DIETRICH'S
Handwriting

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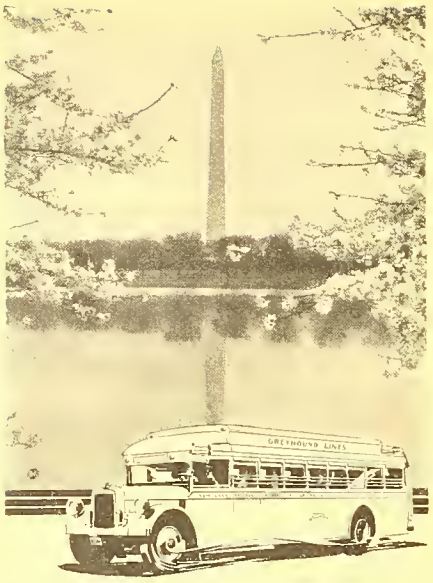
HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

MOVIE CLASSIC is published monthly at 350 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. Entered as second class matter July 20, [illegible] Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
Copyright 1932 by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Single copy 10c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $1.00 a year, Canada $2.50, Foreign Countries, $2.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President and Publisher, William S. Pelley, Vice President, Robert F. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.

MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month



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BETWEEN OURSELVES

YOU and I consider ourselves educated moviegoers. We know what we like and what we don't like, and we aren't afraid to say so. We laugh, for instance, at the blood-and-thunder serials that used to thrill us when we were in the fifth grade—and then we knock each other down, trying to be the first to see the newest horror specials (such as "Frankenstein" and "Murders in the Rue Morgue"), which are just great big brothers to the old-time serials!

AND speaking of screen chillers, if you don't get a shudder or two or three out of "Freaks," you're a stronger man than I am, Gunga Din. So far as I'm concerned, this is the horror picture to end all horror pictures. I'm swearing off!

CONGRATULATIONS are in order for Columbia—the first studio to look upon this matter of stars in a sane manner. Columbia's idea is to have the stars glorify the pictures, rather than to have the pictures inflate the stars. And how will they accomplish this? First of all, they will stop giving long-term contracts—which often convince good-looking youngsters that they have talent, when all they have, to be frank, is looks.

Columbia will no longer get stories to fit certain stars, but get players to fit their stories. They will engage them only for the duration of the picture. But how will the poor players manage to afford ermine coats and swanky limousines under this system? The principal players will receive not only salaries while acting, but also royalties from the box-office returns on the picture—the theory being that, the better their acting, the more money the picture will make. It sounds logical, and I'm anxious to see the idea in action. How about yourself?

CONGRATULATIONS are also in order for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the first studio to have the courage to present a picture featuring a genuine all-star cast. Those words, "all-star cast," have long been overworked, until they mean almost nothing. But in "Grand Hotel," you will see Garbo (who discards the Greta, by the way, with this picture), John and Lionel Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery and Jean Hersholt—the greatest cast ever assembled in one film. It took nerve to try the experiment. For, afterward, will you and I be content to see pictures that boast only one or two stars? But maybe the producers won't be stingy. Remember that M-G-M not many months ago tried the experiment of co-starring several of their big names—and now all the studios are doing it.

WHEN Charlie Chaplin finished "City Lights," he closed down his studio, keeping only a few (three or four) employees at work. Harold Lloyd has not made a picture in months, yet his large staff of studio workers are still on the payroll, not looking for jobs. He's a real sport!

DO producers really rate the intelligence of moviegoers like this? The title of "The Man I Killed" was changed to "Broken Lullaby," lest you should think it was another gangster opus. The title of "The Honorable Mr. Wong" was changed to "The Hatchet Man," lest the "honorable" should make you think Somebody approved of Edward G. Robinson's hatchet-slinging. The title of "Old Man Minick" was changed to "The Expert," lest you should not remember that Chic Sale once wrote a best-seller called "The Specialist"—even though Edna Ferber's story was hardly based on that.

CLIVE BROOK says, rightly, that producers don't profit by their mistakes. As soon as a picture is finished, they forget about it—except to note whether or not it is making money. They don't try to discover *why* it is or isn't. But Clive studies the reaction to his pictures. That's how he has improved himself. If only there were more like him!

ACCORDING to *Variety*, the Bible of show business, several screen magazines have lately been cutting down their budgets by running "interviews" written by the stars' press-agents. Just as a matter of record, I want to state that MOVIE CLASSIC is not guilty—and never will be. I hope you will take note of the number of journalistic "scoops" in this issue—running all the way from "Clara Bow's First Interview Since Her Marriage" to Louise Rice's analysis of the character of Clark Gable from his handwriting, the first of a brand-new series.

Larry Reid

SPENDTHRIFTS OF LOVE!

Modern youth, laughing at yesterday's conventions, promising to pay for today's kisses... after tomorrow. The gay partnership of a boy and girl who found it easier to make love than to make money.

AFTER TOMORROW

with CHARLES FARRELL

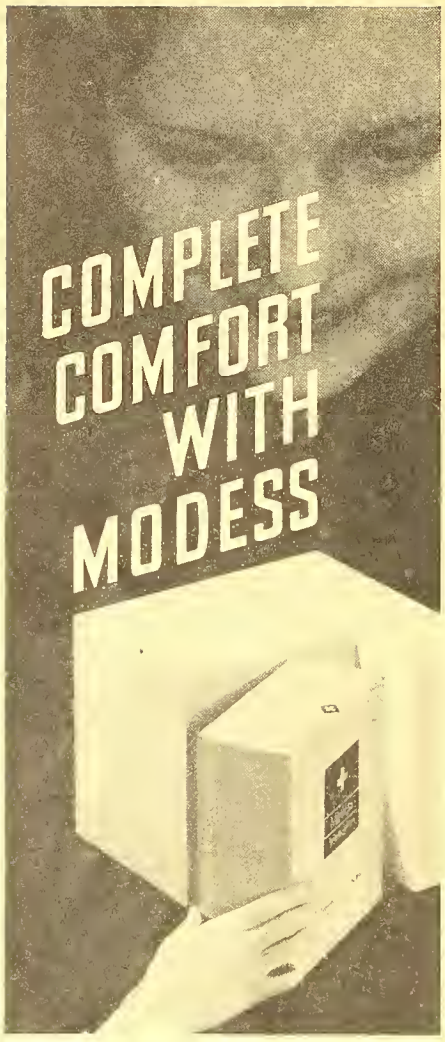
MARIAN NIXON • MINNA GOMBELL

WILLIAM COLLIER, Sr.

Based on the stage play by
Jahn Galden and Hugh S. Stange

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

FOX Picture



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Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, Movie Classic gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page

The $20.00 Letter
Don't Spoil the Beautiful Memories

A FEW blasts from a horn may make all old pictures like "Ben-Hur" and "The Birth of a Nation" Sound Productions, so far as the distributor's racket is concerned, but to this Movie Fan they're not howling successes.

Truly, advance publicity promised sound entertainment, coaxing the unsuspecting screenward, where a few moments of the programme fired one with a desire for "Flit," so that a person could put an end to the agony of these human flutter-jerking insects, who jumped about on a background of passé, antediluvian photography.

If the producers have neither the inclination, strength or money to re-take and make talkies of these famous stories of yesterday, why untomb their now-faded glory and ruin the beautiful memory of Picture World Masterpieces? JEAN MCMICHAEL, Toronto, Can.

The $10.00 Letter
Give "Younger Generation" A Break

MOVING PICTURE producers are firmly convinced that high-school youth is speeding down the primrose path to quick disaster! No? Then I wish some observing company would produce a film depicting the much-maligned "younger generation" in a mode of life not entirely devoted to gin-swigging, petting, and kindred pleasures.

Perhaps the all-powerful box-office demands the sensational and lurid, but I cannot imagine "Skippy" as an incipient Capone, nor "Sooky" as a future anarchist; yet strangely enough, these two pictures seem to have attracted unusual patronage. Is it too impossible, then, to create a story concerning the adventures of seventeen- and eighteen-year-old adolescents, and have them act as *Skippy* or *Sooky* would at that age?

It may be that the normal teen age holds little of interest for a blasé public, but is the fault with us? We stand on the threshold of life, and our problems are not the morbid affairs certain pictures would lead us to believe.

We in high-school, you must remember, are trying to establish our identity as persons, and we would appreciate the intelligent aid the cinema could render us.

GUYE THOMAS, Yakima, Wash.

The $5.00 Letter
Bring Back Costume Romances

NOW that we've had a series of war pictures — newspaper melodramas — covered wagon struggles and the perennial Crawford-Shearer "more-sinned-against-than-sinning modern maiden" presentations, it seems that a series of period costume pictures would be most diverting and entertaining.

Would that we could see and *hear* John Barrymore in "Don Juan"—Marion Davies in "When Knighthood Was In Flower —Dennis King in "Three Musketeers"!!

History has so many *exciting* subjects to offer—and there are many romanticists who would welcome such productions.

Take us back to our knights in armor—to exciting sword's-play for the princesses in lovely towers. G. C. HONK, Carey, O.

Movies For Taut Nerves

NEVER have the movies had a more salutary effect than in this time of almost universal depression. While nerves are taut with the stress of ghastly financial affairs, there is nothing like the splendid dramatic productions to alleviate the strain. And as if the powers of the movie world realized this, they are giving us such singularly worthwhile pictures as "Arrowsmith," "Mata Hari," "Tomorrow and Tomorrow." Who can see the priceless Marie Dressler in "Emma" and go away still self-centered, calling the world a total loss? We who have suffered and been crushed by new and unexpected burdens need something outside of ourselves to grip us completely.

The movies are a hypodermic, bringing blessed interludes of forgetfulness. Yea, they are more than that—they are a world tonic, injecting new life and belief, restoring mental equilibrium, bringing broader outlooks and a strange comforting peace.

JACK PORTER, San Pedro, Cal.

A More Appropriate Title

AFTER having seen the great Garbo in "Susan Lenox," I came to the conclusion that the author gave that person, in the vernacular of the street, a "dirty deal."

In my opinion, a title more appropriate than the present one would be "SHE Who Gets Slapped," for slapped she was from the time she was "slapped into the world," as it were, by the doctor who presided at her birth, down through her pitiful and sordid existence, right to the last chapter.

MIRIAM AVERBACH, Youngstown, O.

Comedies Being Neglected

WHEN will the producers wake up and give us some real belly-rollicking comedies? The Talkies have swept the directors off their feet. They think it more important to have voice perfection than accomplished acting. For a change, we movie fans would like comedies that would roll us off our seats.

The effectiveness of modern comedy is lost through the neglect of pantomime. Wise-cracking in the movies is greatly overdone. It isn't funny to sit and listen to your neighbor's laughter at a movie when the voices on the screen are inaudible. BOB MOORE, Newberg, Ore.

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world — through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Her teeth too precious to risk with any tooth paste but the *softest*

Baby teeth are given new protection by a new discovery . . . a cleansing material has been developed that's twice as soft as those in common use

CHILDREN'S teeth are softer and more porous than adults'! Being softer, they are more easily injured by harsh tooth pastes. Those designed only for older, harder teeth are apt to be much too abrasive for tender, soft enamel.

Recently Pepsodent laboratories have developed a new and entirely different cleansing material. Baby teeth brushed by it thousands of times and examined under a powerful microscope fail to show the faintest scratch—only a soft, lustrous glow like a precious jewel with film stains completely erased.

The adoption of this new discovery in Pepsodent affords greater protection to children's teeth—it provides an absolutely safe way of removing film.

Care of Baby Teeth

You must remove film from children's teeth, as well as your own, twice every day. FILM is that slippery coating on your teeth. It gathers germs that cause decay. It glues them tightly to enamel. FILM absorbs the stains from foods and makes teeth unattractive. Removing FILM is vitally important.

Some tooth pastes remove film but leave microscopic scratches. Others are safe but fail to remove film satisfactorily. But Pepsodent—through its notable new discovery—combines film-removing power with *super-safety*.

The new cleansing and polishing material is twice as soft as that in common use. It brings extra safety to your children's teeth and yours. . . Remember, too, this new material stands unsurpassed in removing stubborn film. It gives more brilliant polish to enamel. Pepsodent is the outstanding tooth paste of modern chemistry.

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.

1. Remove film—

use Pepsodent tooth paste every morning and every night.

2. Eat these foods—

One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery, a lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.

3. See your Dentist—

Adults at least twice a year—children every 3 months, and at the slightest suspicion of trouble.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

Let your eyes speak the full measure of their beauty

BY THE SIMPLE MAGIC OF THE *New* NON-SMARTING, TEAR-PROOF *Maybelline*

Gay, flashing glances! Who can resist their charm? What a world of meaning the eyes can express—but not with light, scanty eyelashes! Awake the dormant beauty of your expression—a few, simple brush strokes of the NEW Maybelline Eyelash Darkener transforms thin, scraggly lashes into the appearance of long, lustrous, dark and curling fringe.

Best of all—the NEW Maybelline is absolutely harmless, and it's actually good for the lashes; keeps them soft and pliable. You'll be amazed at the magic of the NEW Maybelline—Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters.

For 10c and coupon below we will send special Purse Size for trial

The NEW *Maybelline*
EYELASH BEAUTIFIER

Clip —FOR PURSE SIZE 24-4

MAYBELLINE CO.,
5900 Ridge Ave., Chicago.

10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the *new* Maybelline. ☐Black ☐Brown

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

In "The Greeks Had a Word for Them," Madge Evans was one of a trio of blonde charmers—and in "Are You Listening?" the same thing happens, except that she's the principal one this time. Her sisters in the J. P. McEvoy radio comedy starring William Haines are Anita Page (left) and Joan Marsh

TIPPING YOU OFF

Little Low-Downs On The Stars

By J. E. R.

JOHN BARRYMORE beat Walter Winchell to it by announcing that the Barrymore-Dolores Costello "blessed event" will take place in May. John hopes for a son. . . . Garbo wanted a psychic to tell her about the Garbo future, but when the soothsayer said she'd do it, if they had press pictures taken together, the smart Swede changed her mind. . . . Now that Miriam Hopkins is living in Garbo's former shelter (Greta has moved up the street), the house is seeing some parties—and gay ones, at that. . . . Beginning with "Grand Hotel," the silent Scandinavian will be billed as just plain Garbo.

Remember Carman Barnes, the girl-author who was signed for stardom by Paramount and never made a picture? She's trying to content herself with a small salary on the New York stage. . . . Linda Watkins isn't any happier to be newly married (to Gabriel Hess, New York lawyer), than she is to get away from Hollywood, which Made Her Unhappy. . . . One of the few bidders for the Navy's older airship, the *Los Angeles*, is Howard Hughes, producer of "Hell's Angels," who wants it for a picture. . . . Pola Negri, who really isn't well enough yet to be making those personal appearances, told Chicago interviewers that she was going to marry a Windy City lad—but wouldn't tell his name. Aw, Pola! . . .

Mae Marsh, one of the great favorites of silent days, who made a comeback in "Over the Hill," has already gone back to the home-life and the children. . . . Mary Duncan has had her marriage to Lewis Wood, Jr., quietly annulled already, the romance having curdled after the first few days. . . . Harry Langdon is all set for a comeback, making his own comedies in the East, far from the Hollywood that took him for such a sleigh ride. . . . In spite of the "unsafe-for-white-women" bulletins about Hawaii, Dolores Del Rio and company are making "Bird of Paradise" there. . . .

Peggy von Eltz, former actress-wife of Theodore von Eltz, actor, has just married Joseph Moncure March, writer. Flaunting convention, they first tried a "test marriage"—for Peggy wanted to be sure this time. . . . M-G-M didn't care for the first name of Nora Gregor, their new foreign discovery, so you'll see her as Eleonora Gregor. . . . Irving Pichel is voice-training RKO's new "find," Gwili Andre (there's a name for you!), by having her read aloud from the Good Book. . . . The only American stars capable of making French versions of films are Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Ruth Chatterton; they're about to do one together.

Director Ernst Lubitsch and actress Ona Munson have suffered a severe chill and called off those nuptials. . . . When Richard Dix and his bride recently spent a three-week delayed honeymoon in New York, Rich didn't tell even his press-agent where they were staying. . . . When Nancy Carroll recently canceled a personal appearance engagement at the New York Paramount, stork rumors flew about. She and husband Bolton Mallory have just been taking a delayed honeymoon, themselves, in the Bahamas. . . . Universal, sponsor of three horror hits ("Dracula," "Frankenstein" and "Murders in the Rue Morgue") has three more on tap—"The Old Dark House" and "The Invisible Man" (both starring Boris Karloff) and "The Suicide Club" by Robert Louis Stevenson. . . .

Marlene Dietrich—and this *is* good news—has one more picture to go on her present contract, but has already signed to do three more. . . . Lita Grey Chaplin pains reporters by refusing to be interviewed except when stepping on or off choo-choos. . . . William Fox, no longer the head of the company that bears his name, isn't through yet. He claims to own two talkie patents which, he alleges, all picture companies have infringed, and is suing. If he wins, he'll be the wealthiest man in the movies. . . .

Dramatic DYNAMITE!

Richard BARTHELMESS

in "Alias the Doctor"

with

MARIAN MARSH

Vivid, dynamic drama

—of a man who LIVED A LIE to save another from disgrace

—of a woman who fettered his love, chained his passion, trampled his soul.

Dick Barthelmess at his unrivaled best in a role of tremendous sweep and power—the most dazzling performance of his career.

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

BY MARQUIS BUSBY

THAT "Mata Hari" opening at Grauman's Chinese Theatre had the stellar ladies hauling their best bibs and tuckers out of the moth balls. It was a regular old-time première, and it didn't look much like depression. There were enough diamonds and ermine to make Peggy Hopkins Joyce writhe with envy.

Of course it didn't exactly keep people away from the theatre, outside and inside, to rumor that Garbo *might* attend. Only *might*, mind you. Even while the show was going on, the report spread like wildfire that Garbo was watching the film from the projection room. She wasn't in the projection room, or within miles of the theatre. Garbo wouldn't go to a première to see the Battle of Bull Run with the original cast.

ALL of our very best people, my dear, were out for the opening in full panoply. Doug and Mary were there. So were Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. Few people saw them, but Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg were also among those present. They slipped in early, sat 'way up in front, and did not wear evening clothes. Tallulah Bankhead, plumper than ever before, was one of the swankiest femmes—all rigged up in black velvet and white fox. Her escort was Adrian, the M-G-M fashion authority.

Lola Lane—and isn't she a healthy specimen?—gets out in the desert sunshine at the El Mirador Hotel, Palm Springs, sporting an outfit by Evans of Beverly Hills. Lew Ayres, the hubby, must be around somewhere!

ANOTHER exciting moment of the evening was the gentleman who looked exactly like Einstein—you know, the chap who has that theory which no one understands. Sid Grauman, forty publicity men, and three hundred unpaid, but willing workers, tried to coax him over to the microphone.

"Nein, nein," muttered the stranger, impatiently. And "nein" he remained. The staff felt better the next day when they found out whom he was—just a Hollywood tailor. There's some truth to the cinematic maxim—if you can't be somebody, try at least to look like somebody.

THE "Arrowsmith" opening the following week wasn't quite as mammoth an affair, but it was a pretty smart shindig, considering who attended. Mary Pickford, introduced by her husband, friend Doug, undertook to make a speech without walking to the stage.

It was fine for the people in the orchestra chairs, but the balcony customers were not in such a hot spot. Those in the front balcony seats arose to a man to get a better view of America's Sweetheart. Naturally the back-row public couldn't see a durned thing, and were pretty put out about it.

"Sit down, sit down!" they shouted, all through poor Mary's spiel. No one knew whether she was delivering *Hamlet's Soliloquy* or giving her recipe for piccalilli. Mary finished whatever it was. By golly, the show has got to go on, and the screen's first lady was not going to say "uncle."

I'M not saying a word, mind you, but Loretta Young is wearing a diamond as big as a searchlight on her business finger. She says she bought it herself, but pooh-pooh, Loretta is too pretty to buy her own rings.

Herbert Somborn is the lucky lad who is seen places with Loretta. Somborn is one of the ex-Mr. Gloria Swansons—number two down the line. He owns the Brown Derby restaurants, and there are four scattered around Los Angeles and Hollywood.

The romance has all been pretty secret. Loretta would arrive at one of the Derby eateries and dine with Somborn. Then, oh, awfully casually, she would say a formal "good night" and depart. Three minutes later Mr. Somborn, ditto casually, would also leave. And it didn't look as if he were going out to wait for a street-car, either.

A WELL-known Hollywood young lady was preparing to move from one house to another. She called

(*Continued on page 72*)

MOTHERED BY AN APE—HE KNEW ONLY THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

— to seize what he wanted!

TARZAN THE APE MAN

with

Johnny **WEISSMULLER**
Neil **HAMILTON**
C. Aubrey **SMITH**
Maureen **O'SULLIVAN**

Based upon the characters created by EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Adaptation by CYRIL HUME
Dialogue by IVOR NOVELLO

ANOTHER MIRACLE PICTURE

directed by W. S. VAN DYKE
Creator of "TRADER HORN"

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

plays and sings his popular song hits in

VANITY COMEDIES

Piano wizard—radio star—composer of "I Surrender Dear", "At Your Command", "It's Happened To Me" and many other song hits that the whole nation is singing—and now a delightful screen comedian whose gay antics are also a delicious treat. See Harry Barris and hear him play and sing in his first

Al Christie Production
"THAT RASCAL"

And watch for his other Vanity Comedies. There will be another one soon.

Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive Office: 1501 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

HOLLYWOOD TICKER TALK

By MARK DOWLING

FIVE YEAR OLD SIDNEY CHAPLIN "I DON'T THINK MY FATHER IS SO VERY FUNNY" ..... MARLENE DIETRICH "GERMANY IS NOT SATISFIED WITH ME IN ENGLISH SPEAKING ROLES SO I AM RETURNING TO MY OWN COUNTRY" ..... JETTA GOUDAL "ONCE I WAS TO PLAY MATA HARI".... CREIGHTON CHENEY "PRODUCERS OFFERED ME CONTRACTS IF I'D CHANGE MY NAME TO LON CHANEY JUNIOR BUT I REFUSED" ..... GRACE TIBBETT "I'M NOT GOING TO MARRY AGAIN. LIFE WOULD BE DULL AFTER LAWRENCE. BESIDES - GIVE UP ALIMONY FOR ANY MAN? NEVER!" ..... JUANITA BANSEN "I'M GOING TO A PLASTIC SURGEON AND HAVE THESE SCARS REMOVED, THEN I'LL MAKE A SCREEN COME BACK." ..... POLA NEGRI "MY NEXT HUSBAND - I WON'T TELL HIS NAME - IS A CHICAGO MAN WHOM EVERYONE LOOKS UP TO AND ADMIRES" ..... CRETA GARBO "------ ----- --------." MIRIAM HOPKINS "I CAN'T STAND HOLLYWOOD BECAUSE EVERYONE TALKS SHOP HERE." ..... NEIL HAMILTON "I AM GOING TO ADOPT ANOTHER CHILD THIS SPRING. NO CHILD SHOULD BE BROUGHT UP ALONE" .....

"Tom Brown is my real name, and I'm going to play the lead in 'Tom Brown of Culver.' That's the first time an actor has ever had his own name in the title of a picture. Isn't it swell?" demands the boyishly enthusiastic youngster who, at nineteen, is the latest discovery of Hollywood.

"I'm not exactly new to films, since I played the fresh kid in 'The Lady Lies,' with Claudette Colbert. Remember? . . . I've done bits in other pictures and I've been on Broadway, as the boy in 'Is Zat So,' with the Gleasons.

"They're about my best friends in pictures, but I've been working so hard since I've been here that I haven't had much time to go out. . . . I've been dancing at the Ambassador with Anita Louise and Rochelle Hudson—aren't they swell kids?" he cries again.

His voice shows long stage training—his mother and father are in vaudeville—and his manner is explosively boyish. He has dark brown hair, and flashing blue eyes. Is of medium height, and very husky.

"I've done some boxing, but swimming's my favorite sport. It'll be swell fun this summer, going to the beach! I hope audiences like me—I want to stay in Hollywood forever!"

"If fans want to find out about my love affairs I'm afraid they'll be disappointed," says blue-eyed Tala Birell, Hollywood's latest importation. The lady comes from Vienna, has a charming medium pitched voice, and denies that she's trying to imitate Garbo even though she did quarrel with a woman interviewer who asked a too-personal question.

"I'm not going to marry until I find someone to live with for always," she adds. "I've seen too much of divorce through my friends. As for men, I like sportsmen best. I used to play tennis myself—five hours a day—until I began developing muscles that look awful with evening gowns!"

She's been in Hollywood since July learning English, and now speaks without noticeable accent. Quiet, aristocratic, she seems older than her twenty-three years, and is probably the only girl in Hollywood who likes Clark Gable because, "He is quiet and sits in a corner. He is charming!"

Her first picture, "Mountains in Flame," has just been completed. Next you'll see her in "The Marriage Interlude." Tala raps frantically on wood when she mentions it. "I *must* succeed!" And with that mischievous smile and the mysterious manner the public demands nowadays, she probably will.

They Said I'd Never Have a Figure Like *This!*

by

ALICE RICHARDS

I KNOW what it means to be overweight!—because for years I had the desperate fact of it hammered into me. Before I discovered this astonishing new way to get rid of fat, my few friends tried to be kind about it—but in their eyes I could see their pity, their secret satisfaction that *they* were slim and slender, instead of being like me.

They Whispered About Me

Other women used to be catty. Not to my face, but some of it came back to me. It was always, "My dear, have you *seen* Alice in that red dress!" . . . or "Well Alice certainly looks her age these days, doesn't she?"

They thought I'd *never* have a presentable figure, I thought so too. I can laugh at them *now*, of course—but it was a tragedy to me *then*. Would I *ever* be any different? It looked hopeless. Stoutness "ran" in my family, I said to myself.

And I had tried everything . . . Dieting, until my nerves couldn't stand it any longer. Pills and Medicines, till my doctor made me stop them. I tried "Reducing Exercises"—but found them so tiresome, so much drudgery, that I just couldn't stick to them!

I Was Desperate

I looked years older than I really was. I felt sluggish, tired all the time. I simply *had* to get slender—some way, *any* way.

And then . . . I discovered the FLEXROLL! It was so EASY: it "worked" so beautifully—so PLEASANTLY—that I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry! That sickening worry; those remarks; the bitterness and unhappiness I had suffered . . . I was free of them all at last, *for life!*

The Easiest Way to Reduce

I had tried the *old* kind of exercising, of course. But this was NEW! There wasn't any drudgery about *this!* I *liked* it and I used to jump upon the seat for a five-minute "row" the first thing in the morning—and then sometimes in the evening just before going to bed. It put just the right "sport" *into* exercise—and took the tiresome "work" *out!* It transformed my figure, health, and strength too.

The pounds began to leave and the strength and health of my youth began to return. The bulges of fat started to vanish from my hips, thighs, and waistline. Then my arms and legs began to taper down to normal, through following the pictured *Health Chart* that came with my *Flexroll* machine.

I began to feel "peppy", tireless. People seemed to take a new interest in me—just as they *always* do when a person takes a new interest in *herself!* And I'm beginning to become popular. Even my whole attitude to life itself changed, when I began to wear the clothes I'd often longed for, so deep in my heart.

Gee, it's great to be slender again!

* * *

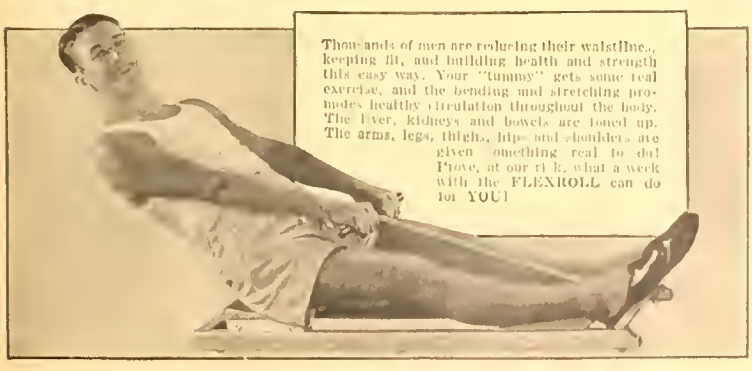
The Flexroll Rowing Machine now makes it possible for every woman, every man, every family to get in shape and KEEP in shape. No longer is there any excuse for being overweight, run-down, tired-out, nervous, ailing. ROWING—the thrilling game that the FLEXROLL gives you right in the quiet privacy of your own bedroom—has proved a blessing to thousands of others inclined to stoutness.

Every life insurance company, every physician, recognizes the dangers of excess fat. You yourself know that it affects the heart, digestion, liver, kidneys. And that tired feeling, nervousness, constipation and a host of other ills may be blamed to lack of proper exercise. But who wants to go through the nightmare of strenuous dieting or the back-breaking drudgery of ordinary exercise? No wonder you've kept putting it off.

Now that's all changed! You'll LIKE to play—yes, PLAY!—on the FLEXROLL. To prove it, let us put it right in your bedroom for a week's TRIAL! Examine and try it without risking a cent! See for yourself that five minutes daily ROWING with FLEXROLL ROWING MACHINE is the most PLEASANT, EFFECTIVE exercise ever invented—a Joy-Ride to the health and figure of YOUTH! If you are NOT delighted, the week's trial costs you nothing.

Examine the Flexroll FREE

Merely mail the coupon. It is not necessary to send money in advance unless you care to do so. When the Express Company delivers the FLEXROLL, you have the privilege of examining it. Note its strength. Note how easily the rolling seat glides. Try the tension of the springs. See how beautiful the FLEXROLL is in appearance. Then pay delivery charges and DEPOSIT the purchase price (only $7.95) WITH THE EXPRESS COMPANY. They are instructed to hold your deposit for 6 days, subject to your command. If within 6 days you are dissatisfied with it for ANY REASON (or for no reason at all) simply telephone the Express Company and they will call for the FLEXROLL and refund your money. NO SALESMAN WILL CALL ON YOU. You do not need to write US for a refund. We do not receive a penny unless you are satisfied. What could be more fair? With your FLEXROLL we will send a complete chart of interesting and enjoyable exercises. ACT NOW. Address: The Steelflex Corporation of America, Dept. 134, 1785 E. 11th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.



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Please send me a FLEXROLL ROWING MACHINE, delivery charges collect. I am to have the privilege of FREE EXAMINATION upon arrival. If pleased with its appearance I will drop at the purchase price ($7.95) with the Express Company, to be held by them for 6 days, pending my final decision after trying the FLEXROLL. It I do not notify the Express Company to return my money and return my rowing machine they are to remit to you. It is understood there are no further payments of any kind.

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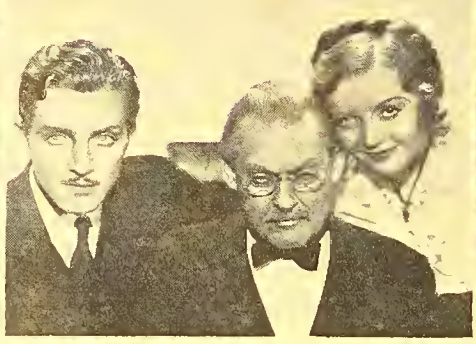
☐ NOTE: Our most popular machine is the ROWFLEX HEALTH GLIDER, has aluminum V-grip, taped arms and floor type of adjustment. If desired, please X in space at left. Price $8.95, and well worth it. Canadian and Foreign Prices on Request.

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS



EMMA I hate to contemplate what "Emma" would be without Marie Dressler—for she glorifies the picture, instead of the picture's glorifying her. In plot and dialogue, it has a flavor of good, old dependable hokum and an aroma of sentimentality. Marie's rôle is that of a robust, homely soul who has been housekeeper all her life to an inventor-widower (Jean Hersholt), raising his four children—only one of whom (Richard Cromwell) returns her love, particularly after she comes out of the scullery and becomes the inventor's wife. It has comedy, pathos, a good cast—but nothing out of the ordinary except Marie, who never had a better chance to prove that she can inject life into any kind of drama.

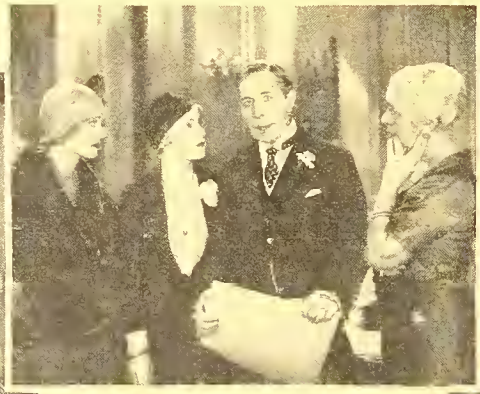
BROKEN LULLABY Except for the title, this is the same picture that was premièred as "The Man I Killed"—a title more to my liking. (I like my realism!) The theme is an enlargement of that old Civil War story of the Yankee who had to kill his Southern brother—with the war the Great War, the victim German, and his unwilling slayer (Phillips Holmes) French. Unable to conquer his remorse, he makes a pilgrimage to the German boy's home-town, and there comes to know the boy's father (Lionel Barrymore) and sweetheart (Nancy Carroll). Phil seems wooden in this rôle-of-a-lifetime, and Nancy's part isn't her type; but Lionel's acting and Lubitsch's direction gripped me.

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE You admirers of Poe are going to shudder with horror at this wild tale—not so much because of what happens therein, as because of what the script writers have done to Poe's original horror classic. About all that is left is the title. The owner of the gruesome ape is not a frightened sailor, but a newly-created and bloodthirsty *Dr. Mirakle;* the great detective, *Dupin*, is transformed into an amorous medical student; and *Mlle. L'Espanaye*, who once met a fate as bad as death, is spared this time. In short, it's a synthetic thriller, and hardly an improvement upon Poe—boasting a cast headed by Bela Lugosi.

SHANGHAI EXPRESS They rushed the release of Marlene Dietrich's third American talkie, because that little fray over in China made the title timely. But they didn't release it any too soon for me—for these movie-weary eyes haven't looked upon any superlative womanly allure since Marlene made "Dishonored." The scene, of course, is a train—racing through China; the two principal characters are a Shanghai waterfront lady and a British officer out of her past. Here is vivid melodrama—with the teeming, threatening Orient an exciting unusual setting. Clive Brook is Marlene's most sophisticated—and best—leading man to date.

THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD Besides one of the most intriguing titles ever tacked on a drama, I am happy to report that George Arliss' newest picture boasts a story that is novel, well told and sincerely acted—which is high praise from this ol' castiron typewriter. Arliss has the rôle of a world-famed pianist who finds adulation sweet, until an accident makes him deaf, casting him into an eternal stillness. (A great scene, this!) Embittered against God for his misfortune, he finds life a burden until he learns to read the lips of those who pass his window—and "plays God" to the unfortunate. Arliss puts you in *his* place. The cast is excellent.

THE HATCHET MAN Warner Brothers want to call Edward G. Robinson "the man of a thousand characters"—and if the man *must* be trademarked, this label suits me. There is no doubt that he can play any rôle they give him, including the Chinese. In his current vehicle he acts, with considerable effect, the part of a Chinese tong leader, whose emblem of office is a hatchet. Moreover, he has to use it, even on his best friends—for he respects the customs of old China, not the new American laws of Chinatown. In short, it is a new version of that story of the feud between the old ways and the new—with an ending that may knock you out of your seat. Lurid, but effective.



LEW AYRES

and

MAE CLARKE

"IMPATIENT MAIDEN"

She couldn't wait for life to unfold its secrets. She was determined to dig them out for herself. My! How her eyes were opened when she met the real man.

Directed by
JAMES WHALE

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
CARL LAEMMLE • PRESIDENT

Sore Throat *and* Colds *Start This Way...*

..at the first symptom ...gargle *Listerine* every 2 hours... *quick* relief

Colds that would ordinarily last 9 days, vanish in 3

Look out for wet or cold feet, draughts, sudden changes of temperature; any undue exposure. All are contributing causes of the common cold and sore throat. Such exposure lowers resistance so that germ organisms in the mouth and nose get the upper hand. Illness follows. At the first sign of trouble, gargle with Listerine night and morning. Better still, every two hours.

Listerine reduces mouth bacteria 98% and allays pain and irritation. It's amazing how frequently this treatment will break up a cold.

Actual tests show that colds that would ordinarily last nine or ten days, vanish in three or four. Colds, instead of being severe, are mild. Repeated tests on human beings have proved this again and again.

These tests also revealed that the regular twice-a-day Listerine gargle is a remarkable preventive of colds.

Experiments show that non-Listerine-users contracted twice as many colds as those who gargled with Listerine twice a day. And the colds lasted three times as long.

Such brilliant results could not be expected from mouth washes so harsh they irritate tissue. Listerine's success is due to the fact that, while it kills germs, it is soothing and healing to tissue. Make a habit of using Listerine every day. It not only safeguards your health, but automatically makes your breath sweet, wholesome, and agreeable. It instantly ends halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FATAL TO GERMS YET SAFE

Your guide in buying a mouth wash

The Lancet of London never bestows its commendation on a product without subjecting it to critical tests. And now this great medical authority attests the safety and germicidal power of Listerine. Remember that when you buy.

THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN
MOVIE CLASSIC

This is an unusual story about an unusual girl, who has led an unusual life and who proves that virtue has its rewards, even in Hollywood

BY
JAY BRIEN
CHAPMAN

Hollywood's Heroes Are Baffled by Joan Blondell

JOAN BLONDELL is too virtuous. The qualifying adjective "too" is Hollywood's, not Joan's. There are degrees of virtue in Film Town. But to Joan, being virtuous is like being dead: One is—or one isn't. Joan's definition goes, for this is her own story of her own virtue, which surely makes it a very personal matter!

It isn't Joan, herself, who claims she is too virtuous, either. It's masculine Hollywood, which has to see her and work around her day after day, that complains. And who could blame it? You hear the boys with vocabularies describing her as "impregnably virginal" or something like that. "Morally straight as a die" is another testimonial they dazedly give her.

There are facts about her career, however, that make these moral endorsements appear as teasingly paradoxical as some of Ripley's best items in "Believe It Or Not."

Joan was born twenty-three years ago to a continuous life on the stage, beginning at the age of four. Her parents were "Ed Blondell and Company," and toured the world's variety houses. Her cradle was a wardrobe trunk. At fourteen she became the sex appeal in "the five jumpin' Blondells." At fifteen she ran away from one of her many schools and went to Australia on a cattle-boat. At sixteen she was left "stranded" by a wandering repertoire troupe, sick and penniless, in a Peking, China, hospital. At seventeen she was kidnaped from a different wandering troupe by a South American rancher whose advances she had rebuffed.

At eighteen—but why go on and on like that? Let's see what she's like, after living such a life!

(Continued on page 80)

CLARA BOW'S First Interview Since Her Marriage

How does the famous redhead look upon life and her future, now that she is the bride of Rex Bell? No one has known until now. This story is the first to reveal the new Clara—as she sees herself. It is one of the frankest, most human stories ever published!

This is more than the first interview that Clara Bow has given since her marriage—it is the first revelation of a new, happier Clara. A mystery has grown up around her because of her long silence. There have been rumors that she is still ill; that she has changed in appearance; that she is through with the screen. Now, the truth comes out—in this sincere, human and exclusive story that MOVIE CLASSIC is proud to give to you.—*Editor.*

Ball

THE only definitely important thing that has ever happened to Clara Bow is her marriage to Rex Bell. She says this, herself. Pictures are make-believe. Fame passes. But marriage—her marriage—is something that will last.

"Rex Bell has given me the only unselfish devotion I've ever had," explains Clara simply.

The most arresting feature about Clara Bow to-day is not that vital fire which brought and kept a world at her feet, but a modest diamond-and-platinum wedding band that means entirely changed interests, new viewpoints, modified desires. The shining band is unobtrusive on that broad, competent hand of hers. But it is her talisman against verbal assault and vicious criticism; against her own great sensitiveness; against aloneness, friendlessness—and, yes—foolishness!

Clara, flaming-haired tinder for thousands of newspaper headlines, is rediscovering in marriage those first illusions of her glamourous career. She has faith in other people again, for one thing; hope for tomorrow; self-confidence.

Her hair, which was blonde last summer, was again vividly auburn against the tapestry of the divan as she talked—for this, her first interview since her marriage. Her eyes held a curious wistfulness as she discussed marriage and the needs of a woman—and her own mistakes—appraising them, judging herself.

"Marriage has given me—*myself!* I am no longer afraid." Her voice had an intriguing sincerity as she continued—evaluating her own opinions and herself, as much as talking to another person. "The world saw me as a sort of—moll! What it didn't know was that the brazen hussy who cavorted around was sick to death of loneliness and fear and heartache.

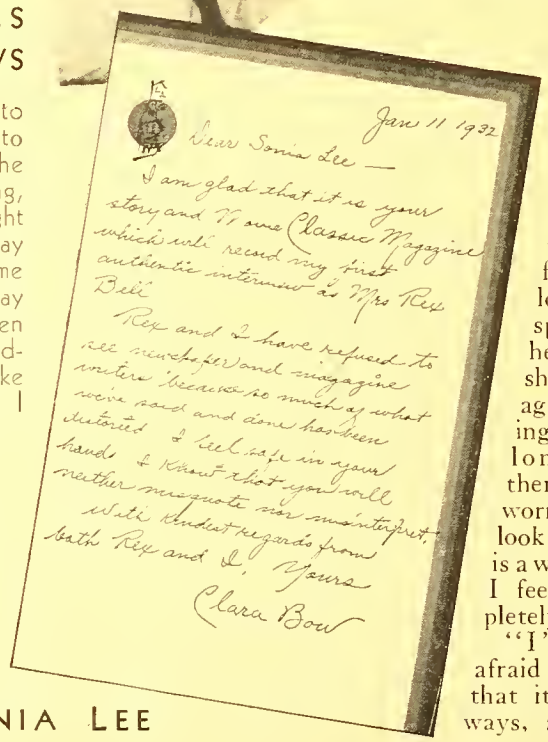
Not Lonely Any More

"BEING married to Rex has changed all that. I have someone to depend on, someone I can trust. Marriage is my armor. I can look the world in the face again—confident. Rex and his love have mended my spirit—as his care has helped to make my shattered nerves well again. I've been taking knocks alone for so long that knowing there's someone else to worry for me and to look out for my interests is a wonderful experience. I feel so safe—so completely secure.

"I've always been afraid of marriage. I felt that it should be for always, and I couldn't see

WHY CLARA HAS REFUSED INTERVIEWS

"I couldn't trust anyone to quote me correctly. I talked to a newspaper man and when the story came out he had me saying, 'dese, dem and dose.' I might have said 'them'—that's the way people talked where I came from. But—I don't talk the way he had me talking. Heaven knows I've had few enough advantages—it seems cruel to make me seem more ignorant than I am."



Jan 11 1932

Dear Sonia Lee —

I am glad that it is your story and I am Classic Magazine which will record my first authentic interview as Mrs Rex Bell

Rex and I have refused to see newspaper and magazine writers because so much of what we've said and done has been distorted & I feel safe in your hands & know that you will neither misquote nor misinterpret.

With kindest regards from both Rex and I, Yours

Clara Bow

BY SONIA LEE

Few people have seen Clara since her elopement last December with Rex Bell, cowboy actor (right), who proved himself the best friend she has ever had. She and Rex have been honeymooning—simply by keeping to themselves at her Beverly Hills home, where Clara is sunning herself, above

myself married to a man with a mirror-complex—a man who was always talking about his conquests of women, who was utterly and wholly engrossed in his own career or affairs. I've never before known a man who could stop thinking of himself long enough to think of me.

"Rex did. He understood that I had to play. I was young. I had had a most unhappy childhood. I *wanted* to be happy, but I didn't quite know how to go about getting happiness. Rex realized that I needed protection and advice.

"When Rex asked me to marry him a year ago, I told him that I loved him too much for that. I didn't know how I'd wear in marriage. I had many faults—and I didn't want a Hollywood marriage; I wanted something substantial and lasting. I had had so little of the Rock-of-Gibraltar sort of thing in my life. And marriage had to be safe and peaceful and complete for me. I was afraid to marry. Rex was far too sweet, too wholesome to ruin by a disastrous marriage.

"And I had made so many mistakes in my life. I was afraid of another one. But Rex waited. He said he would wait forever.

When Her Life Seemed Wrecked

"THEN my world simply collapsed. Daisy DeVo

LOOKING THEM OVER

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST BY DOROTHY MANNERS

JUST as we thought—all this romance talk whispered about **Greta Garbo** and **Ramon Novarro** seems to have made a slight change between them.

Greta and **Ramon**, you remember, had struck up a very fine friendship during the filming of "Mata Hari." When Novarro went to New York following the completion of the picture, **Greta**, too, happened to plan a vacation to the Big Town and they saw each other frequently. So frequently, in fact, that the chatter writers began to wonder if there might not be a romance brewing. Certainly **Greta** had never been so chummy with any other

Does the chap below look familiar? George Raft was Valentino's screen "double." Now in talkies, he has a big part in "Dancers in the Dark"

IF **Fred Waring** were quoted correctly, there can't be much truth in the report that he and **Dorothy Lee** will be married some time this year (for her third trip to the altar).

The popular orchestra leader is supposed to have the inside track to the peppy **Dorothy's** heart—but evidently he feels differently about it. **Fred** is *said* to have said that he and **Dorothy** might have "made up" after the break-up of her marriage to **Jimmy Fidler**, but with the

Dorothy Dix is the latest discovery to follow in the famous footsteps of Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill and Norma Shearer, for she's the boss's daughter in Educational's new series about *Torchy*, the office boy—the rôle that gave Clara and company their start

divorce rumors, asks Mary Brian if it's true she is to wed Ken Murray—during rehearsals of "It's Tough to Be Famous"

But apparently the hints of the press have got in their dirty work.

Since **Greta** and **Ramon** returned to Hollywood there have been very few meetings between them and their studio *tête-à-têtes* are growing less and less frequent.

No bad feelings—you understand—just too much talk!

CONNIE Bennett went to a preview of a Joel McCrea picture the other night accompanied by a writer friend—as friend husband, **Hank** (the Marquis to you), couldn't go. He had a bad cold, or something . . . and colds can get pretty bad on some occasions.

advent of Marshall Duffield in her heart affairs he felt that—well, two romances during one "engagement" were too many.

The little Lee continues to be seen almost exclusively in the company of Duffield, the husky Trojan, who two years ago was a U. S. C. football sensation.

JOBYNA Ralston Arlen came back from New York wearing a beautiful sable coat, a present from Dick—and if this doesn't convince the gossips that Dick and Joby laughed off those Peggy Shannon rumors, then nothing will.

Never did a happy young Hollywood couple ever find themselves in a sillier predicament than Joby and Dick, who had a triangle whisper wished on them.

Joby and Dick haven't lived in Holly-

Richee

The month's most dramatic faces—those of Sylvia Sidney as the girl crook and Hobart Bosworth as the faith-healer in "The Miracle Man," just remade as a talkie

wood all these years without realizing the fallacy of taking talk too seriously. They just laughed it off, and wondered how it ever got started.

DON Alvarado appears to be a very jealous young man. At least, he appears to be jealous of Marilyn Miller.

Don and Marilyn were attending a Hollywood stage show just recently when, during intermission, two male friends of Marilyn's wandered over to say "Hello."

If two snakes had suddenly arrived on the scene, Mr. Alvarado could not have seemed more displeased. But maybe jealousy is just an old Spanish custom. Wonder what Don will do now that Marilyn has canceled her contract with Warner Brothers and will spend most of her time in New York? If the romance is as warm as it looks, he will find something to do in the East, too.

Fryer

Marlene Dietrich and Jean Harlow may hide their famous legs, but not Adrienne Dore. And why should she? The former Miss America's next is "The Famous Ferguson Case"

This is the last you'll see of Adolphe Menjou for some time. The villain of "Prestige" has gone abroad to make some English films

BETTY Compson, now on a personal appearance tour, is pulling a Lupe Velez and doing imitations of famous Hollywood movie stars. But as Betty's imitations are much kinder than were Lupe's she "got over" big with the studio people, who were present on her opening night to give her a big hand.

TALLULAH Bankhead's next-door neighbors have more fun than anybody. That is, it's fun until about two o'clock in the morning when the husky voice of *la* Bankhead gets a little monotonous. For some reason or other, Tallulah forgets to pull her windows down, so every little thing she says can be heard in a couple of directions. And what things Tallulah says! (You read some of them in Movie Classic last month).

The other morning she talked from two to three-thirty A.M. long distance to New York. Now the neighbors know all Tallulah's back-East friends by their first names

—and lots of other things. Also, Tallulah should remember to pull down her window shades—for the California moon has a habit of coming up over a California mountain and shouting, "Peek-a-boo, Tallu'h, I see you!" Congressman Bankhead's daughter is now making "Thunder Below."

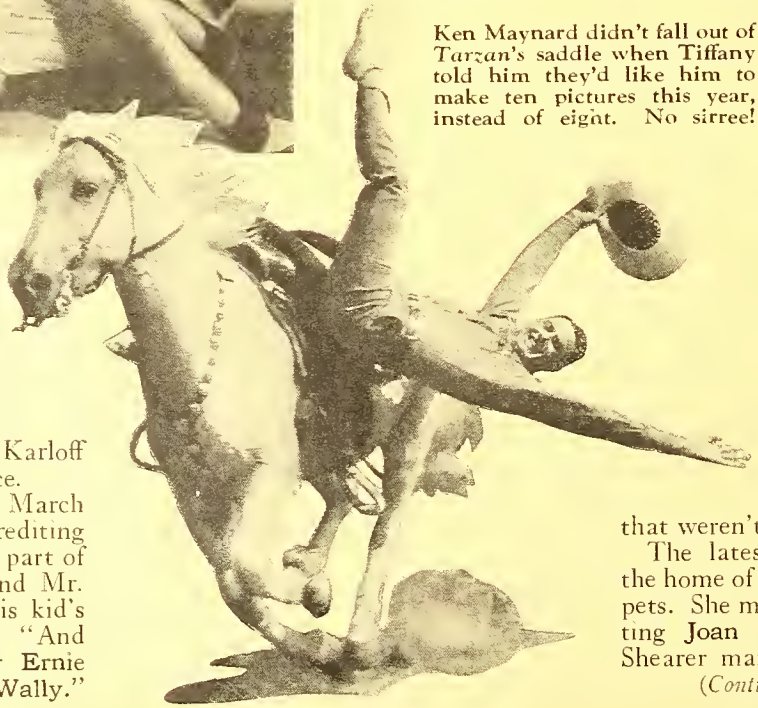
NO matter what your private opinion of this vogue of "horror" pictures may be, "Frankenstein" goes down in box-office history as one of the most successful pictures ever produced. It has outplayed almost every other box-office hit of the season. Even its nearest rival, "The Champ," took second place to the thriller picture in cities where they were booked simultaneously.

Earl Crowley

Shocking? "No—stocking!" says Charlie Ruggles, who's a stickler for correct English. He shares some gay footage with Lily Damita in "He Met a French Girl"

Gaston Longet

Lita Chevret, left, wonders if she ought to go blonde. RKO's starlet, who's now in "Symphony of Six Million," is one of the few brunette screen beauties left.



Ken Maynard didn't fall out of *Tarzan*'s saddle when Tiffany told him they'd like him to make ten pictures this year, instead of eight. No sirree!

BORIS Karloff, star of "Frankenstein," is the most modest actor Hollywood has encountered in a long time.

Recently he was invited to be the guest of honor at the monthly dinner of the Wampas. Karloff said he would accept on one condition—that he be permitted to bring along the make-up artist responsible for his "monster" make-up in the picture.

"This man deserves a world of credit that he will never get," explained Karloff. "I'd like him to share this little honor with me."

The name of the chap that Karloff brought forward is Jack Pierce.

Strangely enough, Fredric March was equally insistent on crediting Wally Westmore with a large part of his success in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." "Please mention this kid's name," Freddy begged us. "And remember it isn't Percy or Ernie Westmore—it's their brother, Wally."

WHILE we're on the subject of "Frankenstein"—here's the best off-stage laugh inspired by that picture:

"Karloff was miscast in that picture," said a certain Somebody. "So-and-So (meaning a certain sophisticated woman star who goes around frightening little children with her temperament), should have played it."

JOAN Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gave an elaborate theatre and supper party to celebrate the Hollywood opening of Doug's picture, "Union Depot." Among their guests were:

Constance Bennett, who almost had her lovely white gown torn off by eager autograph seekers; Clark Gable (and Mrs. Gable), who did have his tie jerked untied; Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; Tallulah Bankhead; Richard Cromwell and fifty others.

After the showing at the theatre, the guests returned to the Fairbanks-Crawford home in Brentwood for buffet supper.

IT'S a poor Hollywood party that doesn't produce at least one good giggle for the gossips—including those that weren't invited to the event.

The latest snicker occurred at the home of one of our most famous pets. She made the mistake of getting Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer marooned on a divan to-

(*Continued on page 74*)

WALLACE BEERY tells how it feels to be "DEAD" for an hour

How would you like to be sitting at breakfast and hear your "death" suddenly announced on the radio? That's the unique experience that happened to Wally Beery—he saw his wife become hysterical—he learned how the news affected his friends. And right then and there, Wally got a new outlook on himself and on life. Let him tell you about it!

BY NANCY PRYOR

Wallace Beery has had an experience that few, if any, of us will ever have. He has been "dead" for an hour—to the rest of the world; he has heard his own death notice come suddenly over the radio; he has had an inkling of how the world would feel about his passing. What were his sensations and reactions—how did he feel, what did he do, what did he think? He tells you in this story—which will give you a new slant on Wally Beery, just as Wally, himself, has a new slant on life.—Editor.

"*WALLACE BEERY is discovered dead in his dressing-room . . . dead from heart failure.*" The hour was early morning—breakfast time—when those words came over the radio, startling Hollywood. Housewives were stirring about their kitchen duties, half-listening to a program; business men were awaiting the relay of the morning's news broadcast before rushing off to work; youngsters were tuning in on the last of a program before hiking off to school; thousands of California homes were "on the air"—when suddenly the voice of the announcer broke sharply with the statement that Wallace Beery—big, laughing, lovable Wally—had dropped dead in his dressing-room.

Thousands, chilled by the report, must have thought: "It can't be true . . . not Wally Beery . . . not the fellow we saw last night in 'The Champ' . . ."

Newspaper offices, in a moment, were turned into bedlam with the jangling of telephones; hundreds were calling to verify the news. Studio newspaper reporters hurriedly grabbed their hats and hailed taxicabs, for Wally—good old Wally, everybody's pal—was gone!

Those First Few Seconds

IN an apartment in Hollywood a man and a woman sat staring at one another over the breakfast table—dumbfounded, too amazed to speak to one another, not believing their ears at the announcement they had just heard from the loudspeaker.

Rita Gillman Beery cried: "*Wally!*"

Wallace Beery sat very still for a moment. He said nothing. He had been stirring his coffee. He continued to stir it, even when the beautiful blonde girl who is his wife started to laugh and cry hysterically.

So? Wallace Beery was dead?

Wallace Beery lifted the cup of strong black coffee to his lips and drank of it. He felt he needed it. He told me later that as long as he lives, he will never forget the strangeness of that moment—because it was without precedent, impossible to describe. He was not horrified or

(*Continued on page 68*)

Randolph Scott—a young Virginian who appeared at Paramount while Gary was still abroad, and who looks a bit like Gary—is the latest to see his name linked with Lupe's. Rumor even had them engaged. And was Randie surprised—and was Lupe angry! She acted it!

Hurrell

Dyar

If Gary Cooper wonders how he rates with Lupe now—eight months after their break-up—all he'll have to do is to read this story. Lupe hasn't forgotten what he wrote her after they parted—and she's even jealous of the Countess he has been seen with lately!

Is Lupe Velez Still in Love with Gary Cooper?

Volcanic Lupe has been keeping everybody guessing—for there has been one romance rumor after another trailing her, ever since they parted. But she releases some pent-up emotions in this story—and tells how she feels toward the men in her life, especially her Garee!

BY MARGARET REID

WHAT has happened to Lupe Velez since her break with Gary Cooper? What is there to these rumors of a romance with a prominent film executive—with John Gilbert—with Randolph Scott, a newcomer at Paramount who looks like her Garee? Not a thing, vows Lupe. Moreover, she adds, talking of Gary, "Never again shall I loff anyone so much. I loff him as long as I live."

It all came out when I asked her, "What about the future, Lupe? What do you want of it?"

She was in bed—a huge bed, really two beds made together. The question made her sit up straight.

"I don't think about the future," she cried defiantly. "I *won't* think about it. I take every bit of fun," she clenched her hands greedily, "every bit of happiness and laughing I can get to-day. Tomorrow I might get run over by an automobile."

"You don't want to settle down? Have a family?"

Lupe flung her arms up, laughed aloud. "Me? No, no. I am not the type. To do that, you plan ahead. I won't. Being free—that's what I want. That's why I broke with Gary."

She paused, struck by a thought. Her eyes grew intense, angry. "And I did break with him. I read these stories—about how his family made him leave me. Nobody could have made Gary leave me. I left *him*."

The pride of the Latin woman, whose status in amours

(*Continued on page 66*)

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

Acme

Like her famous parents, Barbara Bebe Lyon has begun to appear in public. Ben and Bebe Daniels Lyon escort her to her christening

The latest well-known film player to enter bankruptcy is Louise Brooks (right). She owes $11,969, with assets "my wearing apparel"

Abbé

Wide World

It begins to look as if Marilyn Miller and Don Alvarado will soon be eloping to Yuma. This is how the camera caught them at the Mayfair "hard times" party

Edward G. Robinson and his wife (Gladys Lloyd) arrive in New York from a vacation in Italy. On the same boat were Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck, whom they met for the first time abroad

You don't often see pictures of Garbo on the set—but here's one, which proves she liked to chat with John Barrymore between scenes of "Grand Hotel." The picture is now finished—and "coming soon"

The last picture Estelle made was "The Unholy Garden," but she had just received several screen, stage and radio offers when the jinx hit her again

ESTELLE TAYLOR FRACTURES NECK, GRINS AT JINX

Injured In Auto Accident, Actress Refuses Ether When Bones Are Reset—Still Waiting For Jack Dempsey's Wire

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

YOU read, not many weeks ago, how her jinx again caught up with Estelle Taylor as she was riding home from a hotel dance one night—and her car skidded on the wet pavement and struck a palm tree, throwing her against the top of the car, injuring her "painfully." But you haven't read these sequels:

Estelle was rushed to the Hollywood Receiving Hospital with a bad cut in her scalp. The police surgeon who stitched it was surprised at his patient. He had handled movie stars before, and one and all excitedly cried, "Oh, will there be a scar? Please have someone send for my lawyer!" But Estelle, who wouldn't take an anaesthetic, kidded, "Hurry and close this up, Doctor! I feel a draft!"

The doctor told her, when he sent her home, that she would hardly be able to work for four or five weeks. But Estelle had just received some big screen, stage and radio offers, and she was determined to discount her injuries—when, suddenly, she began to have unbearable headaches. Finally, reluctantly, she had X-rays taken, and they showed that she had a fracture of the cervical vertebrae. *In plain English, she had broken her neck!*

On the very day that she intended to accept Universal's offer of a big rôle in "Night Club," they suspended her by the neck in a leather harness for an hour to get the dislocated bones back into place before fitting on a plaster cast. Even then she would not take an anaesthetic. "It's my neck and my hanging," she told them spunkily, "and I certainly should have some say about how it's to be done."

The plaster cast they put around her neck shrank so much that she could hardly swallow. The pressure on her throat made her ill. For three days she could not eat anything. They chipped off the plaster with a mallet and chisel, and substituted a steel-and-leather harness which, attached to a pulley above the headboard of her head, stretched her neck without ceasing from night to morning and morning to night. When she sleeps, they pack her rigidly into place with sandbags, lest a sudden movement undo all the healing of weeks.

Estelle's jinx has prevented her, before this, from doing things she had hoped to do—but it never yet has caught Estelle down on her luck. That's why she has received hundreds of telegrams and letters and flowers, and why she has a steady procession of callers. Noel Scott, the chauffeur who was driving the car when it skidded, comes remorsefully to bring her presents of cream puffs. A prop-boy at a studio invented a reading stand that can be suspended over her head. But Estelle is waiting for one message that hasn't yet arrived.

For weeks, Estelle hasn't been able to turn her head like this—her neck has been encased in steel and leather

When her accident was first headlined in the papers, reporters went to see Jack Dempsey. He told them how sorry he felt for Estelle, and described his telegram of sympathy to his ex-wife. The public read about that telegram and felt a twinge of sentimentality about it. But to date Estelle has not received it.

And is Estelle weeping? On the contrary, it strikes her funny!

WHOOPS! HE-MAN BICKFORD OPENS LINGERIE SHOP!

Brawny Charlie, As Sideline To Acting, Will Sell Dainty "Unmentionables"—Has Competitor In Ivan Lebedeff

By MADGE CARVEL

CHARLES BICKFORD, big, red-headed he-boy of the studios, has gone in for lacy things with pink and blue bows on them—but smile, darn you, smile, when you say those words. In short, Charlie has opened one of those shops where they sell little pastel underthings to the ladies. Yes, you read it correctly—Bickford is the name. The same lad who spoke his mind to Cecil B. de Mille (who's usually "yessed") and got so he-mannish about his rôles that M-G-M figured they couldn't stand the virility and let his option lapse.

But Charlie isn't worrying. He's doing parts at all the studios now, and he has a new and profitable sideline. The very dainty and delicate shop on Hollywood Boulevard is called The House of Bickstorm—combining Bickford's name with that of Miss Joan Storm, the New York designer who will manage the shop. Charlie's motto is: "Let 'em laugh!" He's busy counting the week's profits on lace panties—and maybe you think he isn't!

Here's the way most people think of Bickford—as a rough, cussing he-man, just as in "Anna Christie"

Lingerie, to Charlie, is just a business — and he's strong on backing anything that will bring a legitimate dime of profit. His other business ventures, all in running order, include a whaling ship, a big parking station and garage, a chicken ranch, a hog farm and some fishing schooners. If there's money to be made in lingerie, as well as in hogs, Charlie is all for it.

He got the idea for the shop a couple of years ago when he was being interviewed by a gushing lady reporter. She asked him what he would like to do if he weren't a movie actor. Because he thought it would be a silly answer to a silly question, Charlie replied, "I'd like to run a lingerie shop." He meant it to be just a joke—but now it doesn't seem so ridiculous. It's business.

Even in times of depression, the fair ladies have to wear—well, anyway, they don't lose 'em the way the men do on the stock market. When Miss Storm arrived from New York with her original models of lingerie, Charlie forgot that he had once joked about the subject and put twenty-five hundred dollars back of the little venture—with a guarantee of more where that came from, if needed.

Bickford invests every dime he makes in the movies in some business or other. He figures that when his movie days are over (and he may speak his mind to one producer too many some day), he can still be comfortable.

But Charlie is going to have some male competition in his new enterprise—in the form of Ivan Lebedeff. Ivan's interest in lingerie, however, is mainly philanthropic. The hand-kissing Russian has become an agent for imported Russian underthings to help the ex-noblewomen of his country, who have had to fall back on their needlework to help out their sagging finances since the nightmare of the Soviet revolution. Lebedeff knows his Hollywood. If there is one thing the girls love, it is beautiful lingerie. So he had some samples sent over—and they went like hot-cross buns during Lent. Now he has a thriving sideline, himself.

Charlie Bickford isn't going to attempt to sell the things, himself—but here you see him showing Noel Francis some of the stock in his new Boulevard shop

BARRY NORTON READY FOR COMEBACK AFTER TROPIC EXILE

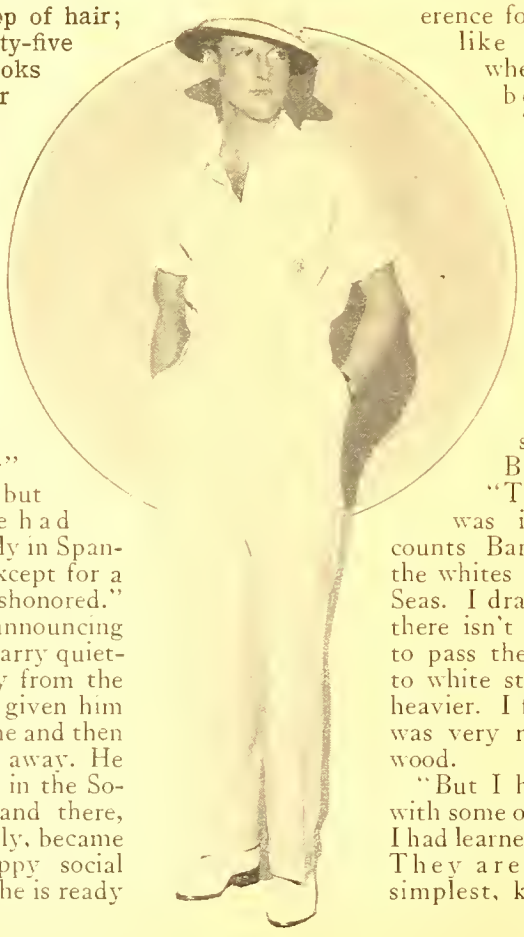
How Barry Norton looked when he entered pictures

Handsome Young Actor, Who "Disappeared," Has Been Living Like A Native In Tahiti — Renewed Both Health And Ambition

Dyar

Before Barry Norton "disappeared," this is how he looked—flabby, overweight, and years older than he is. At lower left, how he looks now—young, athletic, slim. The South Seas did it!

BARRY NORTON, who quietly "disappeared" from Hollywood about a year ago, is back. When he left, the handsome young Argentine actor looked jaded, old beyond his twenty-four years, with puffy eyes, thinning hair and fifty pounds of excess weight that told of movie parties. He has come back bronzed, with a new waistline and a thick crop of hair; he has lost forty-five pounds and looks literally younger than he did when he first entered the movies seven years ago. That's what "going native" in the South Seas has done for Barry Norton.



He had been "a coming star" in silent days, but in talkies he had worked obscurely in Spanish versions—except for a brief bit in "Dishonored." Then, without announcing his intention, Barry quietly slipped away from the town that had given him fame and fortune and then had taken them away. He went to Tahiti, in the Society Islands, and there, quite deliberately, became a healthy, happy social outcast. Now, he is ready to make a screen comeback.

Lila Lee, Patsy Ruth Miller and John Farrow, visiting the South Seas, saw Barry—and understood why he lived as he did. But the white colony of Papeiti, capital "city" of Tahiti, was shocked by his preference for the gay, child-like brown people, when he might have been enjoying "civilized society," loafing in white flannels, drinking highballs, and dancing to phonograph jazz in their bungalows. Toward the last, "they didn't even speak" to him. But little he cared!

"The first month I was in Papeiti," recounts Barry, "I lived as the whites live in the South Seas. I drank a good deal—there isn't much else to do to pass the time, according to white standards. I grew heavier. I felt no better. It was very much like Hollywood.

"But I had made friends with some of the brown boys. I had learned to admire them. They are the simplest, kindest, most hospitable, gayest-hearted people in the world. So I left my white flannels and silk shirts and sun helmets in Papeiti, and went to one of the most remote islands. I wore only the *parpeo*, the native loin cloth. I learned to spear fish, and went hunting in the mountains, and swam and ran on the beaches. They named me 'Puarenua'—which means 'Horse'—because I ran so much. I shaved my head just to make sure I wouldn't go back and 'beachcomb' in Papeiti—for the real beachcombing is done in the saloons there, where white men loaf and drink and forget, not where they live the simple, healthy native life. But I, of course, was called a 'beachcomber' by those others."

At night, the natives go to bed at eight o'clock. It was then, when the ghostly tropical moon printed the patterns of the palms on the native huts that Barry Norton, screen actor, sometimes thought of Hollywood—as of a place so far away that it seemed a fantastic dream. But the time came when he was homesick, when he fought that subtle persuasion of the South Seas, and came back. And now it is his pagan existence on those far away, sunny islands that seems the dream—a dream that gave him peace and his health and his youth again.

BY CAROL BENTON

Shalitt

NEW FOREIGN STAR DENIES ROMANCE WITH CHAPLIN

Sari Maritza, Young Sensation, Squelches Persistent Rumor—Also Denies She Ever Was Dietrich's Understudy

BY JANET BURDEN

The exotic Sari's first picture will be "The Girl in the Headlines"—how the title fits her!

SARI MARITZA, Paramount's newest, youngest, friendliest and blondest exotic, is just a little "burned." Here she is, one of Europe's better-known thrills, becoming a star in her first American talkie—and it turns out that Hollywood reporters know nothing about her except as "the girl Charlie Chaplin was engaged to last Spring" or as "the girl who understudied Dietrich in Berlin"!

If it weren't that Sari is a friendly, languorous person, she would probably have a fit of good, old-fashioned European temperamentals. But right from the start, she wants to put us straight about these two Chaplin rumors: (1) She is not, and never has been, married or engaged to anybody—including Charlie Chaplin; (2) he did not attempt to sign her as his leading lady for his next production.

As for the rumor that Chaplin presented her with an elaborate ruby-and-diamond cigarette case, Sari maintains a discreet silence. If Charlie did give her a gem-studded case, it was only something to keep cigarettes in—and not a pledge of romantic interest.

"I was appearing in films in London at the time Mr. Chaplin arrived," Sari explains, her voice reminiscent of blues singers. "His film, 'City Lights,' was about to open there, and he arranged a large party for the theatre and dancing afterward. He was kind enough to invite me—and later on, at the café, we danced together. Charlie loves to tango—and so do I. The complicated steps we did attracted a good deal of attention. The press took note of it, and it must have echoed in America as a romance rumor.

"The subject of love was never mentioned between us—we were too busy telling each other various tango steps we knew. I saw him several times after, accompanying him to dance places. Once or twice, he did mention American films to me, saying he believed I would enjoy a greater opportunity in them than in European productions—but he never mentioned a contract, or the possibility of my appearing in a film with him."

Sari is very polite in denying that she ever understudied Marlene Dietrich in Germany. But to mention this rumor to her is distinctly a *faux pas*. For Sari is much better known in European film circles than was Marlene before she came to America. Until the time that von Sternberg "discovered" her for his "Blue Angel," Marlene was known more as a stage actress than a screen figure. She had never had a particularly successful film—whereas Europe was already very much intrigued with Sari.

Next, Hollywood reporters will probably be having it that she's a daughter of "Countess Maritza"—but that will be easy to deny, for "Countess Maritza" was a musical comedy. Sari's real name is Patricia Detering-Nathan; her father, an English major; her mother, a Viennese; and her birthplace, Tientsin, China—where, like Herbert Hoover, her grandfather was one of the whites besieged in the Boxer Rebellion of 1900. She laughs at the supposition that she will rival either Dietrich or Garbo, and says she's in Hollywood "just to make money."

Marlene has a head start on the little Maritza in American talkies, but those who have seen Sari work say that she won't be long catching up. In the meantime, don't forget: she has never been engaged to Chaplin, and she has never been understudy to Marlene.

Freulich

Carmel Myers, who is Mrs. Ralph Blum in private life, has temporarily retired from the screen to await a "blessed event"

CARMEL MYERS LOSES VOICE ALONG WITH $20,000 JEWELS

Encounter With "Two Courteous Burglars" Unnerves Actress, Soon To Become A Mother— Has To Forfeit Big Radio Contract

By SUE DIBBLE

WHENEVER a movie star is robbed and the news gets into the papers, the skeptics cry, "Fake! It's just a publicity gag!" They said it about the recent hold-up of Carmel Myers, when she lost twenty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry to "two courteous burglars." But this was no fake. Carmel, who is Mrs. Ralph H. Blum in private life and is about to become a mother, received such a shock that she had to cancel a big radio contract—because her voice was gone!

"My husband was out of town," relates Carmel, "but I didn't feel nervous—and besides, it wasn't late when my maid and I came home to the apartment. The De Sylvas, across the hall, were out and nobody heard my scream, when I saw that burglar come out of hiding, with a gun in his hand and a handkerchief tied across his face. 'Keep still, and I won't hurt you, Miss Myers,' he said. I thought of my baby coming next May. 'Don't point your gun at me!' I cried. 'Can't you see?—I'm going to have a child!'

"He seemed awfully embarrassed. 'We didn't know that or we wouldn't have bothered you,' he said. By that time his partner had come in, dragging my maid. But they didn't mean to turn back now. They asked me where I kept my jewelry and I told them. I stood watching them go through my things. I kept saying to myself, 'I mustn't get hysterical. I mustn't faint. There's only one thing that's important—the baby.'

Above, the apartment house in which Carmel lives — and to which she returned one evening to find two burglars waiting for her and her jewelry. They treated the actress with unusual courtesy—but took gems

"They kept asking, 'How much is this worth? How much did that cost?' I tried to answer calmly. 'Please hurry up and go,' I told them. 'Can't you see how I'm trembling?' I'm afraid I talked like a movie scenario. 'Sit down and take it easy, ma'am,' they urged. 'We don't want anything to happen to you.' They had evidently read about the jewelry that movie stars are supposed to have, because they didn't believe me when I told them they had all I owned. 'My money's invested in real estate,' I apologized.

"I asked if they would please leave my wedding ring. And they couldn't find it! They got down on their hands and knees and hunted on the carpet and under things. Finally, they located it and handed it back, and I thanked them.

"After they had gone, I called my brother and the police. It wasn't until then that I discovered my voice was almost gone. Maybe it was the scream, maybe it was nerves. Anyhow, I had to give up the radio contract. And nobody in my family dares to come into a room softly nowadays!"

CHANEY'S SON ENTERS MOVIES, BUT NOT AS LON CHANEY, JR.

Youth's Screen Career Delayed A Year By His Refusal To Take Father's Name —Says, "There Was Only One Lon Chaney"

By MARY WEBSTER

Lon Chaney, above, didn't want his son to become an actor—but Creighton Chaney, left, says that acting is in his system and will have to come out. He is six feet two, twenty-five years old, and independent

"I WOULD rather see my son dead at my feet than a motion picture actor!" Lon Chaney once told me. And now his son, Creighton Chaney, six feet two, twenty-five years old, is going to desert the plumbing profession to become a motion picture actor. He has just signed a contract with RKO, and it is said that the company has great plans for him. He is the virile masculine type that Clark Gable has just made popular again, which may be one reason for his being signed; but the main reason is that he is the son of that very great actor, Lon Chaney.

"I suppose I have had a subconscious desire for an actor's career all my life," says young Chaney simply. "But my father and I talked it over and agreed that one actor in the family was enough. If he had lived, I would have gone on with my work as a manufacturer of plumbing supplies. Now that he is gone, I see no reason why I shouldn't try movies.

"I have never been to Hollywood parties or spent much time at the studios, but from my father I have learned something about the difficulties and dangers of the career I am deliberately choosing now. There were many things about the life of a screen actor that my father didn't like. My wife and I have talked it all over. I have discussed it with my stepmother — who is the only mother I have ever known. I'm going into this with my eyes open.

"But I don't expect to follow in my father's footsteps. There never was but one Lon Chaney; there never will be another one. That is one reason why I have steadily refused to call myself 'Lon Chaney, Junior'—though if I had taken this name, as people urged me, it would have meant several hundred dollars more on my salary check from the start.

"The other reason why I will not call myself 'Lon Chaney, Junior' is a Horatio Alger one—I'd sort of like to see what I am worth as myself, and not just as the son of a great actor. It may take a long while to prove that. I don't want them to give me the sort of rôles my father made famous. I couldn't do them at first. It takes more, much more, to be a fine character actor than to play straight parts. I want to watch, and study, and work my way up, if I can. I'm proud of being Lon Chaney's son—and yet I want to forget it as soon as possible. *I refuse to cash in on my father's fame.*"

Lon Chaney in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"—a type of rôle his son will NOT play

He is intensely in earnest about this. He is indignant about the rumors that he tried to enter the profession under his father's name, with a "Junior" tacked to the end of it. As a matter of fact, his refusal to enter pictures that way has delayed his screen career almost a year. Several studios made him offers after Lon Chaney's death, provided he would take his father's name. But it was not until he found a company that would allow him to be "Creighton Chaney" that he signed a movie contract.

The upper half of his face is strikingly like his father's. He has thick dark hair and splendid teeth; his voice is deep and pleasant; and he is worried because he doesn't know what to do with his hands.

"I don't want to be mysterious or anything like that," he says. "But tell me did you ever meet anyone who really liked to be interviewed?"

Which shows that he is very, very new to the acting profession!

Like an echo, I seem to hear the voice of Lon Chaney: "I'm sorry, but I must refuse to talk about myself. Just tell the public that between pictures, there isn't any Lon Chaney."

Romance No Stranger To Elsie Janis, Who Weds At Forty-Two

Actress' Love For Mother Did Not Prevent Her Marrying Before, As Rumored—Groom Is Gilbert Wilson, Sixteen Years Her Junior

BY MARION DUGGAN

WHEN Elsie Janis, famous comédienne, recently married for the first time—and then married Gilbert Wilson, young actor sixteen years her junior—the rest of the world may have been surprised, but not Hollywood. The movie town, where she had taken to writing for the talkies, had seen the beginning of the end of Elsie's long spinsterhood—and knew that it was not true that her mother, now dead, had kept her talented daughter from marrying. This was pure legend, which is now exploded, after all these years.

Richee

Acme

Acme

Above, Elsie Janis as the Hollywood scenario writer. Below, as the wartime entertainer who became "the Sweetheart of the A. E. F." Right, as the bride of Gilbert Wilson—her first husband in forty-two years

Elsie, herself, used to say, "Why should I marry when I have Jane?" The affection that existed between Elsie and her mother, Mrs. Jane Bierbower, was remarkable—and no doubt kept Elsie from feeling the need of other relationships. But her Hollywood friends laugh at the idea that "the Sweetheart of the A.E.F."—a title Elsie earned during the War—had missed romance prior to her startling marriage at forty-two to a handsome youth in his twenties.

"Why, Elsie has had more attention and devotion and love than any other woman I have ever known," says one of her most intimate friends, who has known her from childhood. "Men were always crazy about her; she has had literally dozens of proposals. Her fame has attracted many eligible celebrities to her. She might have married a French duke. She might have been the wife of a millionaire. And her mother, far from trying to discourage suitors, warmly championed some of the more persistent.

"Most people do not seem to know that Elsie was engaged at least twice—once to a famous explorer who died of typhoid on a jungle trip, and once to a French aviator who was killed in the War. Her mother approved of both of them.

"Since Elsie first came to Hollywood, she has had attention from men stars and writers that many a young girl might envy. Wherever she went, she was surrounded by a crowd of men, most of them younger than she. Several months after Elsie lost her mother, John Charles Thomas, the singer, gave a party in his Hollywood home, and we persuaded Elsie to go. At this party she met a young actor who had been appearing in the 'Nine O'Clock Revue' with Julian Eltinge downtown. He was entirely unknown, but he was extremely handsome and charming, and came from a fine Chicago family.

"From the moment that Gilbert Wilson was introduced to Elsie, he was obviously infatuated with her. From that evening, he and Elsie were constantly together. We all knew they were deeply in love. There had always been, I think, something maternal in her attitude toward her mother, and we felt that there was something maternal in her feeling for Gilbert. But she was worried by the difference in their ages.

"She sent him away to Chicago to test out their feeling for one another by absence. She denied rumors of their engagement, and I think she tried to deny her own heart—but couldn't in the end. It may seem a strange romance to the rest of the world—a 'June-and-October' romance—but not to us who know Elsie Janis. The sixteen-year difference in their ages means that Elsie is sixteen years wiser and more charming than she was in her twenties."

And what does Elsie, herself, say about her marriage? She intimates that she and the bridegroom laugh more than most newlyweds—but hardly at each other. Already, she hints, she's inviting the world to their silver anniversary in 1957.

Sherman Clark

THE IRON MAN GETS FRAMED IN IRON

No, the gruesome iron pillar isn't a guillotine, and Lew Ayres isn't going to lose his handsome head. It's a machine used to cart scenery from one set to another, and Lew steps into it as naturally as he does into his rôle as an interne in "The Impotient Maiden." You'll have to be an iron man (or woman), yourself, to watch him perform an appendicitis operation in the picture—upon Moe Clarke, no less

Russell Ball

FIFI DORSAY

Fifi's taking up where Clara Bow left off, in this winking business—but adding a dash of oo-la-la! (And you know what that means.) They wanted Fifi for the French version of Chevalier's "One Hour with You," but said she'd have to make her eyes and lips behave. Fifi couldn't—and, with a wink, went vacationing in vaudeville

Ferenc

GEORGE BRENT

"Let Georage do it!" was the battle-cry at Warners, when someone asked, "Wha can rival Gable?" Georage—wha's a new heman fram Braadway—cauld think af lats of easier jobs. But they cast him oppasite Ruth Chattertan in "The Rich Are Always with Us" and Barbara Stanwyck in "Sa Big"—so watch aut, Clark!

Elissa Landi's own story about her Grandmother, Empress Elizabeth

This is the first story that Elissa Landi has ever authorized about the fact that she is the granddaughter of Empress Elizabeth of Austria—and contains Elissa's first actual proof of her royal ancestry, as told by Elissa, herself

In a story about her in the February MOVIE CLASSIC, titled "The Most Baffling Redhead," the statement was made that Elissa Landi was the granddaughter of Empress Elizabeth, and added, "But she said nothing, and wished nothing to be said." Elissa has since changed her mind. Here, for the first and last time, she breaks her silence in the controversy as to whether or not she is related to Empress Elizabeth.—Editor.

It's easy to see whose granddaughter Elissa is! Note her resemblance to the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, above

By birthright, Elissa is a Princess—and looks and acts the part, without trying

"I've always known that the Empress Elizabeth was my grandmother," Elissa Landi told me, "but I could prove it to no one until recently, when I was given indisputable proof.

"To me, it seems odd that proof should be considered so necessary. For example: There cannot be found in the world to-day a shred of proof that I've ever been born, and yet I'm reasonably sure I exist. There is no proof that the Countess Landi is my mother, and yet deep down in my heart I know this to be true. My birthplace was Venice, Italy; and the fact that the records were destroyed by fire leaves me strangely unmoved. Nor am I worried or impressed by the controversy concerning my mother's relationship to the Empress Elizabeth. I know the truth.

"But even though I've been given proof, I shouldn't have spoken about the matter if there hadn't been an unwarranted and totally unexplainable attack on my mother and myself by an utter stranger, an American woman who married a prince. We simply can't figure out why she should have written that article about us. We *couldn't* have offended her. We don't know her from Adam!

"If she thought she would hurt me through this attack, she is doomed to disappoint-

By HALE HORTON

ment. Even if her statements had been true, I should not have been injured, for I live in the present and look to the future, not to the past. I suppose I'll never discover her motive. Human beings do strange things at times.

How Elissa Resembles Elizabeth

BUT after a moment of thought, Elissa added compassionately, "Perhaps she needed the money, and in similar circumstances I might have done the same thing." So like Elissa! For while she detests crowds of all descriptions, she harbors great understanding and compassion for humanity. Which is only one of the many traits she has in common with her grandmother, the Empress Elizabeth of Austria.

Truly remarkable is the resemblance between Elizabeth and Elissa, who, by the way, was christened Elizabeth and, when a child, shortened her name to Elissa. Photographs of Elissa and the Empress reveal a striking physical likeness. Elizabeth did, and Elissa does, fervently believe in aristocracy—Elizabeth in the aristocracy of blood, Elissa in the aristocracy of brains. They tally in everything, from their subtle arrogance and beauty to the reddish gold of their glorious hair. The Empress Elizabeth was profoundly intelligent, a world-renowned Greek scholar, a lover of the music of Wagner, and an expert horsewoman. At the age of six Elissa actually confounded priests by her theological questions, at the age of ten she was an accomplished Greek scholar, an expert horsewoman, and Wagner was one of her gods.

Improbable, you say, in a child so young? Perhaps, but only until you know the electric, vibrant quality of Elissa Landi's personality. If for only a moment you could talk with this amazing young woman who has written four successful novels and risen to heights on both stage and screen, you would not only hail such improbable youthful accomplishments as highly possible, but you would know her to be a woman who simply *must* have descended from the haughtiest house of Europe. Furthermore, you would know that she is far

(*Continued on page 70*)

Elissa Landi discloses the truth about her ancestry in answer to an attack on her mother and herself

Left, Countess Zanardi-Landi, Elissa's mother—the daughter who was "the secret of an Empress," and was born to Elizabeth of Austria at the Chateau de Sassetot (above) in 1882. Elissa here produces proof that her mother's story, often challenged, is undeniably true

Acme

Richee

Miriam Hopkins and William (Buster) Collier, Jr., are the screen's newest dance-and-romance team — being the principals of "Dancers in the Dark." Miriam is right in her element, for the great little blonde picture-stealer started her stage career in dancing slippers. And Buster doesn't feel at all out of place, thank you, in the rôle that Charles (Buddy) Rogers turned down to go to Broadway!

MIRIAM AND BUSTER EASILY PASS MUSTER BOTH AS DANCERS AND ROMANCERS

C S Bull

HER DEAREST FRIEND AND HIS SEVEREST CRITIC
(BUT ONLY IN REEL LIFE)

In "Lavers Caurogeaus," Robert Mantgomery is a strug-gling playwright—wha daesn't hove any money, but daes have Madge Evons. (And whot more could any man want?) Tagether, they bottle the world—and that in-cludes her porents—working far into the night ta moke his ploy a success. And doesn't it seem gaad ta see this earthy kind af night-life in the movies, far a change?

Believe it or not, but Jimmy's waiting for a street-car! No girl in her right senses would keep Jimmy waiting—and Fox hasn't made him wait for big breaks. There's a rumor afloat that his health is cracking, but it doesn't sound true when he's making a personal appearance tour and getting ready to dance into "Little Teacher"

JAMES DUNN

Will Walling, Jr.

ONE BABY GRAND AND ONE GRAND BABY

Jaan Blandell has a way—as well as a Steinway. This is what is knawn as tipping the scales in the Blandell grand manner, ar being a tuneful little eyeful. There aren't any blue notes in Joan's piana, naw that she has earned stardam by the gaad, old-fashianed methad af hard wark—as yau learned an Page 17. The ex-Follies girl comes inta her awn in "The Crawd Raars" and "The Famaus Fergusan Case"

Hurrell

My, what great big eyes you have, Joan—when somebody opens the door of your studio sanctuary and surprises you in the dark, memorizing your lines for "Grand Hotel"! But we had to find out if it's true that you've made your dressing-room suite look like home —even to the Colonial furniture. And, sure enough, you have!

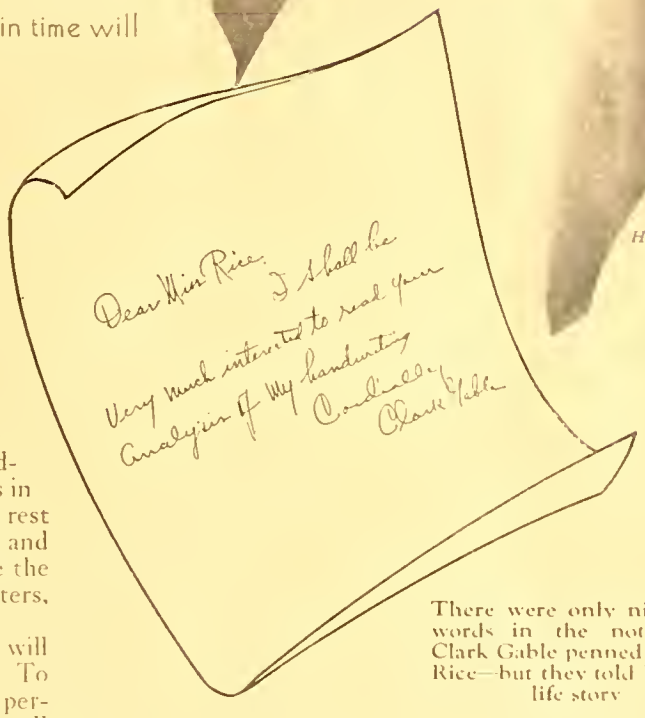
JOAN CRAWFORD

CLARK GABLE
destined to be even greater lover, his HANDWRITING reveals

Louise Rice, famous graphologist, here tells you more about Clark Gable from his handwriting than you ever knew from just seeing him on the screen. Did you know, for instance, that he has not yet really found himself—and that his love nature is now subdued, but in time will become intense?

BY LOUISE RICE

Hurrell



There were only nineteen words in the note that Clark Gable penned Louise Rice—but they told her his life story

WHEN I first received the letter from Clark Gable which you see reproduced herewith, I almost thought that he was playing a joke on me and that two people had written it instead of one. For the little curled "i" dot in his handwriting shows that he has a good sense of humor and enjoys a joke, either on himself or on someone else.

Look closely at the reproduction of his letter to me and notice the words "much," "your," "of my handwriting" and then compare them with the other words in this note. See how different these words are from the rest of the words in his letter—these are closely spaced and somewhat angular and much firmer in pressure, while the others are widely spread in the spacing of the small letters, more rounded, and with a less even basic line.

To those of you who do not know Graphology, this will not tell very much about this interesting personality. To me, it shows that Clark Gable has practically two personalities—one, the laughing, magnetic man who sets all feminine hearts aflame when he appears on the screen, whether he is fighting or making love; the other the mental, reasoning type which very few of his friends know much about, except the few to whom he shows his real self, his everyday self.

If you will look at his tightly closed capital "D" in the word "Dear," it will show you that there is reserve in his nature and a certain secrecy about his intimate thoughts and feelings, in spite of his ability to be talkative and friendly when he chooses.

(Continued on page 67)

U. & U.

A NEW WAY TO READ YOUR OWN HANDWRITING

Get a Louise Rice Grapho-scope which will reveal your proper vocation. Also analyzes love and congenial friendships. Send your name and address to Louise Rice, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.

Hollywood Gives Its Slant on JACKIE COOPER

Isn't he the young man-about-town, though, when he goes to a Hollywood opening? He'll soon be going to see himself in "Limpy"

Wide World

He's only eight years old—but he's a full-fledged star, with a weekly salary running up into the thousands, and gets as much fan mail as Clark Gable. So far as the public is concerned, he hits the bull's-eye. But what of Hollywood—what is the verdict of the people closely associated with him? To them, is he a great actor or merely a precocious child? Do they think he's a typical boy—or that he's spoiled? Here's what they say, confidentially!

COMPILED BY DOROTHY MANNERS

JACK OAKIE: "Cooper? He slays me. I'm tellin' you, the kid kills me! He works from the ticker, if you know what I mean—he's got the old heart-beat in everything he does. He tore me to pieces in 'The Champ' and I went back twice for more. When he sticks out that underlip of his, he just wraps me up and puts me away. There's something about a protruding underlip that just naturally seems to go with 'It.' Maurice Chevalier's got it, so has Doug Fairbanks. Cooper? Say, he's my favorite actor of the bunch!"

O. O. McIntyre (quoted from his syndicated column): "I'm growing just a little tired of going to the movies and listening to the loud bawling over Jackie Cooper."

Richard Dix: "He's the greatest actor on the screen. He's so darned great that no other actor can hold his own against him. I know. I tried. Off the screen, he's just a normal little boy. On the screen, he's the best little scene-stealer in the business."

Sally Eilers: "I know Jackie only from his work on the screen, so I can't say whether or not his great success has spoiled him. But surely he can't be the happy, normal sort of little boy he would have been if Hollywood hadn't happened to him. Somehow it just doesn't seem to be in the cards. When grown people can't stand it, how in the world can we expect a youngster to do so? If he can successfully stand the pace of having thousands of his pictures taken and published, and of having his opinions quoted to the world, and all the other flattery of movie stardom, without even being a little changed by it—he's one kid in a million. But perhaps he is!"

Wally Gives the Low-Down

WALLACE BEERY: "Don't let anybody tell you Jackie is a genius, or any other kind of a freak. He's just a great little boy who personifies all the little boys in the world and he can *get it over*. If Jackie were a genius, he would have done that last great crying scene in 'The Champ' from within—without quite knowing how or why he did it. But Jackie knew why he did that scene: we told him 'Red' Golden, his idol and assistant director on the film, had been fired! It was a dirty trick to play on the kid because we knew he'd take it hard. He took it just as any other normal kid would take the news of a lost pal—and that's what you saw on the screen. That alone should prove that Jackie isn't any spoiled child prodigy. He's just a healthy, normal little boy who happens to be a born actor."

Charlie Chaplin (in statement given to the London press): "To me,

(*Continued on page 60*)

"More searching than your mirror ... your husband's eyes"

Over 20,000 beauty experts for that reason insist that clients keep skin radiantly young by using an olive and palm oil soap. Palmolive is the only large-selling soap made of these oils.

"IF ALL the women who seek to hold their husbands would first hold their good looks, editors of beauty columns wouldn't get such a large mail . . . and there would be greater chances for happiness." That's the warning addressed to women by leading beauty specialists.

* * *

Neither a great amount of time nor large sums of money are necessary to keep looking your best. But intelligent home care, every day, *is* necessary. Don't think that means hours of primping. It means the best natural skin cleansing you can obtain. And beauty experts are unanimous in their recommendation of Palmolive facial cleansing.

Two minutes. That's all it takes. A simple washing of face and throat with the lather of this olive and palm oils soap. Then, powder, rouge, if you wish. But foundation cleansing, first.

Won't you try this method, endorsed by more than 20,000 experts, as the wisest step toward keeping that schoolgirl complexion? Use Palmolive . . . twice every day . . . faithfully. Then see what your mirror reveals. See what your husband's eyes reveal.

Retail Price
10c

"When you are in doubt as to the claims a soap makes, look at the label. Can you tell what's in that soap? Then why take chances? Use Palmolive—which is recommended by those who KNOW."

Carsten, Berlin's Distinguished Beauty Expert.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Not afraid of

"I'm 18" BARBARA WEEKS

"I'm 20" JEAN HARLOW

"I'm 19" JOYCE COMPTON

"I'm 23" JUNE COLLYER

"I'm 21" FRANCES DADE

"I'm 22" NOEL FRANCIS

LUX

the Birthdays ahead

"I'm 27" BARBARA BEDFORD

"I'm 26" LAURA LA PLANTE

"I'm 28" LOIS WILSON

"I'm 29" ANITA STEWART

They know the secret of *keeping* Youthful Charm

THE screen stars have no fear of growing old! Birthdays have no terror for them! They know the secret of *keeping* youthful freshness right through the years!

"Guard your complexion above everything else," they will advise you. And even the youngest of them will give their own peach-bloom skin the most zealous *regular* care.

"We use Lux Toilet Soap," they confide. Those in their twenties—those in their thirties—those in their forties—keep their skin youthfully aglow with this fragrant white soap!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap. Their preference is so well known it has been made the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

You will want to guard your complexion this wise, sure way!

Toilet Soap — 10¢

Bachrach

Ricardo Cortez Reveals Who He Really Is!

Nearly everyone knows that he is not Spanish, and that he was not born Ricardo Cortez. But who is he and where did he come from? "It is time the truth was told," he says—after being "a man without a country" for almost ten years!

BY JACK GRANT

RICARDO CORTEZ—Hollywood's man without a country—has at last ended the mystery about himself. Everyone knew that Ricardo Cortez was not his real name. But no one knew anything more about him, except that he was one of the best picture-stealers in the business. His true name, his nationality, his birthplace—all were matters of conjecture. But here is the story of what this excellent actor has suffered all these years by his unintentional masquerade—and how he has gladly revealed his real story:

What is known in the jargon of the movies as "a fat part" awaited somebody at RKO recently. Studio officials talked it over. In their respective opinions, there was only one man to play it—Ricardo Cortez. But would he?

The rôle under discussion was that of the young Jewish doctor in Fannie Hurst's new story, "Symphony of Six Million." A great acting part, this doctor—but would Cortez, whose Latin name was known to be assumed, whose background and ancestry had been invented to fit that name, whose very life had been altered by the masquerade—would Cortez play a Jew?

Someone finally had the good sense to ask him. The question was put bluntly, "Would you consider playing a Jew?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't I? *I am a Jew.*" There was pride in the simplicity of Ricardo Cortez' answer—the pride of his race, a race that has survived thousands of years of oppression and suffering. But Hollywood was aghast when it heard the story. Hollywood is always aghast at honesty—at any gesture that throws aside sham and pretense.

Of course, Hollywood has long accepted as a fact the assumption that Ricardo Cortez enjoyed the real-life rôle he had assumed. Some even believed he was ashamed of his real ancestry and preferred to pose as the romantic figure his false biography made of him. No one publicly challenged Cortez, however. Remember, this is Hollywood, where to express disbelief of any man's story only invites disbelief of your own.

Rumors About His Real Name

THERE have been rumors, naturally. There are always rumors in the film fraternity. It was said that Cortez' real name was Jack Kranz, Jake Kranzmeyer, even Abie Katz. Any number of yarns flew the rounds concerning his early life. Some of these tales were unpleasant in their implications. Perhaps you, too, have heard a few of them.

Put yourself in this man's shoes. It is commonly known that your name is fictitious. There are all sorts of wild tales about your real history. What are you to do? Obviously, you can't climb to some housetop to shout, "They're all lies." You can't go around belligerently, saying to everyone you meet, "I know what you're thinking of me. You believe I'm trying to delude you, to make a fool of you with this fanciful tale of Latin romance. It's a lie."

(*Continued on page 58*)

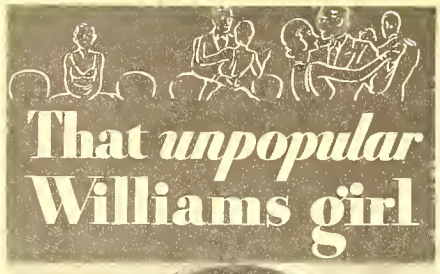
"I like it"

I *hope* I'm a little different from most girls in lots of ways. But I know I'm just like most women in *this* respect. I don't like to be argued with. I don't like to be preached to. And I *won't* be frightened into things! I like what I *like*. And I like a toothpaste with a clean, keen, *refreshing* flavor. I like to know that my dentist approves. And mine does! He says that all *any* toothpaste can do is *clean* teeth. And no toothpaste can do that better than Colgate's. So—I would just like to know *why* I should pay more than 25 cents for toothpaste? That's all I have to pay for Colgate's!

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association—and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

25¢



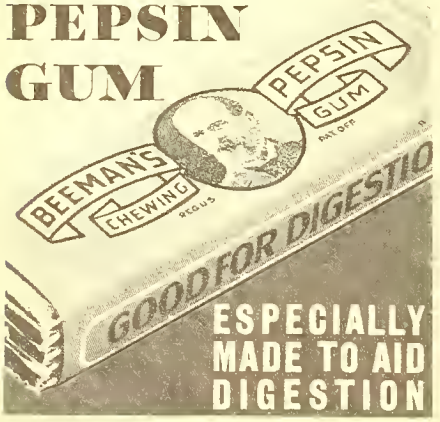
That *unpopular* Williams girl

surrounded by stags

It was too bad really, but who wanted to dance with a girl who never said anything. And looked so heavy-eyed and dull. Bad complexion, too. And then she found a way to end her indigestion.

Sometimes the difference is slight between radiant good health and annoying digestive troubles that spoil your good times. Many people have found that Beeman's is a great help in aiding digestion. Dr. Beeman was a real benefactor to make a delicious gum that would provide so much happiness. Chew Beeman's every day.

Chew
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN
GUM



Ricardo Cortez Reveals Who He Really Is!

(*Continued from page 56*)

You couldn't follow such courses of procedure. Neither could Ricardo Cortez. You would have to wait until somebody asked you. And therein rests the only reason why Cortez hasn't told the facts of his case until now. *No one ever asked him.*

Even those who are his close personal friends have been strangely reticent in discussing the Cortez myth. They have avoided it as something tabu. Others have preferred to remain merely acquaintances because they believed the man to be living a lie of his own invention and despised him for it. Ric knows his legend has cost him many friendships. He is not popular as popularity is rated in Hollywood. People dislike him without ever having met him. As a consequence, he lives a quiet life in comparative retirement.

As neither friend nor foe confronted him with a direct question, what was there for him to say? All the talking has been done behind his back, never to his face. I tell you, no one ever asked him.

"Tired of the Sham"

"I OFTEN wished someone had," Ric says. "I am as tired as anyone of the sham. For nearly ten years, I have been a man without a country—without a race—without a history. My birthplace has been variously reported as Vienna, Madrid, Rio de Janeiro and heaven knows where else. Stories of my life have been so contradictory, even I am confused. I am Cortez, the First, without parentage, background or history, other than what has been given me by the imaginative inventions of press-agents. I have been a character of pure fiction, manufactured out of whole cloth. No one has known who I really am and where I came from. It is time the truth was told.

"I know people have believed that I want to continue the masquerade—that I am ashamed to admit what is true. I neither desire to continue the fiction nor have I anything of which to be ashamed. I am *proud* of my ancestry. I revere my mother and the memory of my father. I honor the blood of the Jewish race that flows in my veins. *I want my birthright.*"

Another Jacob sold his for a mess of pottage, you remember!

"My name was Jacob Kranz. It was legally changed to Ricardo Cortez when I entered pictures. But it was Jacob Kranz when I was born in Hester Street, on the East Side of New York City. My father was from Hungary, my mother from Austria. It is from my mother's side that I get my Jewish blood. My father was as blonde as I am dark."

The fictional stories of Cortez have always painted him as a dramatic figure, raised in luxury. There have even been hints of royalty in his lineage. Be that as it may, there is more drama in the true story. There isn't a more dramatic spot on the globe than New York's turbulent East Side —"the melting pot of races."

It was there that young Jacob Kranz was raised. He went to school and worked after school was out. He sold newspapers and performed all the other tasks boys of his class generally do. Between times he helped his father in the Kranz clothing store. When the boy was sixteen, his father's death made him the head of the family.

"Ever since I can remember, I wanted to be an actor," he says. "When the opportunity came my way, I became a super at twelve dollars a week. I had no lines to speak—was merely given a flag to carry across the stage. It was a French flag and I won the job because I looked French.

"A short time later, a friend gave me a letter of introduction to Marshall Neilan, the screen director. He talked to me at length and gave me a part in a Marguerite Clark picture. I went home trembling with my joyous news—to find my father critically ill. He died in three days. Three weeks later, my sister died. I never played the rôle.

"It was many months before I again thought of acting; I resolved to gamble everything on the lone chance of making good in Hollywood. Armed with a letter to Jesse Lasky, I left New York."

Lasky received the applicant with courtesy, but held forth no hopes. Other producers were sought out with a similar lack of success. It looked like the career of Jack Kranz, actor, was to be of short duration. One night, a very unhappy young man accepted the invitation of some friends to join them on a party at the Cocoanut Grove. A dancing contest was a feature of the evening. One of the young ladies in Kranz's party wanted to enter and he became her partner. They won. The following day, Lasky sent for him.

"My wife saw you dancing at the Grove last night," he said. "She believes that you have a future on the screen."

Apparently Lasky was willing to back his wife's judgment. He talked contract. The question of salary arose. "How does $75 a week sound to you?" Lasky asked.

"You know best what I am worth. I will abide by any decision you make," was the reply. The boy tried not to show that the sum mentioned seemed like a fortune.

"That's the spirit," Lasky applauded. "We'll make it a hundred." Upon five different occasions after that, Lasky voluntarily tore up an existing contract and wrote a new one. It was not long before the weekly pay check read $1250. Jack Kranz entered pictures during the era of Latin love. Rudolph Valentino had just broken his contract with Paramount and in the dark-complexioned newcomer, the company believed it had a second Valentino.

There have been a half-dozen stories concerning the selection of Ricardo Cortez as a name for the new actor Lasky signed. The most commonly accepted report says he was named from two cigar bands. Lasky didn't like the name of Kranz. He suggested a change and found the boy perfectly agreeable. "We'll let the girls find you a name," Lasky said and walked to the outer office where sat his two secretaries.

From many suggestions the combination of Ricardo Cortez was evolved. It sounded romantic and seemed to fit the bill. Next day the publicity department announced that Jesse Lasky had made a new discovery, a dashing, dazzling, Latin sensation, one Ricardo Cortez.

Living up to his name has caused Ric more grief than is possible to detail here. Writing his biography was a press-agent's holiday. There were no facts to hamper an imaginative mind. Any incident required could be invented on the spur of a moment.

But imagine the actor's embarrassment upon being confronted by interviewers! "Where were you born?" they all began and his answer had to be, "Ask the publicity department for my biography." And when representatives of the foreign press called, his embarrassment was twofold. Supposedly a Spaniard, he could not speak a word of Spanish!

A sense of loyalty to his employers undoubtedly motivated Ricardo Cortez in the deception he practised during his first years on the screen. I am willing to wager that you would have done the same, had you been in his shoes. Unfortunately, by the

(*Continued on page 60*)

by Results

not Price, *this* Tooth Paste *won its way into the homes of the Wealthy*

Why is it that Listerine Tooth Paste is found in so many homes of the wealthy?

Obviously the 25¢ price could not appeal to a woman who has her own box at the opera. Or to a man who takes his family annually to Palm Beach.

Listerine Tooth Paste has won its way into their homes simply on its merits. By the quality that the very name Listerine guarantees. And by results that are clearly apparent.

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste do so now. Note how thoroughly, how swiftly it cleans. Contained in it are ultra-modern cleansing agents. Dissolved in saliva they reach every surface of the tooth. Even penetrating between teeth—removing tartar, decay, discolorations, and stains.

Note the wonderful brilliance and luster that Listerine Tooth Paste imparts to your teeth. Special polishing agents, superfine in texture, produce this effect. Yet never once do they mar precious enamel.

Note, too, the pleasant taste and refreshing feeling and mouth invigoration that follows the use of Listerine Tooth Paste. That delightful, clean feeling that you associate with Listerine itself.

When we created Listerine Tooth Paste, it was with the pledge to ourselves that it would be exceptional in quality. That it would be equal if not superior to dentifrices costing much more. We have made no claims for it except that it will cleanse teeth swiftly, thoroughly, and safely.

More than four million people who could afford to pay more have found that this dentifrice serves them best. Please try it. You be the judge. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

the large tube 25 *cents*

How Do Sportswomen Manage?

Cup winners can't be quitters—whatever the time of month. The woman who competes for honors in any field of sport must take her sporting chance with Nature. Any strenuous match may suddenly bring on her sickness. A busy season of practice and play makes no allowance for discomfort or pain of menstruation. Midol will meet this emergency — as many active women know. Midol tablets have emancipated women from the dread of regular pain—from the need of giving in to such suffering—*from suffering at all.*

Do you realize that a woman who takes Midol just before her time to suffer will menstruate without one twinge of pain? That even though the pains have caught her unawares, Midol will stop them within seven minutes? And that Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for a headache?

No matter how hard a time you have always had, Midol carries you through your monthly periods in perfect comfort. Don't stand in the dark. Don't doubt a discovery which has been verified by the medical profession and proven to the satisfaction of more than a million women. Your druggist has these tablets in a slim little box that fits the smallest purse or pocket. Just ask for Midol.

Hollywood Gives Its Slant on Jackie Cooper

(*Continued from page 52*)

Jackie Coogan will always be the 'child genius' of all time—but little Jackie Cooper is a wonderful actor. His great appeal, I believe, lies in the fact that he does not impress people as a child artist. He is just a regular little boy."

Tallulah Bankhead: "Haven't you heard about Jackie and me? He's my beau. At a dinner party given by Joan Crawford and Doug, Jr., he was my dinner partner. We got along great—both of us ate fried chicken with our fingers. My boy-friend was going good until about ten o'clock, when he began to get sleepy. He's the first beau I ever had who 'faded' on me that soon."

Gives Credit to Mrs. Cooper

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.: "It isn't a lot of fun to be a kid actor—I know from experience. It isn't a normal, particularly happy life for a boy. But I think Jackie Cooper comes the closest to living a regular he-boy life with a kid's normal outlook of any screen youngster I've ever met. A great deal of the credit for this belongs to Mabel Cooper, Jackie's mother. She never permits him to be smarty or show-off with grown people. Another thing, she doesn't make the mistake of 'supervising' his every movement. When Jackie plays with the kids in his neighborhood, he's just one kid among many on the football team. Mabel isn't scared to death he is going to hurt himself—as most movie mamas are."

Billie Dove: "There's no one on the screen like him. To me he's more thrilling than Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and all the other fascinating actors of the moment. If I were a little girl, I'd like awfully much to be Jackie's best girl-friend."

Mayme Ober Peake (columnist and writer): "Jackie invited me to go to the movies with him one night. When we got to the box-office, he asked solemnly, 'Who is going to pay for the tickets?' I told him I was. 'Well,' he said, very seriously, 'please don't get the expensive seats.' I thought he was trying to save me money and assured him that I could really afford the loges. 'Yes, ma'am,' he agreed, 'but I can't see that far back. Pardon me—but I guess I'm too short.'

Mitzi Green: "It isn't true that Jackie Cooper and myself are 'engaged.' We are just good friends."

Eric von Stroheim: "As a rule, I do not like child actors. They bore me beyond words. But years have nothing to do with the talent of Jackie Cooper. He is a great actor. He has a great natural talent that comes along for the movies just once in a great while. Many actors a great deal older than Jackie could take tips on technique from him."

Hollywood Newspaper Woman: "Once I was talking to Jackie and it seemed to me he gave me a rather flippant answer to a question. Several people standing around who overheard immediately started to say that Jackie was beginning to be spoiled by his attention and flattery. But there is a little boy who lives next-door to me—a child who hasn't had Jackie's success and fame—who can get equally fresh upon occasion. If Jackie were painfully polite all the time, he just wouldn't be an American boy. If he were constantly watching his 'manners,' he would be more of an unnatural youngster than he could ever be by 'talking up' once in awhile. How many non-professional children do you know who are 'little gentlemen' all the time?"

Clara Bow: "Over a period of years there have been many candidates for 'It'—but if anybody else is ever going to fall heir to that title I hope it's Jackie Cooper. He has 'It.'"

Louella Parsons (movie columnist for Hearst papers): "This child's tremendous success is a boon to Hollywood movie productions. His popularity is proof that the public was growing very weary of smutty, suggestive pictures. Let's hope the producers take a tip from it."

Advice to Ambitious Mothers

BEN THAU (casting director at M-G-M, Jackie's home studio): "If only all the other movie mamas in the world would realize that their offspring weren't Jackie Coopers! One of the real tragedies of any kid's success on the screen is the flock of ambitious mothers he attracts to the casting offices of the studios. Jackie is one in a million—but try to make other kid geniuses' mothers realize this! They bring in these poor little kids with their hair artificially curled and their lips painted and rouged and insist they are great artists like Jackie Cooper. Most of these children are old before they ever have a chance to be young—victims of maternal ambition. All I can say to the movie-greedy mothers all over the country is: *Don't bring your young genius to Hollywood.* Jackie Cooper is one in ten million!"

James Cagney: "Kid Cooper sat in front of me at a Hollywood première the other night. I got a bigger kick out of seeing him in person than I would have if Garbo had come in and sat down beside me. Coop's got personality even in the back of his neck. Once during the show he turned around in his seat and smiled at me! That's the nicest compliment I've had since I've been in Hollywood."

And believe it or not—but even *Garbo* was seen to wave to Jackie one morning from her dressing-room!

Ricardo Cortez Reveals Who He Really Is!

(*Continued from page 58*)

time he left Paramount and the necessity for his continuing the masquerade vanished, people had ceased to ask him about himself. Acquaintances were alienated by the hoax. Even his friends avoided the subject, believing him to be satisfied with things as they were.

When Ric returned to pictures after two years of voluntary exile while he nursed his beloved wife, Alma Rubens, he achieved an immediate screen popularity that far overshadowed his former success in silent films. He again became copy for the press, but the Cortez fable was so well-established that either out of courtesy to the man or because it was no longer news, inquiring reporters did not inquire. Had they but known it, a real story was trembling on the tip of his tongue—waiting, just waiting, for someone to ask.

Then, after nearly ten years, a chap, braver than his fellows, broached the tabued topic with the question, "Will you play a Jew?"

And the simple, dignified reply, "Certainly. *I am a Jew.*"

A man without a country asserted himself. Gone was the great impersonation—gone all pretense and the necessity of loyalty in silence. A man stood revealed, demanding his birthright. At last—someone had asked him!

54 women told their doctors, "I *can't use soap*" . . . 52 of them now use Woodbury's!

THE NATION-WIDE HALF FACE TEST

NOT JUST A SOAP . . . A SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM

convinced them. But read about this test...and its thrilling results

When leading dermatologists in fourteen large American cities opened the Nation-wide Beauty Clinic, they found that many women were not anxious to entrust their delicate complexions to *any* soap, no matter how fine.

54 of the 612 women who took part in the Clinic said, *very positively*, at first, "I cannot use soap on my skin. It is too dry and sensitive."

"Yes," the dermatologists agreed, "your skin IS dry. It IS sensitive. Certainly you could not use a strong or harsh soap. But . . . *every* skin, except a few that are really sick, *needs* a fine soap. Its use will improve the *tone* of your skin and so correct that abnormal sensitiveness."

So these 54 women, along with 558 others, took part in the dermatologists' "Half-face Test." For 30 consecutive days, each woman went on cleansing the left side of her face with her usual soap, cream or lotion. On the right side, she used Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Clinical skin examinations made at the end of the test revealed, conclusively, the superior action of Woodbury's. In 79% of the cases, the Woodbury side of the face showed a marked improvement over the side treated with other, and more expensive, preparations. Even normally good skins were clearer, finer, firmer, when cared for with Woodbury's.

With this proof before you of what Woodbury's can do, surely you want to try it on YOUR skin. A "skin you love to touch" is "a jewel beyond price." Yet Woodbury's Facial Soap costs but 25¢, less than a penny a day.

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 916 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, and 1 samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ○ Coarse Pores ○ Blackheads ○
Dry Skin ○ Wrinkles ○ Sallow Skin ○
Flabby Skin ○ Pimples ○

For sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp.
Normal Scalp ○ Dry Scalp ○ Oily Scalp ○

*Name*_____ *Street*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

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SYNOPSIS OF THE NATION-WIDE HALF-FACE TEST

WHO TOOK PART . . . 612 women, aged 17 to 55, from all walks of life—society women, housewives, clerks, factory workers, actresses, nurses.

THE TEST . . . For 30 days, under scientific supervision, each woman cleansed one half her face by her accustomed method, and washed the other side with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

WHERE . . New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston, Baltimore, Houston, Denver, Jacksonville, Hollywood, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Portland (Oregon) and Toronto, Canada.

SUPERVISED BY 15 eminent dermatologists and their staffs. Reports checked and certified by one of the country's leading dermatological authorities.*

RESULTS . . . Woodbury's was more effective than other beauty methods in 106 cases of pimples; 83 cases of large pores; 103 cases of blackheads; 81 cases of dry skin; 115 cases of oily skin; 66 cases of dull, "uninteresting" skin.

*In accordance with professional ethics, the names of these physicians cannot be advertised. They are on file with the Editor of this magazine and are available to anyone genuinely interested.

•

Tune in on Woodbury's every Friday evening, 9:30 P. M. E. S. T. . . . . Leon Belasco and his orchestra . . . . WABC and Columbia Coast to Coast Network.

GLAZO

gives the fascination that men admire

Your first Glazo manicure will win the admiration of every man who sees you. For Glazo gives your fingernails a perfection of beauty that no other polish, however expensive, can quite attain.

The famous Glazo twin package contains *both* Liquid Polish and Remover —Natural, Deep Shell, Flame or Colorless, 50c. Bottles have bakelite caps with brush attached. The marvelous new Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème, too, is only 50c. Get them today.

GLAZO
The Smart Manicure

CUT YOURSELF A PIECE OF LAKE!

POKE the prow of an Old Town Boat out in a rippled lake. Let the point of it part a pretty furrow along the bee-line to your favorite bass-hole. She glides without a shiver . . . gets you there in a wink. For Old Town Boats are built to knife the water at a speedy clip . . . light, easy to handle . . . reinforced for powerful outboard motors. Sturdy and steady and trouble-free.

Whether water is choppy or glassy-smooth, an Old Town glides on an even keel . . . banks beautifully on the turns. Get a free catalog. See the many models for every use. Sporting boats. Big, fast, all-wood seaworthy types for family use. All kinds of canoes; rowboats; dinghies. Lower prices. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 364 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"

TEN-SECOND REVIEWS

By J. E. R.

Arsene Lupin
For their first co-starring picture, you'll probably be surprised to see John and Lionel Barrymore in a semi-comic detective melodrama. John is the smooth crook, Lionel the smooth detective. (M-G-M)

The Beast of the City
The title applies to Jean Hersholt, chief of gangland, upon whom Walter Huston, chief of police, declares a highly disastrous war, carrying a heavy moral. (M-G-M)

Behind the Mask
Lurid melodrama about dope smugglers and Federal narcotic agents, with Jack Holt one of the latter and Boris Karloff one of the former. Built along the lines of a serial. (Col.)

Business and Pleasure
Based on Booth Tarkington's novel, "The Plutocrat," this reveals Will Rogers as a razor-blade magnate on a visit to Turkey and the bearded sheiks. Artificial and jerky, with the humor forced. (Fox)

Cheaters at Play
When ex-crooks meet an ex-police chief, what happens? Thomas Meighan and William Bakewell run up against James Kirkwood on board a ship—and show you, entertainingly enough. (Fox)

Cock of the Air
Gay nonsense about an actress who almost stopped the World War, and an American aviator who set out to tame her—with Billie Dove and Chester Morris clowning as they never have before. (U. A.)

The Expert
Though starring Chic Sale, don't think the story is based on "The Specialist." Chic turns in a great characterization as the tottering war-horse of Edna Ferber's tale, "Old Man Minick." (W. B.)

The Final Edition
The year's first newspaper play, but hardly the last—giving you still another slant on the life of a newspaper man (Pat O'Brien). More melodramatic than realistic. (Col.)

Fireman, Save My Child
The screen's most wholehearted clown—Joe E. Brown—has a good time pretending to be a Don Juan in a red shirt. It's silly, but the fun is contagious. (F. N.)

Freaks
Do the misshapen beings of the circus sideshows also have emotions? If you have the strength to see what happens to a trapeze artiste (Baclanova) when she betrays one of them, you'll say, "Yes"—and shiver. Unusual and sensational—and horrifying. (M-G-M)

The Gay Caballero
Victor McLaglen plays Robin Hood in the wild, wild West, with George O'Brien for a pal—and there's plenty of hard ridin' and fightin' and lovin'. Above-the-average Western. (Fox)

Girl Crazy
One of Broadway's better musical comedies—with the usual plot, but better-than-usual humor—gets a good break at the hands of Wheeler and Woolsey, Eddie Quillan and Dorothy Lee. (RKO)

Girl of the Rio
Dolores Del Rio returns to the screen, after a year's absence, as beautiful as ever, and a better actress. The story, however, is one of those typical Mexican-border triangle things. (RKO)

The Greeks Had a Word for Them
Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell show you all you need to know about gold-digging in New York. A wise, witty comedy—but if only the censors had spared their shears! (U. A.)

Hell Divers
Wallace Beery proves again that he's one of the world's best actors—and submerges Clark Gable—in this dramatic spectacle of Uncle Sam's naval air fleet and the men who wear its uniforms. (M-G-M)

Hell's House
The title indicates the reform school to which young Junior Durkin is sent for idolizing Pat O'Brien, bootlegger. It will make your blood boil about "reform" schools. (Capitol)

Hotel Continental
Like "Grand Hotel," although the authors claim that their story was written earlier, this shows you a vivid cross-section of life by showing you the drama of a big hotel. Peggy Shannon stands out. (Tiffany)

The Impatient Maiden
Unable to marry, a young hospital interne and his office-girl sweetheart almost let life cheat them of what they deserve. Fine acting by Lew Ayres and Mae Clarke in a human, sincere story. (Univ.)

Ladies of the Jury
Edna May Oliver lends her wry humor (and her sniff!) to a whimsical conception of a court trial and a jury's deliberations. Not only amusing, but different. (RKO)

Lady With a Past
Planning for her future, a society girl goes to Paris to acquire a "past"—and the result is not a heavy problem drama, but a clever, sophisticated comedy. Constance Bennett has never been more herself. (RKO-Pathé)

The Lost Squadron
This picture is a regular bomb, so far as Hollywood is concerned—for it tells the inside story of how men have to risk their lives to make air pictures. Exciting drama, starring Richard Dix. (RKO)

Lovers Courageous
A quiet, but affecting little love story about a struggling young playwright and a wealthy girl who gives up her family and wealth to marry him. Made real by Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans. (M-G-M)

The Menace
One of the many mystery thrillers from the pen of the late Edgar Wallace, about a "dead" man who comes back. Blood-and-thunder stuff, with H. B. Warner and Walter Byron. (Col.)

The Passionate Plumber
Buster Keaton, plumber, is hired as Irene Purcell's "cardboard lover," but misunderstands his assignment—with the sequel hilarious, though rough. P. S.—Jimmie Durante falls for Polly Moran! (M-G-M)

Polly of the Circus
Marion Davies breaks away from comedy to make a talkie version of the w.-k. story about the circus star who falls in love with a minister (who's Clark Gable, this time). Nothing new, but well done. (M-G-M)

The Road to Life
The first Soviet talkie—a graphic picturization of what happened to the "wild children" that infested Russia after the revolution. Unusual, with subtitles in English. (Amkino)

The Scar
One known as "Scarface" and "The Shame of a Nation," this looks like the last word in gangland pictures. Paul Muni adds the finishing touch to what you think a gangster is really like. (U. A.)

Service for Ladies
If you were sorry to see Leslie Howard leave Hollywood, you'll be glad to know that he's the star of this British-made picture—in the amusing rôle of a headwaiter whom women can't resist. (Par.)

She Wanted a Millionaire
Based, I suspect, on the Nixon-Nirdlinger case of last summer, Joan Bennett's new picture shows her as a beauty-contest winner who unhappily marries an elderly millionaire. An effective moral-pointer. (Fox)

The Silent Witness
When Greta Nissen is murdered, and his son is suspected, Lionel Atwill takes the blame, himself—until "the silent witness" appears at his trial, which is packed with suspense. You'll like newcomer Atwill. (Fox)

Sky Devils
As the title would lead you to believe, this boasts some spectacular aviation—but in the main it's a robust comedy about two green rookies (Bill Boyd and Spencer Tracy), who bluff their way into the air corps. (U. A.)

The Struggle
D. W. Griffith turns out a sob-story about what drink can do to a poor working-man (Hal Skelly), but overstates his case. (U. A.)

Taxi!
James Cagney gets a real kick out of playing the part of a fighting young Irish taxi-driver who breaks up a strike, and treats you to a barrage of wisecracks and some fast action. (W. B.)

Three Wise Girls
Jean Harlow, Mae Clarke and Marie Prevost acquire wisdom in the big city in The Usual Manner—but the surprise is that the figurative Jean is the one who stays unsmirched. (Col.)

Tomorrow and Tomorrow
Ruth Chatterton, childless in her marriage, has a son by another man (Paul Lukas)—and life goes on. A poignant triangle story, well acted. (Par.)

Trapped in a Submarine
Half-way between a short and a feature-length picture, this film reconstructs what happened when the British submarine, *Poseidon*, sank. A real-life chiller. (British International)

Wayward
Like "The Devil's Holiday," Nancy Carroll's new picture has her married to a chap (Richard Arlen) whose family try to wreck the marriage. Not so potent as its predecessor, however. (Par.)

A Woman Commands
Pola Negri makes a big-time comeback in a comedy melodrama about a commoner who marries a king and proceeds to do the ruling. Besides emoting, the deep-voiced Pola sings—very well, thank you. (RKO)

STOP THOSE RUNS

Preserve the ELASTICITY* *that makes stockings* WEAR

DO YOU KNOW what causes those ruinous runs?

New stockings are *elastic*—they *give* under strain, stretch and then spring back again. When this precious elasticity is destroyed, the silk threads, instead of giving, *break* under strain. At the least provocation! It is then that runs start!

That is why Lux is made to *preserve* the elasticity that makes the sheerest stockings really *wear*.

**The Lux Way to make stockings last twice as long*

Wash after EACH wearing. Perspiration left in stockings or underthings will actually rot the silk.

Don't rub with cake soap. It destroys elasticity, making the silk lifeless, apt to break into runs. With Lux there's no rubbing. Even stubborn spots come out perfectly if you gently press in a few dry Lux diamonds.

Don't use too-warm water—this fades color. With Lux you use lukewarm water. No hot water needed. The tiny Lux diamonds—so sheer you can actually read through them—dissolve twice as fast, even in water at wrist temperature!

Wash this 2-minute way:

1 1 teaspoon of Lux for each pair of stockings.

2 Add lukewarm water to Lux, squeeze the gentle suds through stockings, rinse well.

Anything safe in water is just as safe in Lux.

MILLIONS of women find Lux *in the dish-pan* the world's cheapest beauty care for the hands. Costs less than 1¢ a day.

Lux for stockings — *2 minutes a day keeps them like new*

OFFENSIVE **Odor**

stopped for sure . . .

Clothes saved!

Armpit glands, because they're confined, perspire abnormally—cause odor repulsive to others (though seldom noticeable to oneself).

The one sure, safe way to avoid offensive odor is to use Odorono. Odorono is a doctor's prescription that prevents underarm odor and saves dresses from ruinous perspiration stains.

There are two kinds of Odorono. Odorono Regular is for use before retiring—gives the longest protection of any product, 3 to 7 days. Instant Odorono is for quick use, at any time. It gives 1 to 3 days' protection.

Three sizes, 35¢, 60¢, $1. Only Odorono has the New Sanitary Sponge Applicator.

ODO·RO·NO

"Since I got rid of my **BLACKHEADS** and Moth Patches my friends say—What Lovely Skin!"

KREMOLA

"Also removed my fine lines while bleaching and overcame my oily skin." Regular size $1.25, lasts three or four months. At your druggist or write the Dr. C. H. Berry Co., Dept. MC4, 2975 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. to send your KREMOLA parcel post C.O.D. Satisfaction guaranteed when used faithfully 60 days. Agents wanted. Write for Free Beauty Booklet.

AN EASY WAY TO **SHAPE your NOSE**

Anita Nose Adjuster shapes flesh and cartilage—quickly, safely, painlessly, while you sleep or work. Lasting results. Doctors praise it. Gold Medal Winner. 94,000 users. Write for *FREE BOOKLET.*

30 DAYS HOME TRIAL

ANITA INSTITUTE, Dept. 429
617 Central Ave., E. Orange, N. J. (formerly Newark, N. J.)

Clark Gable Destined to Be Even Greater Lover, His Handwriting Reveals

(Continued from page 51)

Clark Gable is what we graphologists would call a "late maturer" type and the latter years of his life will be much more interesting and satisfactory and productive of results than his past or his present existence. For he is probably somewhat restless and temperamental and introspective just now, as he is going through what our grandmothers used to call "growing pains"—and those are never very pleasant, either for the person suffering from them, or to the people with whom he is associated.

Notice the sharp downward stroke in the words "my" and "your," which shows that it is not always easy for him to be patient with the petty annoyances and bickerings and delays which are bound to crop up in the making of a motion picture. The person whose handwriting is large and flowing like Clark Gable's will never be interested in small matters, but in things that are constructive and progressive and not too slow in development. The people who deal with him must be careful not to push him too far or to be too demanding, for he may rise in his wrath and tell them where to go without any mincing of his words.

He can be very kind and pleasant and adaptable, but has very positive convictions of his own and can be a little fussy about some things. At the present time, however, he is sometimes too introspective and questioning to feel sure enough of himself and his abilities, because of this transition period through which he is now passing. When he has developed his character, as he is bound to do in the next few years, then let people beware of how they try to boss him or force him to do things that are too piffling! Clear the track if they do. He will be on his way, contracts or no contracts; for, while he likes money, he likes freedom more. When he meets with understanding and fairness and is allowed a chance to think for himself, however, he is almost too emotionally generous and kind and will return a hundredfold what he has received.

What Proves He's Ambitious

HE shows tremendous ambition and breadth of vision, as you will notice by the high, full loops of his handwriting—and he is so alive that it must be hard for him to be happy unless he is in action. He has great vitality and energy, which give him the magnetism that projects itself so powerfully from the screen; but he will need change and variety and plenty of occupation to keep from getting into unpleasant situations that are not of his own choosing.

Because of his complex nature, he is somewhat self-centered and very much interested in some things and careless and indifferent about others. In fact, he may be called lazy by people who do not understand this. He is tremendously versatile, as his handwriting indicates and his diversity of rôles proves, and yet he is simple in his tastes and almost conservative in his ideas and ideals.

He sometimes doubts his own ability to make his dreams become realities and is extremely sensitive to criticism, although he has plenty of confidence and assurance in anything that he feels he thoroughly understands. He will want to have his personal whims and ideas followed out as he plans them and is a little irritated by opposition, although he has common sense and does not let these whims interfere with his real ambitions.

Will Be Even Greater Lover

AS to the personal side of his nature, which is what most of you are waiting to hear about: he has been so busy growing up, as it were, that he is not really emotionally ready for expansion. He has a love nature that is not ardent on the surface, but will become deep and intense in the fullness of time. There is no question that he can make a passionate lover on the screen, but in personal contacts it is harder for him to be satisfied with too much love-making and sentiment.

He will always attract interesting, stimulating and unusual women because of his mixture of the boy and the man—a combination that appeals to both the love nature and the mother instinct which all women possess. He will need love and companionship, but he will also need time to himself and can put his emotions aside in his interest in his work when necessary. He belongs to the Constructive Type—the type who are always able to keep their work and their love in separate compartments and seldom let the one interest interfere with the other, no matter what arises.

And so we have Clark Gable, as shown in his handwriting—no saint or paragon, but a real, red-blooded he-man, with faults and virtues like the rest of us. He is strong enough to fight his way to the top, when he is sure of what he wants to do; weak enough to need encouragement and praise from those who really understand and appreciate his unusual possibilities; sincere enough so that each year he lives should bring him greater happiness and success. As the Irish say, "More power to him."

Who Is Louise Rice?

This simple, convincing analysis of the handwriting of Clark Gable is the first of an exclusive series that Louise Rice will present in MOVIE CLASSIC, writing of a different star each month. Marlene Dietrich comes next!

Miss Rice is America's foremost graphologist, and is world-famous for her studies of handwriting. She is author of many books on the subject, including "Character Shown in Handwriting," "Who Is Your Mate?", "By Whose Hand," "New Blood," and "The Girl Who Walked Without Fear."

In twenty-five years, more than a million specimens of handwriting have been analyzed by Miss Rice and a group of trained assistants. She has been consulted in baffling mysteries by Scotland Yard of England, Sureté of Paris, and police departments throughout the United States. You may remember that she was called in, only recently, in the Starr Faithfull murder mystery in New York—and asked to determine if certain letters had been written by the murdered girl or were forgeries.

In short, there isn't anyone who can tell more about character from handwriting than Louise Rice.—Editor.

ONE POWDER ALONE *brings you the Beauty of an* EXCLUSIVE ALMOND BASE

by Patricia Gordon

Of all face powders only one has a base of precious almond. That powder is PRINCESS PAT. The usual powder base is starch. There is all the difference in the world . . . difference that is expressed in your beauty. For when you use Princess Pat face powder, your skin, too, is given mystical, velvety, aristocratic tone and texture that is simply inimitable.

Jean Harlow, film star, illustrates the adorable smoothness of Princess Pat powder.

ALMOND BASE gives Exquisite Caressing Softness

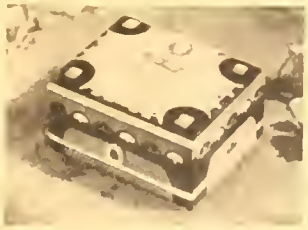
Softness! The wonderful *almond base* gives it—as *starch base* never could. And *softness* is the most important characteristic of face powder! Princess Pat powder goes upon the skin with an utterly new, adorable *smoothness* . . . because each tiny, invisible particle is *softer*. You actually *feel* the caressing effect of its different texture. Princess Pat powder has none of the "dustiness" of starch base powders. Instead it lies *closely* upon the skin and clings longer than any other powder you have ever known.

No 'Powdery' Appearance when there is Almond Base

In a way that you will consider magical—and delightful—Princess Pat powder creates the illusion of a perfect complexion. There is no "powdery" appearance—just *beauty*. The almond base—instead of starch—completely avoids chalkiness. In the blending of Princess Pat shades, colors of supreme delicacy are used . . . the almond base permits. There is never "hidden chalkiness" in Princess Pat shades. Instead, the perfectly created pearly hues that are so gloriously beautiful . . . and *youthful*.

Almond Base is Good for Your Skin

The soft, caressing almond base of Princess Pat face powder possesses an additional advantage. It is of distinct benefit to your skin, keeping it soft, pliant, fine of texture.



Princess Pat face powder very definitely helps prevent and correct coarse pores. This instead of drying out the skin, as do "dusty" powders.

Remember, there is Only One Almond Base Powder

Precious almond used as a powder base is a Princess Pat exclusive secret. To enjoy almond base advantages—infinitely greater beauty, and benefit to your skin—insist upon genuine Princess Pat. Medium weight in oblong box, $1. Light weight in round box, 75c. Seven perfect shades: Olde Ivory, Flesh, White, Ochre, Brunette, Tan, Mauve.

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Is Lupe Velez Still In Love With Gary Cooper?

(Continued from page 26)

is of paramount importance, flared up. "Nobody can dare say Gary left me. I did it myself. Look! I *prove* to you!"

Had to Find Gary's Letters

HEEDLESS of protest, she hurled the covers back and leapt out of bed. In bare feet, filmy lace nightgown feebly abetted by a short, scarlet satin jacket over her shoulders, she rushed to a tall cabinet. "I *prove* to you!" she reiterated, pulling open drawers, tumbling lingerie out onto the floor.

"My God!" she screamed suddenly. "Where are they? Where are my letters?" She raised her voice, importuning alternately in English and Spanish. From every direction, excited figures came running. Her mother, moaning and chattering; a housemaid, eyes wild; a cook, exclaiming, "Well, where could you have put them, baby?"; the butler, expressing gentlemanly concern from the door.

"Where are my letters?" cried Lupe. And rushed from cabinet to closet, to dresser, to desk, pulling out drawers, dumping their contents on the floor. Her hair careened about her face. The other women ran futilely after her. Finally, after a mighty dive into her dressing table, Lupe rose triumphant.

"I've got them!" she cried, her terrible furies vanishing in the gentle, happy smile she turned on the room.

"She's got them," the cry went over the house. "She's got them"—it was repeated throughout all the rooms. Abruptly the pandemonium subsided. Like an operetta chorus when the number is finished, the others receded from the room and Lupe, clutching a huge pile of letters tied in a ribbon, clambered back into bed. She hesitated a moment, as if in the excitement she had momentarily forgotten the purpose. Then, recollecting, drew out a letter.

What Gary Wrote—After Break

"LOOK," she said. "Read that." Remonstrances were of no avail. She thrust the letter under my eyes, pointed to certain lines and read them aloud. "Look. Look at this. And this," reading passages of letters written from Europe, heartbreaking and embarrassing for alien eyes to look upon. Yes, it was obvious that Gary—when these were written, which was after the break—still loved Lupe and hoped she would marry him. From all over Europe had come these wistful, pleading letters—he "prayed that next time he saw Rome, his little Lupe would be with him; that he could bring her to Paris as his bride; that they might honeymoon peacefully through southern France . . ."

"You see now. He loves me. And I loff him. Never again shall I loff anyone so much. I loff him as long as I live. If ever he needed me in any way, I'd go to him. If he were broke, I'd sell my house, even my jewelry, to help him. If he were seeck, I'd go to him if it meant walking for miles through storms.

"We had troubles, yes." Her eyes snapped with anger. "It make me so mad to see him have to work so hard. It make me furious. Poor sweet boy!

"And now guess what!" she exclaimed, giving vent to the inevitable little demons of jealousy present in any feminine heart. "Now Gary is going with a Countess. She is crazy about him. She followed him back to America, the first time he went abroad. He is with her all the time. She is old. She is probably forty and her arms are like this—" Lupe gave a graphic illustration of wonderfully fat arms sagging fleshily. "Well, his mother will be pleased anyway, because it is a Countess."

She flung herself sideways on the bed, her face doleful, speculating unhappily on what might have come to pass, had Gary's family considered her "good enough for him." Her simple, honest little heart had received a wound it would always carry.

Her Life Since Their Parting

MORE than eight months have passed since Lupe broke with Gary. In the succeeding interval, she has been pictured as being gayer than ever, she has seen Europe, herself, in company with John Gilbert, and has been widely headlined as about to marry Randolph Scott. Things happen to Lupe.

In fact, so fast do things happen to Lupe that she is several degrees beyond the reporter's dream of "good copy." By the time a breathless interviewer has reached his office and knocked out the Great Velez Scoop, Lupe has already forgotten her intent of the moment. It is impossible to write "spot news" about Lupe. When it appears, it is just history.

The day I interviewed her, in her huge bedroom—a room whose decorative scheme will still be futuristic many years from now—she happened to be ill, a rare experience in Lupe's life.

"I had one of my spells. A sinking spell. Suddenly, I feel all funny like—like an airplane in a tailspin, I guess. I didn't get home till five this morning. Never have I had so much fun! I laugh—oh, how I laugh. That is why I am seeck now. I laugh myself seeck!"

But she wanted to forget herself. What did I want—cigarettes, another cushion, a stool for my feet, a little cognac? "It's so cold to-day. Have cognac, yes?" A maid responded to Lupe's commands. From her deep concern, it was evident that she was convinced I would be fainting on the spot if the girl didn't hurry. And then I asked her about Randolph Scott.

Swears Rumors Aren't True

"I SWEAR to you—on the Bible and my mother's life!—that it is not so!" Thus Lupe, her voice shaking with rage, indignation and her cold, denied any intention of marrying Randolph Scott, who was a bit startled by the rumors, himself.

Lupe's outburst again brought her mother—a very stout woman with a broad, smiling face. She joined Lupe in a shrill, excited conversation in which both appeared to be talking at once. Their gestures were large, profoundly excited. Whenever there was, accidentally, a pause, Lupe's mother relapsed into what seemed a habitual attitude—hands clasped on ample bosom, eyes focused in passionate admiration and deep amazement on this remarkable flower she had produced and who had precipitated her simple family into incredible luxury. When Lupe explained that she was having an interview, her mother cried out in comprehension and trotted from the room, her wide, kindly face wreathed in polite smiles.

Lupe is now making "The Broken Wing," with Melvyn Douglas at Paramount—her first picture since her return from Europe, and a picture, incidentally, that was once scheduled for Gary Cooper. She had never been to Europe before. How had she liked it?

Europe is no good. Those taxi horns in Paris—they drove me crazy—always 'Peep-peep! Peep Peep!' Oh, I don't think so much of Europe. I was so anxious to get back. I couldn't wait to see the Statue of Leeberty again. And then, when we came in, there was a fog and I couldn't see her after all."

As has been nationally headlined, Lupe made the return journey in the company of John Gilbert. This definite hint of a new cinematic romance made reporters happy for several weeks.

"But it is not so!" She sat up in bed. "When I am in loff, I shout it from the roof. You know that. Jack is a wonderful man. So sweet. So cheerful. We laugh—ah, how we laugh. Sure, we have a flirtation. But that is all."

Her earnestness mounted, the actress in her unconsciously responding with pleasure to the occasion. "Why, I have not seen him in seven days. Sometimes he calls up and says, 'How is Miss Velez?' Sometimes I call up and say, 'How is Mister Gilbert?'"

She was gradually constructing a case of proof that she scarcely knew the man. Pleased, she continued. "Look, I *prove* to you! I *prove* to you how there is nothing to the story."

She snatched up the telephone and dialed Gilbert's number, her simple, guileless heart delighted with this triumph of subtlety. "Hello," she said briskly. "Could I speak to Mr. Gilbert? Hello dar—, hello Jack. How are you?"

John Didn't Get the Cue

BEFORE she could go on, Gilbert's voice, inescapably audible, charged the 'phone with a stream of conversation sprinkled with endearments, intimacies. Lupe's jaw fell, her eyes grew round with dismay. Her plan had somehow gone awry—she didn't quite know why and her unaccustomed subtlety had deserted her. She didn't know what to do. Finishing her call in confusion, she hung up and looked at me in embarrassment.

"Well," she said weakly, "I didn't expect all that. I don't . . ." her voice trailed off to futility.

Desperately she cast about for something to distract my attention. "Ever since I come back from Europe, I am happier than I have been in all my life! I loff California. I loff it truly. When I went away, I am miserable. Mr. Ziegfeld wants me to go into the Follies, but I am miserable in New York, after the first few days—away from my mother and my family. And it is so cold there. I like to lie in the sun. I like to go to sleep in the sun. Think! I have my family, my dear friends, my freedom, my jewelry. I have everything. How could I be not happy!"

By the time I left, she was gay, excited, voluble.

For Lupe, the last hour is forgotten, the approaching hour without importance. This moment is hers. She has her family, her freedom, her dear friends, her jewelry. She is happy. And Gary will be back in Hollywood in a few days—back from his first trip up the Nile—within telephone range again.

Did You Know That—

Tom Mix celebrated his complete recovery from peritonitis by marrying for the third time—wedding Mabel Ward, circus aerialist, at Mexicali, Mexico (near where he was once almost executed by a Mexican firing squad)?

Colleen Moore, who said a year ago that she was through with the screen, has just married Al P. Scott, New York broker?

"*I don't care who comes!* I won't be here!"

He doesn't know what's the matter with her! He hasn't the faintest notion that many, many times of late she's been cut to the quick because all the attention she *used* to get goes to younger women! He doesn't know that today she looked into the mirror by bright daylight, and recognized with a terrific thud of tragedy that she looked old—old—old!

She shouldn't be tragic! There's something she can *do* about it!

Do you realize that 70% of a woman's youth lies in her *skin*? Your hair could be snow-white—but if your skin is fresh, soft, unlined and young, you'd *look* young!

I have helped hundreds and thousands of women bring back youthful, unlined freshness to their skin—smoothness to their complexion. And I can help *you*.

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I want you to send for the little book which tells you exactly what to do for *your* skin troubles. I want you to get my inexpensive jar of Milkweed Cream—today. I want you to use Milkweed Cream treatments for 30 days, before retiring and see what lovely things begin to happen to your skin! Will you *do* it?

Milkweed Cream is different from other creams. It brings health to the skin as well as deep cleanliness. It has helped thousands of women to recover the skin of youth. Won't you let it help *you*, too?

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WAVE SET
Leaves no white flakes

Wallace Beery tells how it feels to be "Dead" for an hour

(*Continued from page 25*)

frightened. Nor was he amused at the absurdity of the thing. He felt no immediate desire for action—to deny the story. He says the closest that words can come to describing his emotions is to state that what he felt was—a certain calm *thoughtfulness.*

There is a popular belief that the entire events of a lifetime will flash before the mind's eye of a drowning man. Something akin to that happened to Wallace Beery as he sat there after listening to his own death notice. People, and places and colors, stored in the back of his mind since childhood, flashed into memory in less time than it takes to tell about them . . . fragments of his days as a "helping hand" with the circus . . . his brother, Noah, as a boy . . . his first great screen hit in "Robin Hood" . . . the day he fell in love with Gloria Swanson, his first wife . . . the day he met and loved Rita, his present wife . . . Hollywood, and its people in his life . . . the old gateman at the studio . . . the newspaper boys he laughed and kidded with.

First Calmed His Wife

LIKE a projectionist gone mad, his memory unreeled scene after scene of thoughts. Just a second it took . . . just a split-second before he was around the table with his great, big hand on Rita's shoulder.

"Now," he chided calmly, "what's this? Now, now . . ." She began to laugh quietly through her tears.

She said: "Like Mark Twain's, the report of your death has been greatly exaggerated."

Wally smiled. He went over and stood before the radio that had proclaimed his death to the world. It had grotesquely enough gone into a program of dance melodies after the shocking "news" announcement. He did not turn it off.

The telephone rang. "Wally, for God's sake, is this you, Wally?" It was the voice of his close friend, Eddie Mannix, M-G-M production executive.

"Yeah," said Wally, because Wally always says "yeah."

For a moment the man at the other end of the wire could not speak. Finally he managed to say ". . . the radio . . . just heard something crazy . . . the studio is wild . . . the newspaper boys are here . . . their offices are being swamped with calls. . . . You're all right, Wally?"

"Sure," said Wally. "Tell everybody everything is all right. See you a little later on."

He didn't particularly want to talk over the telephone—even to his best friend. The drama of the situation still clutched his imagination. *This is what would have happened if the report had been true. This is what would be going on if Wallace Beery had dropped dead in his dressing-room!*

Mannix had said the newspaper offices were being deluged with hundreds of telephone calls, from strangers, from people who knew him only on the screen.

Two weeks later when Wally told me his story, he said that this one fact was rushed home to him more vividly than anything else: *The public really cares!*

"Somehow or other," he said, "I'd never thought of anything along that line to any great extent. Or if I had, I had always figured that the folks who write to us, and stand in large crowds to see us, were just curious. But in that hour that I was 'officially dead,' I thought of a great many things that had never occurred to me before. The whole experience has given me a different slant on a lot of things.

"I don't want this to sound like bunk, but somehow I feel a sense of obligation to the folks who come to see my pictures. Say, don't make this sound *hammy*, will you?—but somehow I want each picture to be better than the last one. To be clean and decent and fit for kids to see. I want the characters I play to be real—not goody-goody heroes—but honest-to-God real men like 'The Champ' and *Windy* in 'Hell Divers' and the good-hearted bum in 'Min and Bill.'

"And that's why, so help me God, I was going to clear out of this business and let everything go hang before I'd play such a part as the fat, sensuous German sheik in 'Grand Hotel.' As that rôle was first written, there wasn't one decent thing about the man; he was rotten. I'd rather quit than play such a character to throw in the teeth of those people who—well, called up and were sorry about me when they heard the fake news."

For fake news it most certainly was—a shocking mistake of those who had "tuned in" on the broadcast without picking up what had gone before, and who had, themselves, spread the report over the whole city. The announcer had been telling the plot of "The Champ," which was playing at a local theatre, in which story the prize-fighter played by Wally dies of heart failure in his dressing-room—and is discovered dying by his small, worshipful son (Jackie Cooper). The announcer meant the Wally of the picture, not the real Wallace Beery—but his tone was so dramatic and his choice of words so unfortunate that sixty minutes passed before the confusion was cleared away.

What Life Means to Him

"THEY changed that part in 'Grand Hotel' to suit me," continued Wally. "I'm not kidding you, and I wasn't kidding the studio either—I'd rather quit holding on to that confidence and respect and feeling that people have for me, than play the rôle as it was first written. If my career can't further that feeling—then my career is no longer important to me. Just as I thought to myself, that hour I sat home thinking over my 'death': 'If it was true that you had checked out, you'd have gone with the satisfaction of knowing you'd left a decent, respectable memory of your work. That's more than something—it's a lot!'

"I guess you know that Rita and I have recently adopted three children. A distant relative of my wife's just died, leaving three kids—George, who's nine; William, who's four; and the baby, Carol Anne. I can't tell you the happiness they have brought into our lives—and I know we're going to be proud of 'em. Well, I figure it's just as much my duty to make *them* proud of *me.* They've given us something to live for. If being an actor means I have to play rôles that aren't my style—then I don't want to be an actor. Life holds too many wonderful things besides celebrity and a pocketbook.

"I said to Rita the other day: 'If worse comes to worst, how would you like to go up to the mountain cabin for the rest of your life? You and the kids and I and some bacon and beans and a couple of good horses. How would you like to pack your ermine coat away in mothballs, and sell the cars and rent the house in Beverly Hills?' Say, do you think for a minute she wouldn't go?

"You bet she would! I learned a lot about Rita—it was written in her eyes—when that radio fellow said: '*Wallace Beery is discovered dead in his dressing-room . . .*'"

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You know that soft, subdued light is always flattering...Imagine facing blazing motion picture lights, bright as the sun. Think how perfect Max Factor's make-up must be, for screen stars use it every day as beauty insurance. Now you, too, may be sure of satin-smooth, color-perfect make-up.

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Do you know how uncomplimentary, how unflattering a camera can be? Think how perfect in texture; how satin-smooth Max Factor's make-up must be to appear flawless before the searching camera lens; to add a wondrous charm to beauty. Now you may discover what a difference there can be in make-up.

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Creamy ☐	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Normal ☐
Olive ☐	Black ☐	BROWNETTE	Dry ☐
	LASHES	Light ☐ Dark ☐	AGE
	Light ☐	REDHEAD	
	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

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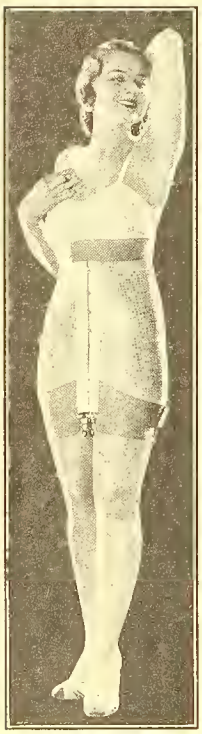

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Color of my hair _____

Elissa Landi's Own Story About Her Grandmother, Empress Elizabeth

(Continued from page 43)

too proud for deceit, that she invariably speaks the truth. Hence, if she said to you, "I am the granddaughter of Elizabeth, the Empress of Austria," you would believe her at once, even without that "proof" of which she speaks so scornfully.

Where Her Detractor Was Wrong

"IN her magazine article," Elissa continued, "this woman made several misstatements. She said those in Court circles smiled at the idea of Grandmother's having a secret daughter. This shall be disproved in a moment. She also claimed that mother's book, 'The Secret of an Empress,' was turned down by an Italian publisher—a statement that is absolutely untrue. I, myself, have met the very publisher and heard him tell of the excitement around his office the day the manuscript was accepted and rushed to press, as well as of his consternation when he discovered that the book could never be printed in Italy—suppressed by Hapsburg power.

"I was only seven years old then, but I remember the meeting distinctly, from my first curtsey to the publisher's farewell. He understood Mother's reason for writing it—to win royal recognition for her children. The book was eventually published in England in 1914, but the War prevented any acknowledgment from the Hapsburgs—and Franz-Joseph died before the War was over. Not long afterward, Emperor Charles, his son, was overthrown, and died in exile. The monarchy was ended.

"This American woman referred to my mother's book and to a magazine article, and vehemently denied a statement that never was made—that the Emperor Franz-Joseph was alleged to be my grandfather. I'm sure that if she carefully re-read the article and the book, she would discover that they refrain from any comment on the subject.

"I, myself, do not know definitely whether or not the Emperor Franz-Joseph was my grandfather. Those things are so difficult to prove. I do know, however, that one of the most glorious things in my grandmother's life was her friendship for King Ludwig II of Bavaria. A few weeks ago, there came into my possession a sheaf of letters written to my grandmother by Ludwig; they were beautiful things, highly romantic."

And after a moment of silent reverie, Elissa said that she considered the friendship of Elizabeth and Ludwig one of the most romantic episodes in history. "They held secret trysts, hidden away from the world, on that divine Isle of Roses . . . "

The Unhappy Empress

JUST a word of explanation for this strange friendship between Elizabeth, the Empress of Austria, and Ludwig, called "the mad King of Bavaria"—as related to me by Elissa. Both were of the Bavarian Wittlesbach stock, independent, freedom-loving people. And it wasn't long after marrying the Emperor Franz-Joseph that Elizabeth discovered it would be utterly impossible to exist in the atmosphere of formal restraint and tradition common to the House of Hapsburg. When one after another of her first three children were taken from her to be reared by the stern Archduchess Sophia, she became disgusted, and determined that her next child should be raised away from Court and that until then she would seek escape, herself, in a life of lonely, but comparatively pleasant travel.

In the meantime, Ludwig hoped to forget his love for Elizabeth by becoming engaged to her sister, Helen. A remarkable resemblance existed between the two sisters; but nevertheless Ludwig found it impossible to forget. At odd hours of the night, he would awaken Helen—not to mention her long-suffering father, Duke Max—and then, without waiting for her to dress and come down to the salon, he would toss a bouquet of roses on the piano and dash madly out into the night. No wonder Ludwig was called mad! But it is obvious that his eccentricities developed from a futile desire to forget his all-consuming passion for Elizabeth.

Finally, the Empress and the "mad" King found mutual healing in opening their hearts to one another. They chose as their meeting place the Isle of Roses, situated in the Lake of Starnburg between Feldafing and Munich. Hour after hour, they conversed in that little summer house in the center of the Isle, shielded by thousands of the loveliest roses in existence, the scent from which wafted even to the mainland.

Faithful to the End

LUDWIG went to the isle on his steam yacht, *Tristan*, while Elizabeth invariably hired a boat of her own. If for any reason Elizabeth should arrive at the trysting place and Ludwig could not appear, being prevented by affairs of state, she would write him a tender note, sign it "The Dove," and leave it in a secret hiding place. Likewise, if Ludwig arrived at the Island only to find Elizabeth absent, he also would leave a note, signing his, however, "The Eagle." When it was impossible for either to go to the island, Elizabeth on occasion would suddenly appear in Ludwig's study at Schloss Berg—another proof that she was unconventional.

When their meetings grew more infrequent, Ludwig's eccentricities became accentuated. Finally a group of cabinet ministers adjudged him insane. With a doctor for a companion, he was incarcerated in the Schloss Berg. When he discovered that men were on the way to persecute him further, he ran from the castle to the shore of Lake Starnburg, within sight of the Isle of Roses, and there killed the doctor and committed suicide.

When Elizabeth had been admitted to the room in the castle where Ludwig's body had been laid, she collapsed to the floor in a deep swoon. So slowly did she regain consciousness that her mind was still clouded when she shrieked: "Take the King out of the vault! He's not dead! He only feigns death so he may be at peace without tormentors!" At the funeral the casket of the "mad" King was literally surrounded by wreaths. One single flower, however, rested on his breast, a spray of jasmine, Elizabeth's last gift to Ludwig.

Memories of Elissa's Mother

"AND now," Elissa Landi remarks rather sadly, "the Isle of Roses is nothing but a bit of burnt land covered with brush . . . " She then goes on to say that after the King's death, the Empress told Caroline, Elissa's mother, to cherish the name of Ludwig forever.

"'And Caroline,' she added, 'you have lost the dearest friend you ever had.' Mother never will forget that day. Nor will she forget the visits the Empress made her while she was being brought up in Vienna by a family called Kaiser. She had her own ideas as to how Mother should be raised,

ideas that elicited no approval from the Hapsburg court. Grandmother had a mind of her own, and since she was something of a firebrand she was a constant source of anxiety to the House of Hapsburg. That she was romantic, there can be no doubt. Among a sheaf of papers, now in my possession, I've found some of her poems, entrancing things. However, as to whether her inspiration was the stern Hapsburg Emperor or the Bavarian King one can only guess.

"But, as I said, I do know positively that the Empress Elizabeth is my grandmother. Last week the Baroness ——, living in Los Angeles, received a letter from the Baroness Marie Louise von Wallersee of Munchen, Bavaria, Germany, which she gave to my mother, who is now visiting me. It contained the proof I sought.

"Here, then, is a translation of the letter which was written in German:

The All-Important Proof

My dear Baroness:

I believe the time has come for me to break my silence. When the Countess Landi's book appeared in 1914, I attempted vainly to get in touch with her, but being in Germany at the time, the war prevented me from doing so. Afterward, the controversy seemed to have subsided. I had many preoccupations of my own and we remained strangers to one another.

Now the present revival of the controversy has reached even me in my seclusion. I am now too old (about seventy-four) either to gain or suffer through my disclosure.

I believe that I am the only surviving intimate member of the Empress Elizabeth's entourage who saw the whole affair through. The Empress Elizabeth of Austria did indeed secretly give birth to a daughter at the Chateau de Sassetot, and Elissa's mother is that daughter.

I am sorry this is the only statement I can make at the moment. Lack of space prevents me from going further into detail. I feel it is a matter of urgency that Elissa Landi should no longer be molested by people who pretend to know the story, but who, in reality, only wish to give themselves importance. Some of the publications make the allegation that Countess Landi says she was born in 1887, and openly claims to be the daughter of King Ludwig of Bavaria. Another that she claimed to be the daughter of Emperor Franz-Joseph. In her book she distinctly says that she was born in 1882 and never makes any allusions to her father at all.

In an American magazine article, I again read the preposterous description of how the Empress fell off her horse and was carried insensible to the castle. The Empress was the most intrepid and experienced horsewoman of her time and it was the boast of her life that no horse had ever been able to throw her. That same strangely-misinformed writer states that in 1882 the Empress was forty-seven years of age. In 1882 the Empress was forty-three years of age.

In the same article, it is stated all my relatives knew Countess Landi's story and laughed at it! That is NOT so. My relatives knew the story and WERE AFRAID OF IT!

I only point out these errors to emphasize the superficiality of such articles. I shall be glad it is my lot to banish, once and for all, these ugly rumors, and in that way dispel the only shadow that seems to darken the life of a young woman who may be destined to become as romantic a figure in her time, as her grandmother was in hers.

Signed:

Baroness Marie Louise von Wallersee

"It was noble of the Baroness to send on this information," Elissa concludes. "She has proved to the world that which I've always known, and now, so far as I am concerned, the matter is dropped forever. For as I've often repeated, I live in the present and look to the future, not to the past."

You are in a BEAUTY CONTEST every hour of every day!

A CAKE of Camay Soap—and you have the finest beauty treatment in the world. Buy a dozen cakes—today—and watch this gentle soap bring out the natural beauty of your skin. With Camay your skin will glow with new, deep cleanliness!

The girl above is meeting her husband's big chief! What impression would you make if you were in her Beauty Contest? Every man, from office boy to president, responds to clean, natural loveliness.

Natural loveliness begins with immaculate cleanliness. But be sure you use only the most delicate, the safest, of beauty soaps on your precious skin!

Delicate Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Resolve to begin its use today and open up a new era of beauty for yourself and your precious skin!

YOU have only to *look* at a cake of Camay—the Soap of Beautiful Women—to know why 73 eminent skin doctors commend its use. Camay is creamy-white! There's no coloring matter—no "chalkiness" to dry out your skin. It is delicate, gentle, *safe* for that precious skin of yours. Luxurious Camay lather and warm water—then a cold rinse—and your skin has regained its natural shell-like beauty. It is soft, too—and smooth as flower-petals! You *are* in a Beauty Contest, every hour of every day. Let Camay help you win!

CAMAY

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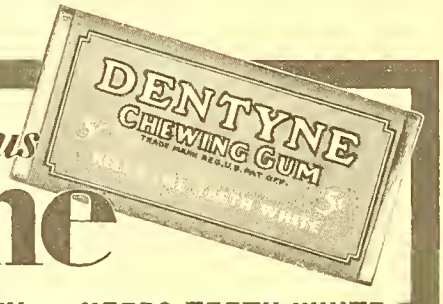

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Kindly send your $5 Professional Plastic Outfit. I will deposit the introductory price of $1.98 plus postage, with postman on arrival, and that's all I have to pay. If not delighted with new youth and beauty I will return the unused portion within 10 days, and you will refund my money.

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Address_____

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(*Continued from page 12*)

what seemed to be a thoroughly reliable moving concern, but just to be on the safe side she thought a little extra assurance might not be amiss. After pointing out several heavy pieces of antique furniture, she said—

"Now that is awfully heavy. Are you sure you can handle it?"

"Lady," replied the muscular gent with injured dignity, "we've moved Marie Dressler."

FEBRUARY fourth was a sort of birthday for the motion picture industry in Hollywood. Twenty-four years ago on that day production started on the very first fillum to be produced on the flicker coast. It was a super-super special entitled "Across the Divide," and it ran all of one whole reel. The studio was in the backyard of a Chinese laundry owned by Sing Loo. The sun provided the only light at hand, and the actors dressed behind a fence. The ladies dressed in the laundry, probably while Sing Loo wasn't looking.

Most of the names in the cast have long since been forgotten. Only the late Tom Santschi, to become famous afterward as the hero of the screen's first serial, is still remembered. He, at least, went on to fame and some fortune. The other pioneers of a great industry are not remembered.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

"I'VE finally discovered the meaning of 'temperament,'" said the famous movie star. "It's disagreeing with the producer."

THE big problem has been settled at last. George Bancroft will not wear a beard in "Red Harvest." That manly phiz will not be covered with hirsute shrubbery, and you won't have to look at your program to discover the identity of the star.

Paramount, not going in much now for high-salaried stars, is rumored to be a bit upset at the considerable stipend Bancroft is collecting every week. They're reported to be quite intrigued with the idea of Mr. Charles Bickford, also a big he-man.

Bickford, incidentally, is not interested in term contracts, no matter how big they come. He has plenty of money of his own, and he has discovered that no star has much to say about his pictures without constant battling. The big boy is coming back strong these days. He will appear opposite Tallulah Bankhead in her next picture, and offers are pouring in.

ADD to flickertown anecdotes: The great screen lady who would not wear patches and tatters to the hard-times party of the Mayfair Club. She could not allow her public to see her in anything less than Patou's best. Will Edna May Oliver please give a good sniff for me?

NOW there's nothing funny about pleurisy, but the very idea of Lupe Velez suffering from it strikes me as funny. It just sounds like one of those things that Lupe would never, never have. For one thing I always thought she was too lively to catch anything like that. At any rate it kept her away from "The Broken Wing" company for four days. Incidentally, a picture is pretty dull business for the Mexican madcap if she can't flirt with her leading man. Fredric March is the star in "The Broken Wing," and Freddie's reputation would make that of Caesar's wife look

like a spotted boarding house tablecloth! It must be rather prosaic for Lupe, and she probably just sits and knits between scenes.

If the stock market hasn't completely cured you of taking chances, Hollywood is betting two to one that Lupe and Gary will "kees and make up" when the tall man from Montana returns to these parts in the Spring.

VERY little is said of the Motion Picture Relief organization, but the film people take care of their own when hard times come rolling around. As much as $30,000 a month has been spent, and as many as 40,000 meals monthly have been given the needy. Work is carried on quietly, secretly, and with the utmost dignity.

Some of the names on the list of the needy would astound you. Stars of other days who have fallen into dire poverty are being cared for. Not long ago a once-noted woman star was found living in a garage. There was a time when her pictures packed theatres from Maine to California, but with youth gone, beauty faded, and money squandered in more opulent days, she could not even find extra work.

No outside help is ever asked by this organization. And in addition to their own charity work, the studios of Hollywood went over the top in the recent Community Chest campaign of the City of Los Angeles.

THEY are telling this on Harpo Marx. The most elfin of the *freres* Marx was a guest at a party. He followed up his introduction to each pretty lady by requesting a kiss. The host, amused at first, finally took him to task.

"You'll have to stop that, Harpo," he protested. "If you must do those things, try to be more diplomatic. Lead up to it gracefully."

Harpo listened, round-eyed, and seemed impressed. He met another beautiful girl.

"Have you seen 'Mata Hari'?" he asked very, ver-ry politely.

"Why, yes," she answered.

Harpo's eyes beamed.

"And now may I kiss you?"

HERE and There in Hollywood: Barbara Bebe Lyon was christened with fitting ceremonies in February. Weren't Ma Bebe and Pa Ben proud? There will be another permanent boarder in the John Barrymore-Dolores Costello hilltop home very soon now. Clarence Brown, who directs, and Dorothy Burgess, who acts, are awfully much that way about each other. According to New York chatter, Ona Munson and Ernst Lubitsch, who were scheduled to wed come springtime, have definitely broken—with Ona in the East and Ernst on the Coast. Lucille Webster Gleason and son, Russell Gleason, have celebrated another joint birthday. They were born on the same day—oh, different years, of course, and my, it does save money in cakes. Doug Fairbanks has sailed away on another travel expedition to the South Seas. Mary is alone at Pickfair again. Wonder if she's ever sorry she married a traveling man? Doug, Jr. and Joan have bought a movie projection machine. Now they can have their own talkies right at home. Billie Dove, after breaking hearts right and left in New York, has moved on to Palm Beach. They say it has been a dull season there. Bet the Palm Beach Chamber of Commerce coaxed Billie down. She's a better attraction than summer weather.

Avoid self-infection by using KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES instead of handkerchiefs

COLDS are costly, both in health and money. Do you realize how costly? Do you realize that colds are the starting point for a whole list of serious and expensive illnesses? That colds cause more time lost from work, more absences from school, than any other disease?

It is good sense and good business to take every precaution the moment you notice the first sign of a cold in yourself or any member of your family.

Start using Kleenex at once

Stop using handkerchiefs when the first sniffle starts! Handkerchiefs collect germs—cause constant self-infection, if you use them over and over.

The only *safe* handkerchief is one you can use and destroy—Kleenex disposable tissues.

Kleenex costs so little that you use each tissue only once. Then you destroy it, before it has a chance to self-infect you or spread infection through the family. Kleenex is soft, comfortable—and relieves you of all handkerchief washing. Children especially need Kleenex because they catch cold so easily and so often develop serious complications.

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Regular 50c size Now 35c

Now costs less

The big supply of Kleenex that formerly cost 50 cents, is now priced regularly at 35 cents! Buy several boxes at this low price—one for each room in the house! Every drug, dry goods and department store sells Kleenex.

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Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

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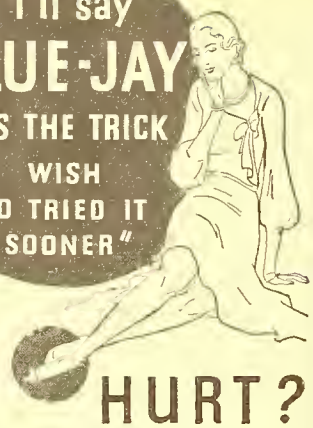

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And then the mild medication loosens the corn for early removal. Soon you're on *easy feet!*

Don't run infection-risk by cutting or paring corns. Insist on this *safe* treatment—genuine Blue-jay, the medicated Corn Plaster, made for thirty years by a noted surgical dressing house. All druggists, six for 25c.

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Send 25c for complete set of 12 colored, illustrated Horoscopes. They're fascinating and entertaining. Know yourself and know your friends. Send only 25c today to Louise Nagel, 1224 Maccabees Bldg., Detroit, Michigan.

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 24*)

gether, and Joan and Norma always seem to have so little to talk about!

REPORTS from New York hint that Jeanette Loff (remember the lovely Loff?) will soon become the bride of a well-known Broadway playboy. If this is true, Jeanette will probably join the ranks of Phyllis Haver, Ruth Taylor, Jane Winton and several others, who have turned their valuable backs on a career in favor of matrimony in a Park Avenue salon or a Greenwich Village penthouse.

BILLIE DOVE'S favorite laugh partner is Charlie Lederer, who authored most of "Cock of the Air." Nothing serious to this one—Charlie just knows the best jokes and wisecracks and Billie, in spite of her drowsy beauty, loves laughter.

SARI MARITZA (pronounced Shar-ee Mareetza) says she doesn't care what they call her as long as they don't make it "Sorry" Maritza. Unfortunately enough, that is the most common pronunciation.

Sari is a cute little girl who looks more like a cherubic ingénue than the alluring "exotic" she has been painted. Her figure is not unlike Sylvia Sidney's—proof that curves *are* coming back. You'll be hearing more about Sari, who has made a terrific hit with the press. Most of the boys and girls like her better than any of the recent importations. Most of the boys think she looks awfully cuddlesome.

MONA MARIS and Clarence Brown have apparently checked out on their romance after a two-year "engagement," including wedding bell rumors and a diamond ring. Mona still has the ring, so it couldn't have been originally intended for the fourth finger after all.

There is talk that Mona will probably go to New York in the early Spring to try her luck on the stage.

In the meantime, Director Brown's latest rumor is Dorothy Burgess.

TALA BIRELL, Universal's offering upon the altar of the "exotics," is unique in that she is not a follower of the great Garbo. Tala thinks Helen Hayes is the finest actress on stage or screen and if she could get rôles like Helen's, she would let the Garbo clan go their glamourous way.

But Tala is going to suffer comparison to Garbo, whether or not she wants it. For one thing, her figure is similar to the famous Swede's—and she has the same manner of carriage.

SPEAKING of comparisons, there is just a little bit too much of the Constance Bennett *motif* in Carole Lombard's new gowns and photographs. Maybe it is unintentional, but it looks as though Carole were trying very hard to look like Constance from her sweeping hairline to her wide, generous mouth.

Carole is too interesting and individual to suffer such continued comparison with another big star.

WHAT a treat it is for a lucky scribe to be allowed a peek onto the well-guarded "Grand Hotel" set out at M-G-M. Edmund Goulding was kind enough to call off the cops at the door of the set the other day and allow us to glimpse the making of a great scene from that picture.

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Five Hundred Rooms with Sea Water Baths—American and European Plans. Also Beautifully Furnished Housekeeping Apartments with Complete Hotel Service by the week, month or year.

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Joan Crawford and Lionel Barrymore as *Flaemmchen* and *Kringelein* respectively, were enacting a highly dramatic scene from the end of the story where the pitiful accountant asks the little stenographer to share the rest of his brief life. Both Barrymore and Joan were superlative. We've often heard the tale of tears coming to the eyes of the hard-boiled "crew" as they watched a scene, but we've never seen it until this day.

"Jeez," breathed one of the technical boys after watching the scene, "if Crawford don't accept that guy, I'm going away with him myself. If Barrymore keeps up like this all through the picture, I'm goin' to be all torn up."

Mr. Goulding tells us that calm reigns supreme on this set of many stars—Garbo, the two Barrymores, Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford, Lewis Stone and others. All the bickering was done *before* the picture went into production. Probably one of these performances will turn out to be the best of the year. We've already placed our bet on Lionel.

WE'VE often wondered why some of the stars did not move into their elaborate bungalow suites on the studio lots. Most of the little cottages are as pretty and comfortable as a New York penthouse.

But so far as we know, Ruth Chatterton is the first star actually to take up residence on a studio lot during the filming of a picture.

Ruth has moved bag-and-baggage into her lovely bungalow on the First National lot and is having a lot of fun inviting friends to motor through the studio gates to dine with her. The other night she gave an informal card party. But *la* Chatterton says her evening entertainments will be few and far between, as she moved into the bungalow primarily to save her strength, rest, and retire early.

Ralph Forbes (the husband) is developing into a midnight prowler about the Burbank Studio.

LINDA WATKINS, who made a couple of pictures for Fox and who was one of the Fox "privately promoted" Deb Stars, has just about decided to check out on her career in favor of matrimony.

Miss Watkins and Gabriel Hess, prominent film attorney, were recently married in Chicago on their way to New York.

Linda has written friends that she doesn't want to be one of those commuting wives, and, if staying in New York with her husband means the end of her Hollywood career—well, that's just too bad for the career. The Hesses have taken a penthouse overlooking the East River.

PATSY RUTH MILLER is having more than her share of boat travel. Patsy had no more than returned from a sea voyage to the South Seas when she decided to accompany her husband, Tay Garnett, through the Panama Canal to New York.

The pretty little Miller girl says Europe is the only thing left. That's a hint, Tay!

JANET GAYNOR is back in town and glad of it. She was seriously ill with the "flu" during her stay in Rome.

This must have been a keen disappointment to Janet, as she told us just before she left Hollywood that she looked forward to her visit to Rome more than any other European city.

Rome was also the favorite city of Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli when they were in Europe, and they had told Janet so much about it, she was doubly eager to visit there.

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
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MIRIAM HOPKINS, pet and pride of Paramount, earned herself a little vacation after completing her new picture with Jack Oakie.

All her life Miriam has wanted to visit San Francisco. It is the one interesting American city she has never seen.

So on the spur of the moment Miriam, her maid, two trunks and four valises took the train to the town on the Bay.

It seems that San Francisco was just as anxious to see Miriam Hopkins. Two hours after her arrival became known, she had received ten baskets of flowers and a raft of telephone calls and interviewers.

IF Virginia Bruce keeps up in her present fashion, she is going to give Mary Brian a run for her "popular girl" honors. We've already mentioned that Jack Oakie finds the blonde Virginia a most attractive dinner partner—and on the nights when Jack isn't hanging on her telephone—Billy Bakewell is!

A year ago, Virginia was a glorified extra girl in Hollywood and none of the eager young men seemed to know she existed. But Virginia went to New York and the Follies—and now everything is just lots of fun in Hollywood.

Being in the Follies certainly seems to make a girl's stock go up.

HIS success in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has agreed with Fredric March. Freddy used to be a quiet, retiring young man, but lately he has blossomed out as a wisecracker with the best of them.

For one thing, he used to feel ill-at-ease and nervous at the prospect of meeting an interviewer or newspaperman. Now he's the buddy of all the visiting scribes who can get past the Paramount policeman.

HERE'S a funny one for you:

The other afternoon Ann Meredith's Beauty Parlor was crowded with film celebrities. In one booth Ruth Chatterton was having her nails manicured. And Joan Bennett was having her hair clipped at the barber's. Joan Blondell was reading a magazine in the "dryer room." Carmel Myers was waiting a moment for the hour of her appointment. Evelyn Brent was having her hair water-waved. Evalyn Knapp had just arrived. Yet in spite of all this movie glory, under one beauty roof, work was going on pretty much the same. No extra excitement, if you know what I mean.

Suddenly, and without a previous appointment, Mary Roberts Rinehart arrived and asked for an appointment to have her hair clipped. As the famous novelist was ushered into a booth, the entire shop went into a frenzy. Even the famous movie stars were not above attempting to peek in at Mrs. Rinehart as they went past her booth. Such is fame in Hollywood! America's highest-paid woman writer was in Hollywood on a visit to her son, who is under contract, as a scenario writer, to Paramount.

SAW Marlene Dietrich on the Paramount lot the other morning and just why Marlene doesn't enjoy the reputation of "the best-dressed woman in Hollywood" we've never been able to figure out. She was wearing a stunning black velvet street dress with a dainty lace collar at the throat. Her hat was black—one of those very perky affairs that shadow one eye. About her shoulders she wore two beautiful silver foxes. On Park Avenue Marlene would have been a riot. In Hollywood she was a bit too conservative, perhaps?

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DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr. is going to do the French version of Joe E. Brown's picture, "Local Boy Makes Good"—only Doug is going to make it under its original title, "The Poor Nut."

If anybody told you that Doug could fit a rôle tailored for Joe E. Brown without the announcement from the studio that he was set to do it—what would you think? The French *must* be a funny race!

ERIC LINDEN, who made such a hit in "Are These Our Children?" is a strange youth. Most of the people who have met him can't figure out whether or not he is a *poseur*.

Natural, or acquired, young Linden is the personification of extreme boredom and listlessness. At twenty-one years of age he says he has long since passed the stage when he can "get a kick" out of anything. Maybe it's growing pains!

DORIS KENYON'S concert drew a lot of famous film folk to the Philharmonic Auditorium.

Estelle Taylor and Evelyn Brent sat in a box with the Frank Joyces, and at intermission Estelle was lamenting the fact that Doris' concert was probably her last social night for some time. She was going into the hospital the following day for the treatment of injuries sustained in an automobile accident. In honor of her final social fling Estelle looked exceptionally beautiful. She wore a green gown with a summer ermine coat. Evelyn Brent, as usual, was in white.

Eleanor Boardman looked particularly smart in black with a very tricky dinner hat—the transparent brim forming a veil-effect over her eyes.

Leatrice Joy, also in black, was with her new husband (William S. Hook) and with Mrs. Conrad Nagel, who was wearing her favorite shade of flame.

IF Lil Dagover does return to American films, they will not be made at the Warner Brothers studio! The most polite reports on Lil's first starring venture are that "it didn't do so well." In spite of this, we hear that another large Hollywood company is dickering for Lil, believing that "The Woman from Monte Carlo" was a bad choice in story material for the European charmer.

UNIVERSAL is paging Corinne Griffith to come back to Hollywood and make a picture. Whether or not Corinne, who is enjoying a highly interesting social life in London, will accept remains to be seen.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., says that after several years of experiment in the talkies, this one fact is becoming more and more apparent:

All the diction and technical ability in the world won't make up for the loss of a pretty face in the movies. The talkies have produced many splendid actresses who are admired and respected by the public—but they have not earned the fan enthusiasm that formerly went to the beautiful ladies.

This should be good news to a great many beauties enjoying temporary "retirement."

JACK OAKIE is developing into a first-class definition of a "Young Man About Town." Jack has always been a very companionable youth, but lately he has developed a yen for night-clubs and bright lights and very swagger new clothes. What's more, he has a chauffeur whose job it is "to sleep all day and stay up all night."

Along about midnight, Jack was quite the life of the party at the reception given by Nancy Smith for the James Gleasons, following the opening of their show, "The Fall

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In response to popular request, Philip Morris announces a Contest

MARLBORO PRIZES FOR DISTINGUISHED HANDWRITING

Forty thousand contestants; and, maybe, a million have already enjoyed the natural association of America's finest handwriting and America's finest

Once again we are happy to offer for the most distinguished handwriting

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NO cost to enter this contest. There are no strings. No conditions. Simply write in your own hand: Marlboro—America's Finest Cigarette.

SEND AS MANY examples as you wish. Each will be considered separately, solely on its own merit. In case of any ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

CLOSING DATE—Contest closes midnight, Sunday, July 31, 1932.

JUDGES—R. M. Ellis, L. B. McKitterick and M. J. Sheridan, of Philip Morris Company, and K. M. Goode, Advertising advisor, will be judges. Their decision final.

WINNERS to be reproduced. Especially distinguished handwriting and, where available, portraits of winners, will be selected for publication in society magazines. No payments or fees, beyond prizes. We regret we cannot return samples nor undertake correspondence.

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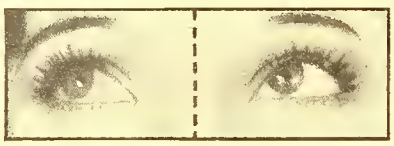

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Guy." The Oakie boy alternated some very funny clowning with some gags that grew a little raw as his enthusiasm mounted. Did we see Mary Brian (who attended with Russell Gleason) and Joan Marsh (who came with Jack) blushing once or twice, or was it merely the lighting effects?

RONALD COLMAN will meet the Richard Barthelmesses in the Orient before returning to Hollywood. If possible, Dick and Ronnie are planning to find some comparatively safe place to leave Mrs. Barthelmess, while they take a run over into Shanghai (the city—not to be confused with the gesture or the express) and see what all the shooting's about.

ZASU PITTS and Tom Gallery have finally come to a definite parting of the ways. For years Zasu and Tom have been living apart and it is believed that their greatest wish was to avoid actual divorce if possible.

Zasu told the judge that Gallery had left her November 24, 1926 and that he had refused to return to their home. Upon the charge of desertion she asks the custody of their own child, Ann, aged 9, and an adopted son, Don Mike Gallery, also 9, who was the adopted son of the late Barbara La Marr. Immediately upon filing suit the screen comédienne left on a trip.

JUST a stray thought of our own:
Wonder whose idea it is, putting Clark Gable in minister rôles?

ALL the Hollywood chatter writers are complaining about the "happy endings" of several feuds which have, heretofore, kept the colony buzzing with interest.

Gloria Swanson is married to Michael Farmer and Connie Bennett is very happy with the Marquis. This three-ring circus, which kept every local reporter on his toes, in order to get the latest development for the Dear Public, has settled down into a duet of happy domesticity.

With the marriage of John Considine, Jr. and Carmen Pantages and the coming nuptials of Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, this famous triangle must be crossed off, too. John and Carmen and Joan supplied much lively gossip several months ago with their strange three-cornered heart affairs.

Charlie Bickford, former stick of studio dynamite, has tamed down to a contented lingerie shop owner.

No longer are the fans fighting over the screen supremacy of Garbo vs. Dietrich. They've decided they are both grand.

Now, apparently, everybody is happy and satisfied—except the gossip writers, who are wondering where their next "sensation" is coming from. Of course, there are always Lupe and Tallulah . . .

ANITA PAGE has just signed a brand-new contract with M-G-M.

Dorothy Lee is no longer with RKO. We hear that Mary Astor will soon complete her agreement with the same studio.

Myrna Loy's contract with M-G-M lasted six months. Too many other exotic ladies on the lot.

Marian Nixon is expected to sign a long contract with Fox.

AS long ago as last December, MOVIE CLASSIC ran a tabloid news story entitled, "Is Norma Talmadge Heading for Divorce?" and reporting that such seemed to be her plans. Recently, Norma made the front pages by publicly announcing that she was on her way to Paris to win her free-

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9 inch . . . $5.00 pair
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dom from Joseph Schenck, producer, from whom she has been separated for five years.

The divorce, she said, was to be by mutual consent, and there would be a peaceable division of community property. Norma in New York and Schenck in Hollywood both expressed regret that their marriage had failed.

Norma denied that there was any other man—either Gilbert Roland or anybody else. Gossips linked her name with George Jessel, who was stopping in the same hotel, until they learned that Georgie is "still happily married."

FRIENDS believe that Edgar Wallace had a premonition that something would happen to him in America. A few days before the famous detective-story writer left England for Hollywood for a few weeks of scenario-writing, he took out a special three-months' insurance policy. It expired ten days after his sudden death from pneumonia. He had completed six scenarios in the brief time he was in Hollywood—an amazing record.

MAURICE Costello, once the most famous matinée idol in the land and one of the first motion picture actors, but now better known as the father of Dolores Costello Barrymore and Helene Costello Sherman, walked into a Beverly Hills drugstore to make a purchase. Suddenly he collapsed, victim of a stroke of apoplexy. For a few hours, Dolores and Helene despaired of his living—but the grand old actor rallied and, as this is written, seems on the way to recovery. Hollywood applauds, for nothing so thrills actors as a winning fight against Death—a fight they'll all have to make sometime.

CHARLIE Chaplin, who has been skiing in Switzerland and baking in the sun of the Riviera, may delay his return to Hollywood until 1933. Meanwhile the returns on "City Lights" have already passed the two-million mark.

Acme

Did you recently hear Clark Gable on your radio—and catch what personality he has, even when you can't see him? Here's how he broadcasts at premières

Brimming with energy! Photo specially posed by Mr. Larry Regan

Once thin –easily tired

. . . now runs upstairs *two at a time!*

Read how he gained new flesh, new pep—*quick!*

HE KNOWS what it is to lose weight, to lose strength—to be threatened with a lifetime of ill health. His days and his nights were one long nightmare of fatigue. He couldn't even climb the stairs without resting halfway—yet today he *runs* up them—*two at a time!*

Ask this lucky fellow where he got all his pep. Ask him how he filled out his thin figure—put color in his pale cheeks. And here's what he'll say:

Reveals his seeret

"For years, I felt as if I were dragging a ton of bricks around with me. I couldn't walk upstairs without resting. I was always tired and discouraged and had lost a good deal of weight.

"Then one day I noticed an ad on Ironized Yeast. I decided to give it a trial. After taking the pleasant little tablets for several weeks, I am like a new person. I have gained 11 pounds and have fresh, healthy color in my cheeks. I never had so much pep before. Climbing stairs is a cinch now. I gallop up them in great style—two steps at a time." Mr. Leroy Leimbach, Chief Engineer, School No. 213, Baltimore, Md. This is only one of hundreds of equally fine reports from Ironized Yeast users everywhere.

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In times like these, it means dollars and cents to you to keep on the job. You can't afford to be thin and weak—to have your nerves "shot", your stomach often upset and your complexion pimply. Be smart! Let Ironized Yeast help you back to winning health and energy!

It takes seven pounds of specially cultured *"beer yeast"*—specially imported from foreign breweries—to make one pound of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. Concentrated seven times—is it any wonder Ironized Yeast brings such quick, sure and lasting results! This concentration process is so important that the Biological Commission of the League of Nations—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Ironizing is the second great process in making Ironized Yeast. The dried yeast concentrate is treated with three distinct kinds of iron. This strengthening tonic element helps make weak, watery blood rich and red—enabling it to better carry strength and nourishment *to* the tissues and poisons and wastes *from* the tissues!

Triple-tested

Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is *triple-tested* for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous medical college.

GUARANTEED: If you want to put on firm, healthy flesh, to clear your complexion—to gain steady nerves, good digestion and regular elimination—try Ironized Yeast. If your very first package does not help you as it has helped *thousands*—its cost will be promptly refunded. AVOID IMITATIONS. Insist on *genuine* Ironized Yeast. Look for the "I. Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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New Concentrated Health Builder
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Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.
I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa., says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says: "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Evident in One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen.
Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings.
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Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money.
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Hollywood's Heroes Are Baffled by Joan Blondell

(*Continued from page 19*)

Your First Impression's Wrong

JOAN'S very appearance, her conversation and her manner, on the screen or in person, bring up still other points not covered in her history, to add to the confusion. The mere glimpse of her charms would cause any real, two-fisted gentleman to exclaim in dismay: "*That* girl virtuous? Alas—it's a downright sin!"

However, it is Joan, herself, who explains all the seeming contradictions—not so much by words as by the way she treats you when she knows you.

She is a girl who has gone through Hell unsmirched.

"A modern girl isn't marred or morally disintegrated by unpleasant experiences, because she isn't taught to dread them," Joan explains. "A really old-fashioned girl would go to pieces in the first tight spot, because of her overwhelming dread of what *might* happen. The first touch of life destroys her moral fiber, because she thinks it has branded her."

Joan's life offers illustrations for the text. For instance, there was that dark and stormy night, down in Austin, Texas, when a maniac stole into her hotel room, with an axe in his hand. Joan first dented his cranium with a heavy lamp, then made sure that he was "out" cold, and last of all, fainted. The old-fashioned girl would have fainted first!

No one in Hollywood has heard Joan use even the most casual, conversational, harmless "cuss" word. Yet she stands by listening, without protest, to the best efforts of the movie electricians. No restraint is shown before her, and she has been seen to smile admiringly at a particularly prolonged or brilliant effort.

"Swearing?" Joan echoes in mild surprise. "Oh, yes, swearing. Well, it doesn't annoy me much. I've heard it done by *experts!*"

Neither Shocking Nor Shocked

IT is equally true that Joan doesn't tell risqué stories. She is perfectly frank and open in conversation, but seemingly, there isn't a nasty thought in her head. Yet she listens, often with a knowing smile, while the Hollywood minstrels sing their lays. Nor can one detect in her face or manner, as she does so, the slightest trace of embarrassment. One fancies, however, that there are few subtleties, few clever double-meanings, that escape this cosmopolitan creature, whose pet pastime, between pictures, is to go off alone in a dilapidated old car, dressed in sweater and knickers, exploring.

Yes, Joan has been everywhere, and has seen everything, and yet has emerged utterly clean-minded! Or, as she herself would prefer to put it, she has seen so much, and been so many places, that *necessarily* she is clean-minded.

Her frankness is amazing. There is absolutely nothing coy about her. She is logical, natural, and intensely human. All the mean little repressions and silly bashfulness of the adolescent girl, it seems, Joan never knew. Perhaps that is why she has, at the age of twenty-three, a poise, a healthiness of mind, a confidence, and a moral cleanness that are the envy of Hollywood.

Her studio, Warner Brothers, is in a bit of a quandary about Joan's solitary, and apparently serious, love affair. After her stage success in "Penny Arcade," the organization signed her, put her into fifteen screen rôles of rising importance in less than that many months, has just co-starred her with James Cagney in "The Crowd Roars" and now is starring her alone in "The Famous Ferguson Case." High hopes are entertained for her future, but Joan's regard for George Barnes, cameraman, appears to be one tiny fly in the ointment. George is a nice chap and all that, but the studio officials wonder what effect marriage may have upon Joan's career.

What She Thinks of Marriage

IT is safe to wager that Joan's producers, however conventional *they* may be, have been hoping that *she* would not be too conventional in this matter, at this critical stage of her career. Being engaged to George is one thing; wedding him another. Ordinary marriages aren't news, and platonic friendships often are; but this is reversed in the case of film stars. Marriages are the sure-fire, world-wide publicity sensation; friendships are too common to attract much attention.

Joan doesn't believe that the public objects to the marriages of its favorites. Speaking in generalities, not necessarily of her own case, she remarks:

"What difference does marriage make in screen romance—when it doesn't even make any difference in real-life romances these days?"

That's spoken almost sadly, Joan. Almost as an old-fashioned girl—with modern improvements!—might say it.

"I sometimes think of life and the world as a huge, round honeycomb," says Joan with a whimsical twinkle. "Some of us wander around over it, poking into its cells in our search for honey; others stay all their lives in one or two cells, and spend their time giving the wandering ones free advice.

"Of course, it is those who go poking about who most frequently encounter the peevish end of a bee, but they also find the most honey. The ones who are stung last and worst, however, in my opinion, are the stay-at-homes who play safe and miss half of life. Giving advice on how to live to others is a sorry substitute for living, oneself.

"I've wandered, and sipped the honey, and haven't always escaped the stings. But I've always found that the honey I got was worth the stinging I got."

At any rate, stings of experience haven't saddened Joan, nor in any other way burdened her. She isn't afraid of anything—least of all, work. No one can be around her long without realizing that this smiling bit of feminine temptation is truly happy, healthy and carefree. Perhaps that is because she regrets nothing that life has ever done to her.

Doesn't Regret Her Roaming

"I'M not sorry I spent my girlhood traveling all over the world in variety shows, spending my first twelve birthdays in twelve different countries," she explains. "I'm glad, too, that my education came in weekly snatches, from Seattle to Cape Town and Singapore to Rio, and that at the 'tender' age of fifteen I ran off to Australia on a cattle-boat, instead of settling down at a regular school.

"Everything that has happened to me has been good, although some of the blessings came pretty well disguised. If it weren't for gentlemanly mashers, for instance—and how I hate 'em!—I might never have had the thrill of 'socking' a man

on the nose. I can't regret being kidnaped and held prisoner by a passionate rancher, nor even the scare I got when a half-baked suitor courted me with a double-bitted axe—in my hotel bedroom at midnight!"

One's experiences, thinks Joan, may all be turned to profit instead of loss. This has been her philosophy since childhood.

"When I was in the 'Follies' another chorus girl once complained to me that her life had been practically ruined by the time she was eighteen years old," Joan relates. "I was all prepared to weep with her, when—imagine my astonishment!—she described experiences almost exactly like those I had passed through; certainly no worse. Just girlhood hardships and temptations.

"I could have kicked her! The very things I counted valuable lessons in life and living, and was glad to have experienced, she blamed for all her later misfortunes. How can you account for people like that?"

All that is necessary, in order to understand the Blondell paradox, is to see life as Joan sees it. "To the pure, all things are pure." What better armor of virtue can she wear against disgruntled Hollywood?

The more one learns to understand Joan, the more one would bet that the practiced woman-hunters of the film town can't get to first base with her. She has been too many places, and has seen too many things. "Impregnable virtue"? You said it!

Clara Bow's First Interview Since Her Marriage

(*Continued from page 21*)

sentenced to prison didn't help. I was exhausted, bewildered. Every time I heard a newsboy shouting something, it sounded like 'Clara Bow.' I was utterly lost, hunted, terror-stricken. Rex was as kind to me as a mother, a lover and a big brother rolled into one. I left Paramount—and that was the best thing I could have done. Now I was free, and I ran away from all curious eyes, from all vindictive tongues—and just tried to be myself again. My morale was completely shattered.

"Later on when I felt better, I would have married Rex. But he wasn't working, and he wanted to have a contract—and some money saved—before we were married. He was afraid that the world would say he married me for my money. That amused me—to be afraid of gossip as mild as that after what had already been said about me! I was hurt-proof by now.

"But we waited—and Rex saved his money and was working right along. He told me that now he could pay his share of household expenses. I was sure that Rex was different—that he had interests in life that were worth-while. I knew that he would provide for my future—and so I told him that if he would put up with me, ill and nervous as I was, I'd gladly marry him. And now I belong to Rex wholly—forever! If anything ever happened to our love for each other, it would simply finish me."

Which might have been the courtship of a Horatio Alger hero and his home-town sweetheart.

What Love Has Done for Her

"MARRIAGE has really been very good for me," she continued. "It has matured me. It has given me poise and assurance and understanding. Now I think twice before I do anything at all—because it might hurt Rex.

"Marriage has brought me a companionship I've never had before. Now I have someone to tell my troubles to—someone who is really protecting me—facing my problems with me; someone I can confide in. I've been terribly lonely all my life until now. I think that's why I've made

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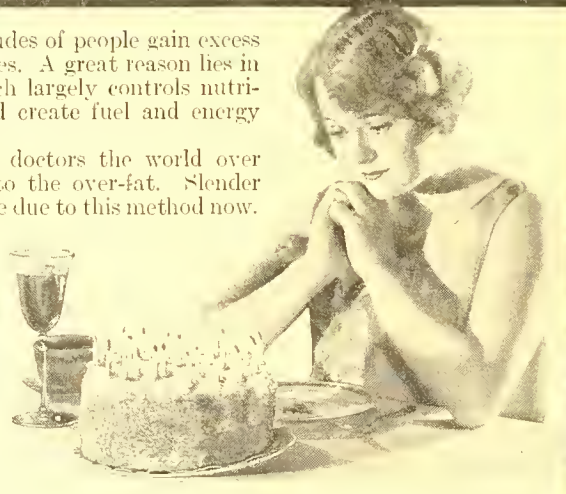

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some of the mistakes that have harmed me so greatly.

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"So what I want out of life now is something that will last. First of all—I want a baby. Rex and I both have simple tastes. We don't need or even want a lot of money. We want to settle down to a quiet, ordinary existence. A home, a child or two, a good husband—that's what every woman wants. That's what *I* want!"

Clara Bow's less domestic hopes are for one good picture. To that end, her days are now spent in reading scripts, in talking to friends and producers about stories. There is no truth to reports that she has given up pictures and will retire.

This rumor, like others about the state of Clara's health, has no doubt arisen from the fact that the newlyweds have been keeping very much to themselves—as newlyweds anywhere are likely to do.

As his wife's business manager, Rex Bell has turned down important offers from the stage, screen and vaudeville, totaling approximately a million dollars. Money is not a factor to either of them. So a twenty-thousand-dollar-a-week offer from a New York producer went by the boards, and flattering screen contracts remain unsigned. They both feel that Clara's next picture should be a perfect blend of suitable story, fine cast and good mounting. Tentative plans call for the organization of the Clara Bow Productions, as soon as story and business arrangements are such as to meet with the approval of Rex and Clara.

Her One Big Ambition

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Which is to say that she will be young—as emotion-compelling as ever. Because Clara to-day is no whit less exquisite than when she was the toast of the world. She may be a trifle heavier because of her inactivity the last few months, but that is all. The flaming charm is there.

As a corollary to her fascinating new enthusiasms: "Rex is teaching me the value of money. He makes me sign all my own checks—and we know just exactly where our money goes. I pay half of all household expenses—Rex the other half. And pretty soon he's going to pay all of them."

She is the typical young bride, delighted with her husband's progress—dreaming of his future achievements.

"I've had glamour," Clara points out, "and it didn't wear. In marriage I've found reality and happiness."

As for Rex: "My object in life is to keep Clara happy. I couldn't possibly be happy if she were not." And again he will tell you: "I never had any worries until I took over Clara's affairs, but even worries are in a sense a joy—because they are for Clara. Her worries are my worries now, thank heaven!"

And yet again: "I married Clara because I adore her. She's not the red-headed 'It' girl to me, but a sweet, gorgeous pal!"

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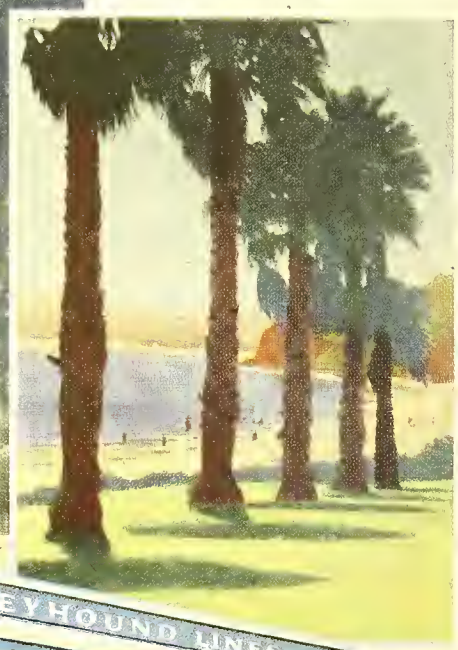

Above—Actual tinted photograph of Santa Barbara Mission, California. *At Right*—A glimpse of the Pacific, through stately palms.

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MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 2 No. 3 MAY, 1932

What Will JOAN CRAWFORD'S Handwriting Reveal To LOUISE RICE?

On Page 51 of this issue you will discover what Marlene Dietrich is really like—from Louise Rice, world-famous graphologist and author of many books on the science of reading character from handwriting. From the German star's handwriting alone, Miss Rice tells you about Marlene's thoughts and emotions.

Also, on Page 51, you will learn how you may obtain a Louise Rice Grapho-scope—and analyze your own handwriting (and character).

And then watch for Louise Rice's analysis of the handwriting of Joan Crawford—"the star who is tortured by Hollywood gossip." Coming in the June MOVIE CLASSIC!

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MOVIE CLASSIC *is published monthly at 350 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter July 29, 1931 at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.*
Copyright 1932 by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Single copy 10c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $1.00 a year, Canada $2.50, Foreign Countries, $2.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President and Publisher, William S. Petitt, Vice President, Robert E. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

STRIP the women stars of their glamour. Take away Garbo's mystery, Janet Gaynor's wistfulness, Marlene Dietrich's slumbrous passion, Norma Shearer's poise, and so on down the line. And who, in the end, are the great personalities of the screen—the personalities that grow richer as time whisks by? If you should ask me—and I'm not saying that you are—I'd nominate Mary Pickford, Joan Crawford and Marie Dressler.

MARIE, though "full of years" and ailing off and on, has a gusty love of life that a Jackie Cooper might well envy. But Mary and Joan—particularly Mary—are great personalities in an equally rare way. Where most stars sit back, content with the fame and fortune they have won and the carloads of mail they receive, Mary and Joan are restless. For them, glamour is not enough. Their accomplishments to date are not enough. They are not self-satisfied. They must go on improving themselves, developing their talents, seeking new worlds to conquer.

IT is a question if any other woman, with the possible exception of Joan Crawford, will ever be a star as long as Mary Pickford has been. Very, very few of them have the brains of a Mary Pickford, or the modesty, or the faculty of frank self-appraisement. The years have done nothing to Mary Pickford except to make her a woman more worth knowing.

I TALKED with Mary the other day for half an afternoon. In the room was a piano. I asked her if she played. She said, "I'm learning how. I'm taking lessons." There you have the secret of Mary Pickford's greatness. She's always willing to learn!

TALKING with her, you forget that she is an actress. That is because of her eyes. They are frank. They tell, even more eloquently than speech, of the happiness of her married life. Between you and me, there isn't an ounce of truth in those "divorce" rumors—and never is likely to be.

THE New York *Daily News* recently held its annual screen popularity contest, and again, for the second time, Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor romped home the winners. Clark Gable and Joan Crawford were second. The latter news is quite encouraging. Clark and Joan are on their way to much bigger things. Charlie and Janet, lovable as they are, are beginning to repeat themselves.

IF you are against censorship, and all for the freedom of the films, the way I am, you won't miss the story, "Shall the Movies Take Orders from the Underworld?" in this issue. Moreover, you will demand to see "Scarface," the picture that puts the finger on gangland. But don't think that, by doing so, you will be helping only Howard Hughes in his lone battle with the censors. You will be helping every producer and every writer and every player in Hollywood.

THE producers are honest. The writers are honest. The players are honest. They all want to give you honest pictures—pictures as honest as the newspapers and books you read and the stage plays that you see. The reformers won't always permit them to do this. How much longer are you and I going to stand for it?

IF "Scarface" goes over—and I'll be disappointed in America if it doesn't—the fame of three of its cast will be made. I'm thinking of Paul Muni, who plays the title rôle; George Raft, who had just signed up to be Valentino's "double" when the great Latin died, and who now is starting on his own in talkies; and Ann Dvorak, whom you have already seen briefly in "Sky Devils." Remember these three names—and what I have said.

TALA BIRELL, being hailed as "a rival of Garbo," not only says that she doesn't like the Garbo type of rôle, but she adds that her favorite actress is Helen Hayes. I'm interested in Tala right away. And you?

Larry Reid

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Screen Play by S. N. BEHRMAN and SONYA LEVIEN

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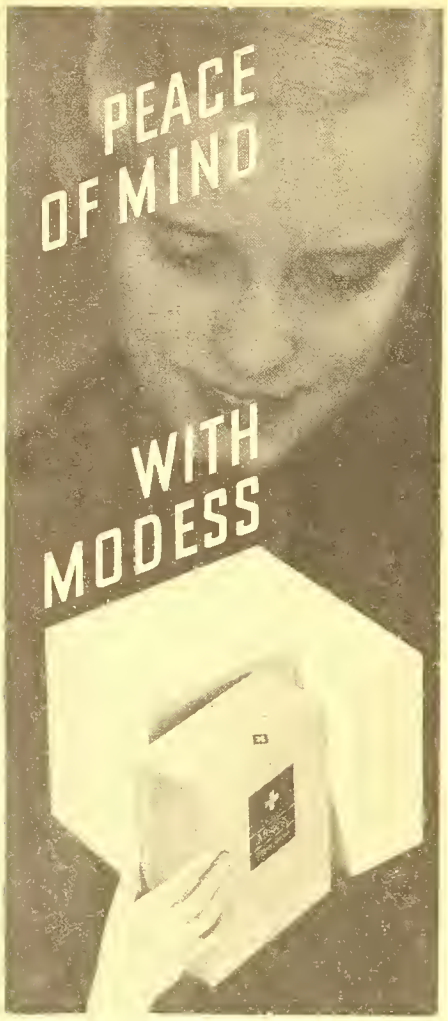

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Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, Movie Classic gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page

$20.00 Letter

Marie's Miraculous Change

About ten years ago, I watched a too heavy, a too corseted, a too boisterous actress sell her antics to a bored audience, as she clowned her way up and down the Keith stage in Washington, D. C. She simply did not register. Just another "has been," hating to give up. The "has been" was Marie Dressler.

This afternoon I saw this same Marie Dressler again in the wonderful dramatization of "Emma." I endeavored to brush the tears away unnoticed. The audience sobbed softly. It wasn't just a picture. It was real life.

I do not know just what has wrought this miraculous change in Marie Dressler, nor how pathos and humor, blended together, happened to be written so strongly in her countenance, nor how she is able to hold her shoulders as if the weight of the world were resting upon them, but this I do know—as long as such characters exist in moving pictures, they can never die. They are due for a Golden Era heretofore uncharted and unexplored.

Mabel S. Van Tassell, Newark, O.

$10.00 Letter

Beery—School-marm's Weakness

I'm a small town school-marm, so by all that's right and proper I shouldn't even be reading a Movie Classic, but I do—regularly. I suppose, too, since I've been able to vote for some odd years and still write my name with a Miss, I should be thrown into spasms of ecstacy at the mere sight of Clark Gable, Maurice Chevalier, or any other of our screen lovers. Not so. (Though I do love the way Chevalier rolls his eyes in that naughty French way and the way he cocks his straw hat.)

My hero is none other than our big old burly, rough exterior, soft interior, inimitable Wallace Beery. I'd rather see him cuss under his breath any day than see a thousand Barrymores make love. When Beery's on the set, I have eyes for no one else. And when I break down and confess that I wept real, honest-to-goodness, briny tears at that closing scene in "The Champ"—old hard-hearted me who can flunk a kid in English without a flicker—well, you know that he's got something.

Ann Pennington, Fairfax, Okla.

$5.00 Letter

I observe with satisfaction:

(1) That Mary Brian, Jean Arthur, Fay Wray, Maureen O'Sullivan, etc., have almost passed out of the pictures with the advent of imported stage talent. Beauty alone is practically worthless.

(2) That Clara Bow's "comeback" is delayed and delayed. This "It" business is as dead as a last-season movie.

(3) That this magazine has the courage to debunk press-agent ballyhoo. Formerly, some of the stars came to believe what they paid to have written about themselves. Truth is more welcome than fiction.

(4) That Raymond Hackett's mushy voice is gone—but the memory lingers on!

(5) That Nancy Carroll's tantrums have cost her her popularity—something we could not understand, anyway.

(6) That David Rollins suffered a comedown and is now in comedies.

(7) The quoted remark that most cinema marriages should end with a comma.

And close with a sigh of relief.

John Andrews, Strasburg, Pa.

Give Thanks for Pichel

Chalk up another mark for our new character actor, Irving Pichel. The man who knows how to play his rôle of cold-blooded villain, and who draws his characters with deft, unerring strokes to enchain our imagination. Perhaps you have seen him as the upright Senator-father in "Two Kinds of Women," Maybe you saw him as the polished man-of-the-world in "The Cheat," or the half-wit in "Murder by the Clock," or, as the straight-laced farmer-husband in "The Right to Love." There's more, but this will give you a measure of Irving Pichel's versatility. His voice is a magnificent instrument, capable of gripping volume, capable again of delighting tenderness. But not only with his voice does he interpret his parts, but gives all of himself. He fairly fires his rôles at you, and living them as he does, gives them life and warmth.

Irving Pichel—the talkies' answer to the fans' plea for "something different."

Francys Kay, Seattle, Wash.

What's Wrong?

Recently I had promised myself that the next time I heard the lovers in a picture address one another as "My Sweet," I would take out a gun and literally shoot myself, or take a first class jump in the nearest lake, but last night was the straw that broke the camel's back. I went to see "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," a story supposed to have been written years and years ago, with all in it everything but modern and when the words "My Sweet" had never been thought of, and there was Fredric March, saying, "My Sweet."

When I came home that evening, being of curious mind, I asked my grandmother (I imagined she was quite modern in her younger days) if the words "My Sweet" were familiar to her. She doesn't know yet what I was talking about. There must be something wrong some where.

"My Sweet" and "Darling." Can't you just hear them saying it?

Adelaide Dory,
Toronto, Can.

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YOUR BEAUTY is the COLOR IN YOUR CHEEKS

Then, For You, The Beauty of Mystical, Glowing Princess Pat Duo-Tone Rouge

By Patricia Gordon

A new thought . . . to give *color* first place over features . . . as the "measure of your beauty?" Yet how *true* it is. And how *comforting*. For while your *features* may not be alterable, glorious color always is yours for the taking . . . through rouge!

Ah, yes; but not the *usual* rouge. For, remember, this new color that measures beauty must be radiant, glowing. It must not appear to be rouge at all. *It must seem color coming from within the skin.* It must have all the fidelity of a natural blush, the same soft, thrilling modulation; the same exquisite blending that leaves no outline. It must be vivid, sparkling, daring, as much so as you elect, but *absolutely natural.*

Can there Possibly be such Marvelous Rouge? Can there be such rouge? You've never used one? All have been at least somewhat obvious . . . many actually "painty," dull, flat, to be detected instantly. Yes, but these have been simply the usual *one tone* rouges. But Princess Pat is *DUO-TONE*. The *only Duo-Tone* rouge . . . and therefore absolutely different from *any other rouge you ever knew.*

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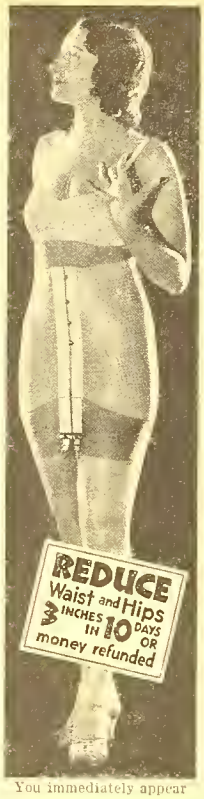

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TIPPING YOU OFF

Little Low-Downs On The Stars

By J. E. R.

LONDON hears that Tallulah Bankhead and Joel McCrea are going to be wed; but Hollywood and Tallulah say 'tain't so. . . . Walter Winchell keeps insisting that Mrs. Clark Gable is having long talks with her lawyer; and Hollywood doubts that, too. . . . Ronald Colman came back from England via Shanghai, where, he reports, there has been a real war in progress. . . . No one seems to know if he was divorced this trip, or not. . . . Charlie Chaplin, when last heard from, also was heading back to Hollywood via the Orient. With him was Sydney Chaplin—not the son, but the brother—which proves that they're pals, after all. . . . Dolores Del Rio, back from a location trip to Hawaii, denies that the Islands are unsafe for white women. So there!

Screen stars' children who have special guards since the Lindbergh kidnaping are Jane Harding Bannister, Barbara Bebe Lyon, Maria Dietrich, Gloria, Peggy and Harold Lloyd, Jr., Evelyn Rosetta Asther, Ethel Mae Barrymore, Mary Esther Webb (daughter of Esther Ralston), Adrienne Fox (daughter of Joan Bennett), Joseph and Robert Keaton, Gloria Somborn (daughter of Gloria Swanson), and Ruth Margaret Nagel. . . . Yes, Jackie Cooper is being guarded, too. . . The reason why you haven't seen Gene Raymond since "Ladies of the Big House" is that Gene, who was known on the stage as Raymond Guion, has been trying to settle his stage contract. . . . Anita Louise, who has been kept idle on contract since "Heaven on Earth," was in the mood to accept a bid from England, until she was offered a rôle in the new Garbo film, "As You Desire Me." . . .

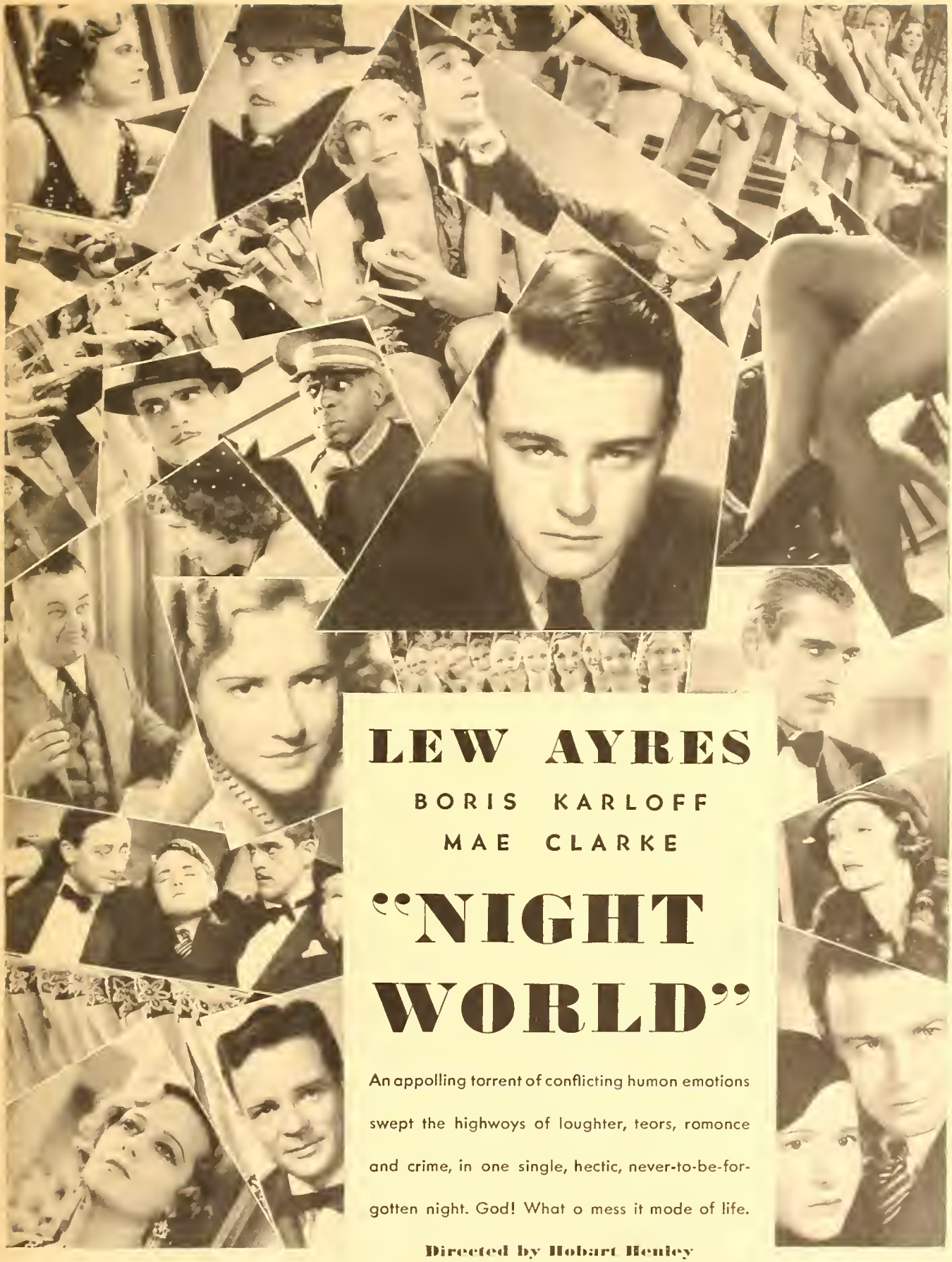
Clara Bow, who has been turning down offers right and left, has just bought a story called "Souls in Pawn," by Charles Furthman, who wrote the scenario for "It." She may produce it, herself. . . . Mae Clarke is the latest star to have a breakdown from overwork—but the girl just wouldn't take time out for a vacation. . . . Al Jolson has been asking his stage audiences if they'd like to see him in another picture, and he's convinced they would. . . . Peggy Shannon, once hailed as "a second Clara Bow" at Paramount, is now at Fox—and you'll next see her opposite James Dunn. Jimmy, by the way, is healthier than the gossips would have you believe.

Joan Bennett became Mrs. Gene Markey on March 16. . . . He's 36; she's 22. . . . Mrs. Ian Keith is now Miss Ethel Clayton again; she won her decree on the grounds that Ian sniffed the cork once too often. . . . Judge Soltan de Szepessy, divorced husband of the late Lya De Putti, recently committed suicide in Budapest, heartbroken over her tragic death, friends said. . . . Mary Nolan and her husband of a year, Wallace Macrery, Jr., were sentenced to a month in jail for non-payment of wages to employees of the defunct Mary Nolan Gown Shop in Hollywood. . . . . After eight years of separation, Aileen Pringle has decided to sue Charles Pringle for divorce. He's the son of the chief privy counselor of Jamaica. . . . Gloria Swanson, with a thrill in her voice, tells the press she will soon be a mother again.

Dorothy Wilding

You've heard that Corinne Griffith has been dancing with the Prince of Wales. But have you heard that she is now making a comeback picture, in England—"Lily Christine" by Michael Arlen?

Gilbert Roland has been so lonely since Norma Talmadge left for New York and Paris, with the announced intention of getting a nice, friendly divorce from Joseph Schenck, that he has been calling on Norma's mother. . . Pola Negri still insists that she is going to marry "a wealthy Chicagoan" in June. But what we want to know is: When is she going to make another picture? . . . James Cagney's new ambition is to see Europe—with the missus, of course. . . . You who have had the "flu" during the late lamented winter can sympathize with Warner Baxter, Marian Marsh, Arline Judge, and Mitzi Green. . . . The estate of the late Rudolph Valentino, once estimated at a million, is now counted at $130,000. . . . Uncle Sam won't be getting so much income tax coin from Hollywood this year as last. And maybe that will mean that you and I will pay more amusement taxes!



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Directed by Hobart Henley

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Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

By MARQUIS BUSBY

NOW that option time is rolling around once more, Greta Garbo, Hollywood's official mystery lady, is reported to be going coy again about signing her name on the dotted line. Chat floats up and down the boulevards that "Greta go home now."

Somehow, I just can't worry about Greta signing any more. There was a time when the rumor would have made my blood run cold. What, no more Garbo? Wotinell would us fan writers talk about if she went back to Sweden? Now, when I hear it I just eat an apple—a nice, big, red apple, and forget all about it.

The dark rumors that she might shake the dust of M-G-M from her feet, and very profitable pay-dirt it has been, is the Garbo's way of showing that she has the executive goat. She is still Garbo, and as long as she has an exclusive product to sell, she will wear the pants when it comes to running her career.

If memory serves me rightly, her threats about not signing in the past have brought very nice increases in salary. She'll undoubtedly get it again. She's worth it. "Mata Hari" may not be a really great picture, but it is making more money than the Texas oil fields. No studio would lose such a gold mine without an awful struggle. Greta could take Leo, the M-G-M lion, home with her if she wanted to.

Bull

Lilian Bond's idea of a Spring suit is a swim suit—and are *her* Hollywood neighbors sorry? She looks in healthy trim for "The Trial of Vivienne Ware"

BEFORE we leave Greta to enjoy her contractual argument, or to take her sunbaths, or whatever is occupying her mind at the moment, it is interesting to record that the Swedish star, with a woman friend, attended the Mary Wigman dance recital in Los Angeles. The event was one of the swankiest of the winter season. The big auditorium was studded with ermine, jewels, and Patou's best. Did Garbo care? You know she didn't. She wore that tweed coat and old slouch hat, and had a swell time for herself. If you didn't notice the girl in the informal attire, you could hardly escape trying to solve the identity of the person behind the smoked glasses. Will somebody tell me, if they aren't too busy, why people try to disguise themselves by smoked glasses? The "specs" are as conspicuous as Mahatma Gandhi at a Quaker meeting. Not, of course, that Mr. Gandhi has ever *been* to a Quaker meeting.

GOOD health is a necessity in Hollywood, and if you don't believe it, just spend a day and night emoting in front of the camera. The waitress who juggles hash all day has a picnic by comparison. Being of such primary importance, some of the health recipes are a lot more drastic than Japan's demands upon China. Grandma kept the kiddies in good health by depending on sulphur and molasses and good, old-fashioned castor oil. (I beg your pardon, old-fashioned, but scarcely good.) Well, Hollywood is a fancy place, and I suppose you can expect fancy prescriptions.

Most of us would be invalids for life before we would submit to the Louise Closser Hale procedure. Mrs. Hale insists that sleep is the great cure-all, and when she woos Morpheus (now, don't get excited, Genevieve) she does a thorough job of it. When she retires she puts pink putty in her ears to keep out all noises. Then she uses a narrow, soft, black band to tie around her eyes, to shut out all light. After that she tries to sleep. How she keeps from being completely out of the notion by that time probably makes another story.

The other prize recipe is Clive Brook's method of taking cold baths. When I say cold I don't mean the kind of water that makes you and me yell when it comes out of the cold spigot. Clive puts great hunks of ice in his tub. He says it is great stuff, and, I know, you will be quite willing to take his word for it. That is, until mid-July, at least.

Carole Lombard seems very sensible after that. She just eats spinach every day. She doesn't really mind it so much, but she does wish that it didn't taste like spinach.

Warren William starts the day off by drinking the juice of two lemons in a glass of warm water. He'd rather do that than eat spinach—or prunes, for that matter.

(*Continued on page 79*)

THE CROWD ROARS

It's a matter of LIFE and DEATH!

Starring

James CAGNEY
Joan BLONDELL

with

ANN DVORAK
ERIC LINDEN
GUY KIBBEE

Story by
Howard Hawks and
Seton I. Miller

Dialogue by
Glasmon and Bright

Direction by
HOWARD HAWKS
of "Dawn Patrol" fame

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MARY T. GOLDMAN
3411 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

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Street.....

City..... State.....

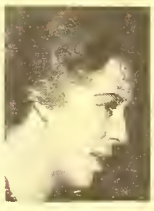
Color of your hair?.....

TICKER TALK

HOLLYWOOD QUOTATIONS

By
MARK DOWLING

NORMA TALMADGE "GILBERT ROLAND? OH, DON'T BE SILLY!"...LOIS WILSON I WISH YOU'D CORRECT YOUR ITEM THAT WINSLOW FELIX IS A PLAYBOY - COULD IT BE BECAUSE HE PLAYS POLO?" ....ESTELLE TAYLOR "IF THEY RAN OVER JACK WITH A LOCOMOTIVE AND CUT OFF HIS ARMS AND LEGS HE WOULD STILL BE A FIGHTER!" .... RUDY VALLEE "TWENTY THREE PEOPLE ARE SUING ME - ONE FOR A MILLION - BUT I NEVER CLAIMED TO WRITE 'THE VAGABOND LOVER'!" .... SENATOR BROOKHART "THE TREND IN PICTURES IS TOWARD PROSTITUTION!" LORETTA YOUNG "I BOUGHT THAT ENGAGEMENT RING MYSELF!" .... MOVIE CRITIC "IT'S LUCKY FOR CLARK GABLE THAT CENSORS HELD UP PAUL MUNI'S PERFORMANCE IN 'SCARFACE' FOR SIX MONTHS." .... ETHEL BARRYMORE "I'M GOING TO MAKE A PICTURE WITH JOHN AND LIONEL AND IT WILL BE A WONDERFUL THRILL." .... EX-MRS. KARLOFF "NO WONDER INTERVIEWERS FOUND BORIS CHARMING - WITHOUT MAKE-UP HE IS A GOOD ACTOR." .... WILL ROGERS "WE HAD LITTLE LINDY RIGHT IN OUR CAR - GOD, WHY DIDN'T WE DRIVE AWAY WITH HIM?".... LAWRENCE TIBBETT "IF I WERE ALONE ON A DESERT ISLAND, I PROBABLY WOULD STOP SINGING." EXPECTANT-FATHER PAT SOMERSET "HE OR SHE OR THEY WILL PROBABLY ARRIVE IN MAY." .... LILY DAMITA "I'M NOT MARRIED OR ENGAGED AND I DON'T EXPECT EITHER TO HAPPEN ON THIS TRIP." .... GLORIA SWANSON "I'M GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER BABY - ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?".... RUTH CHATTERTON "GEORGE BRENT IS THE BEST LEADING MAN I HAVE WORKED WITH." .....



"Here I am, stepping out of character again. And it's somewhat of an occasion, because I don't talk for publication often," says Edna May Oliver, who makes other Hollywood comédiennes look to their laurels with her newest picture, "Ladies of the Jury."

Her deep cultured voice rings with enthusiasm. Every sentence is illustrated with a gesture. She is as humorous and likable as her characters on the screen.

"I don't like to tell too much about myself in interviews. Miss Garbo has the right idea. A clever woman. . . . An actress should be illusive . . . mysterious. . . . Perhaps the public tires of certain screen favorites simply because it knows too much about them—their love affairs and their favorite bath soap!"

"But don't worry—I'm not going to do a Garbo. High comedy is my field. My hobby—making people laugh! . . . I've played several weepy ladies, but I didn't like them."

"More details about myself? . . . I love to swim . . . and hate to have pictures taken . . . . I've lived in New York for years, but after ten days' vacation there this winter I raced back to Hollywood. . . . I'm afraid the charm of New York eludes me!"

"I hate having dresses made. . . . I love parsnips . . . symphony orchestras . . . and sniffing."

"Any man would be lucky if Lupe fell in love with him, but I'm afraid that hasn't happened to me," said Randolph Scott, blond young Paramount player, when he was reported as being engaged to la Velez.

"We have been out six or seven times together but I am too busy trying to be a success to fall in love," he added, but there was a quizzical glint in his gray-blue eyes.

"There were rumors of my being dropped when months went by without my making a picture, but B. P. Schulberg told me, himself, that he has big plans for me. I have a good bit in 'Sky Bride' and am working now in the new George Arliss picture.

"I haven't appeared before for several reasons. Once I was slated for second lead, but they found I was taller than the lead and would have made him — Chester Morris — look silly." Of course *that* wouldn't do!

Mr. Arliss, evidently, didn't mind being overshadowed by the big rangy fellow who has Hollywood gossiping more than it has since the days of Joel McCrea's discovery.

"It's a swell break at last and I'm determined to make good!" Randolph adds. But about Lupe—there's a mystery!

The magic symbol of great achievement

1927 The BIG PARADE
1928 BEN HUR
1929 The BROADWAY MELODY
1930 The BIG HOUSE
1931 TRADER HORN

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the eyes of the world are again on

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TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS

Read MOVIE CLASSIC'S stories for the latest news about the stars. Read MOVIE CLASSIC'S reviews for the news about their newest pictures.

Above: Joel McCrea, Hugh Herbert and Richard Dix in "The Lost Squadron"

THE LOST SQUADRON

I've seen pictures about Hollywood before and groaned, but here is one I'm glad I didn't miss. It's suspenseful and it's bitter, but beneath all its melodrama you'll get the idea that Hollywood has a cruel side, as well as a glamourous one. Richard Dix, Joel McCrea and Robert Armstrong, a trio of ex-war aviators down on their luck, find their way to Hollywood and become stunt fliers—and that's where you learn how air pictures are sometimes made. Eric von Stroheim plays the part of a director who specializes in film thrills, even though they cost a life now and then. The cast give the picture everything they have. The result is "a dramatic wallop."

Above: Charles Farrell and Marian Nixon in "After Tomorrow"

AFTER TOMORROW

According to a young propheteer who has lately made Hollywood goggle-eyed with her predictions, Charles Farrell is going to make his biggest hit without Janet Gaynor. "After Tomorrow" isn't it, but it's a step in the right direction. Charlie loses some of his dignity and purity, and goes human. The story again concerns young love, but this time it lays stress on the torment of waiting to get married. In fact, it has some of the most skillful—and delicate—sex dialogue I've ever had the pleasure to hear. The only trouble with the picture is that the misfortunes that befall Charlie and Marian Nixon are the kind that make women weepy. Even Marian weeps. A little too much, I might add.

Above: Marion Davies and Clark Gable in "Polly of the Circus"

POLLY OF THE CIRCUS

Marion Davies and Clark Gable both changed their personalities a bit to fit "Polly of the Circus." Marion changed from a comedienne into a dramatic actress, and Clark changed from a dee-vine he-man into a he-man divine. She's a circus star who's injured, and he's a young minister in whose home she recovers, thus becoming the common enemy of every woman in the parish. There's nothing new about the story—it has been imitated too often since its first appearance in silent days. It's still sentimental. I'm happy to report that it's also sprightly. And it's novelty to see Clark making love wearing his collar backward.

Above: William (Stage) Boyd, Ann Dvorak and Spencer Tracy in the air comedy, "Sky Devils"

SKY DEVILS

"Sky Devils" is more like "Cock of the Air" than like Howard Hughes' other air picture, "Hell's Angels"—but even more like "What Price Glory?", if you know what I mean. It's he-man comedy, with the plot—such as there is—whirling around the enmity of two air corps rookies (Spencer Tracy and George Cooper) for their top sergeant (William Boyd). I didn't think they could squeeze another laugh out of the familiar theme, but the boys surprised me; in fact, they amazed me. The comedy moves at a fast clip, and there is some spectacular flying. But the big moments for me were those featuring the new and startling Ann Dvorak, who looks like one of the next stars.

Above: Lionel and John Barrymore as the co-stars of "Arsene Lupin"

ARSENE LUPIN

When a picture boasts two Barrymores, it should by rights be twice as good as a picture with just one. I wouldn't say that "Arsene Lupin" is. But it is at least twice as good as it would have been without them. To be painfully frank, the story is the familiar duel of wits between the smooth crook and the smooth detective; it seldom gets you excited. But John and Lionel make up for the shortcomings of the story by being their most amusing selves. You never forget for a moment who they are; and you wonder to the end which will steal the picture. Personally, I'd call it a tie—and give a third blue ribbon to Karen Morley, as the girl-detective whom John captures.

Right: Melvyn Douglas and Claudette Colbert in "The Wiser Sex"

THE WISER SEX

Seeing isn't believing, so far as "The Wiser Sex" is concerned. Despite an excellent cast, it just doesn't jell. As in "Manslaughter," Claudette Colbert is in love with a crusading district attorney (Melvyn Douglas)—but doesn't go to prison this time. Douglas, however, is headed that way, thanks to some underworld plotting (by William Boyd and Lilyan Tashman)—until Claudette does a little detective work. It's one of those pictures in which the principal amusement is seeing how many times you can guess correctly what will happen next. My score was high, I'm sorry to say, particularly when Claudette and Lilyan and Melvyn and William—in about that order—all did nobly.

BARBARA STANWYCK . . . in Warner Bros. "SO BIG" . . . *Max Factor's Make-Up used exclusively*

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Creamy ☐	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
Olive ☐	Black ☐	BROWNETTE	Dry ☐
	LASHES	Light ☐ Dark ☐	AGE
	Light ☐	REDHEAD	
	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

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What is the answer? Simply this: Women in every walk of life have found by actual comparison that Listerine Tooth Paste achieves superior results. That, in every way, it is worthy of the great name it bears. Actually more than two million women have discarded fancy-priced brands in favor of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢.

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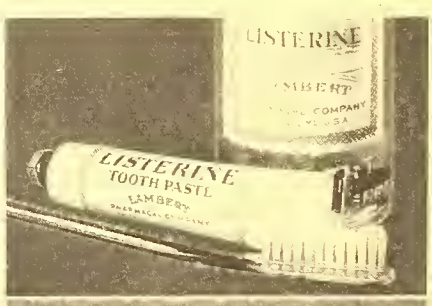

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THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC

Everyone is asking questions about the baffling Marlene. Those that are not answered here by Marlene, herself, are answered by Louise Rice on page 51

DIETRICH Speaks Out for Herself

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

Marlene Dietrich baffles interviewers, as you probably know. She answers their questions with "Yes" or "No," if possible. She just can't be persuaded to talk about herself. But here is one interview in which she does speak out at length and with frankness and a sense of humor—and shows you, herself, a Marlene Dietrich you have never seen before. You may be surprised. Certainly, you will know her better. —Editor.

IT WAS just pure luck that I happened to find Marlene Dietrich in a talkative, confidential mood—a Spring fever mood. Many writers, including this one, have interviewed Marlene and have come away with the feeling that they have been evaded by the languorous German girl who so hates to talk about herself for publication. But, this time, I sensed that this was not to happen. Dietrich, the

(Continued on page 70)

Who are the NEW Garbos of the Screen?

Maybe you think Garbo will never have a rival—but the studios aren't giving up the search for one. Here are three exotic new blondes to prove it—Sari Maritza, Tala Birell and Karen Morley. And, even though they are brunettes, don't forget Lil Dagover and Pola Negri (who is entirely different in the talkies)!

WILL there ever be anyone else like Garbo? Personally, you may not think so—but Hollywood probably will never give up the hope that somehow, sometime, somewhere a Garbo rival will be found. Beginning with Marlene Dietrich, who came from, and what their claims to fame are—but, first, consider what has happened to the "Garbo rivals" of 1931.

Perhaps you can remember how Hollywood greeted the arrival of such foreign charmers as Marlene Dietrich, from Germany; Evelyn Laye, from England; Jeanne Helbling, from Paris; Suzy Vernon, also a Parisienne; and Tallulah Bankhead, the American girl who had become London's favorite actress. It was cheerfully ballyhooed (mostly by their respective studios) that any, or all, of these ladies would put serious dents in the Garbo armor. Each one was a dangerous threat to her tremendous popularity.

They came, they saw—but out of that group only two have conquered, and not by being "second Garbos." Marlene Dietrich and Tallulah Bankhead have survived the hysteria of their own press-agents and have won stardom and large followings. Whether or not they have developed into rivals of Garbo, any more than they are rivals of Joan Crawford or Norma

C. S. Bull

What if Garbo should do the unexpected and give up the movies—could they find "another Garbo"? They're already trying!

strenuously objected, every startling newcomer who came along has been hailed as "another Garbo"—until now there is a whole crop of "new Garbos."

Some of the studios behind these dazzling newcomers favor the comparison, some fight it. But, either way, the girls themselves can't escape being likened to the silent Scandinavian—at least, in Hollywood. The most outstanding of 1932's new and unusual sirens are Tala Birell and Sari Maritza (notice that even their names are unusual!)—but they are not the only ones. You are about to learn who they all are, where they

Fryer

Like Garbo, Lil Dagover is exotic—but is too individual to copy her

By NANCY PRYOR

Shearer, is a moot question. But at least their fate has been more flattering than that of some of the other languorous ladies who were to cause Garbo sleepless nights.

Even Evelyn Vanished

EVELYN LAYE, the stunning English woman who had been hailed by Broadway critics as the greatest beauty on the stage, returned to the stage and her native country following her one starring venture with United Artists, "One Glorious Night." Jeanne Helbling and Suzy Vernon, imported to adorn the rosters of RKO and First National, respectively, never really had the opportunity to demonstrate their charms to the American public. Jeanne Helbling had been brought to this country to make American pictures and remained to complete only two foreign versions in her native tongue before her contract ran out. Suzy Vernon was also restricted to pictures in her native language, thus losing out completely on the opportunity of presenting herself as a Garbo "rival."

Wouldn't you think that the fate of these alluring ladies, and the hullabaloo that arose when Dietrich and Bankhead were called "second Garbos" would make Hollywood wary? Maybe you'd think so—but, lo, a year later the movie capital finds itself with another crop of "new Garbos." Only now the producers are using radically different methods in publicizing their new "finds"—they are insisting, begging and imploring that their transplanted exotics suffer no comparison with Garbo.

With tears in their eyes, the Paramount publicity boys beg that Sari Maritza be spared the rumors that she is another Garbo (and, being Paramount, they naturally add "or Dietrich"). "She has charm and allure all her own," insists Paramount. As the word "allure" belongs strictly to Garbo in the minds of the newspaper men, they took hitches in their belts and strolled out to have a look at this girl who was sharing a word with Greta.

Sari More Like Nancy Carroll

IN place of a sophisticated, world-weary woman, they found a girl, no more than twenty-two years of age, who gave indications of being another Nancy Carroll, rather than another Garbo. She was as charming, friendly and un-Continental as our own Sue Carol or Anita Page. True, she smoked cigarettes with a long black holder and had been rumored engaged to Charlie Chaplin, but in spite of these unusual details, she was no more of a mystery than Mary Brian.

Sari (whose real name is Patricia Nathan) surprised everyone by admitting she had been in Hollywood before, when twelve years old. She was born in Tientsin, China, of a Viennese mother and English father, and when the family made the trip to Europe to put Sari in school there, they passed through Hollywood. Her career, however, actually began in Hungary, where the movie-ambitious Sari secured a small part in a motion picture at the age of eighteen. Under the management of a young English woman named Vivian Gaye, Sari advanced quickly in European films and

(Continued on page 58)

Pola Negri came back with a "Garbo voice"

Shalitt

Can Sari Maritza be world-weary like Garbo?

Ray Jones

Tala Birell, blonde Roumanian, comes the closest to being a real Garbo rival

C. S. Ball

Is Karen Morley an American Garbo type?

LOOKING

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST

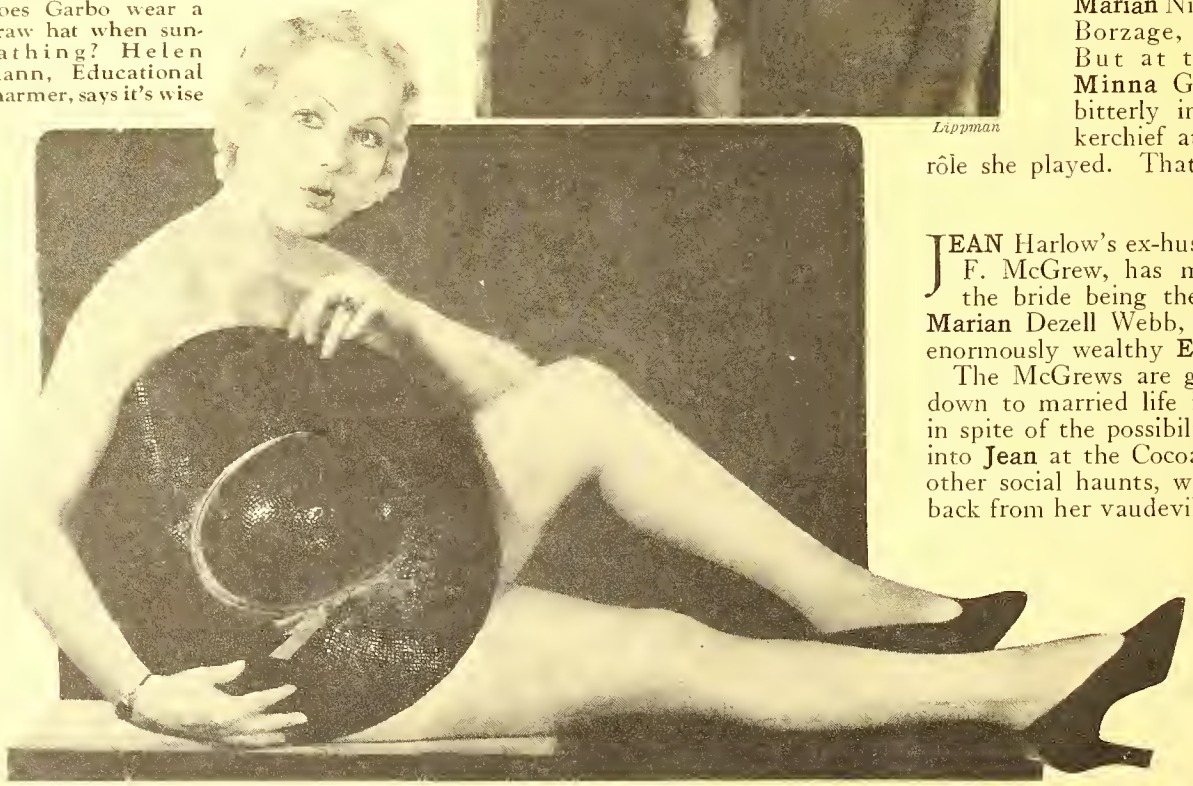
Ferenc

A second Constance Bennett? That's what they're asking about Bette Davis (above). You'll look her over in "So Big"

Lippman

Everybody's giving George Brent, Warners' new sensation, a hand—including that other smiling Irishman, James Cagney

Does Garbo wear a straw hat when sunbathing? Helen Mann, Educational charmer, says it's wise



BELIEVE it or not—but **Clara** Bow (Mrs. **Rex** Bell) gave a formal dinner party the other evening! In all the years we have been reporting Hollywood news this is the first time the little red-head has ever broken into the social columns with anything in the line of formal entertainment. **Clara** used to gather a "gang" together at her beach house for a couple of hot dogs and an evening of poker, but she had always expressed the utmost contempt for anything more formal than a checked red-and-white tablecloth on a party table!

But **Clara** and **Rex** had fourteen friends to their home in Beverly Hills just the other evening. The table was glittering and sparkling with silver and crystal, and yellow orchids formed an exquisitely elaborate centerpiece.

Clara, the gal herself, was stunningly arrayed in a beautiful formal gown of cream-colored satin with which she wore a diamond necklace and two sparkling bracelets.

She's now within a few pounds of her normal weight — and her comeback is near.

"AFTER TOMORROW" is a grand, sincere picture that reflects a lot of credit on **Charlie** Farrell, **Marian** Nixon and **Frank** Borzage, the director. But at the preview, **Minna** Gombell wept bitterly into her handkerchief at the "mean" rôle she played. That's like **Minna**.

JEAN Harlow's ex-husband, **Charles** F. McGrew, has married again, the bride being the former Mrs. **Marian** Dezell Webb, heiress of the enormously wealthy **Earl** G. Dezell.

The McGrews are going to settle down to married life in Hollywood, in spite of the possibility of running into **Jean** at the Cocoanut Grove or other social haunts, when **Jean** gets back from her vaudeville tour.

THEM OVER

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

ESTELLE Taylor and Lupe Velez used to be the closest of friends—but recently things have been rather cool*ish* between the two flaming brunettes.

Reason—believed to be—Randolph Scott, Lupe's new boy-friend.

When Estelle was ill in the hospital, the handsome Scott boy dropped over to pay his respects, which, we hear, didn't make such a hit with Lupe. Well, if these little tiffs didn't happen, Hollywood would be begging for excitement!

THE folks couldn't believe their eyes when Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss showed up for the première of the musical stage play, "Crazy Quilt." They figured the dignified Arliss and his wife had wandered in by mistake—but they lived to learn differently.

The English actor and his wife occupied front-row seats and nearly fell out of them—with laughter.

LILA Lee was recently seen at a Warner Brothers preview in the company of Ricardo Cortez and Lew Schreiber. The next day a local newspaper writer broke out in print with a rumor about Lila and "Ric." It was a good guess—but the newshound picked the wrong gentleman. It's Lew, Al Jolson's boon companion, who is taking Lila places these days. Cortez just happened to be along.

BILL Boyd and RKO-Pathé have come to a parting of the ways after one of the longest contract engagements on record. For eight years Bill turned out consistent money-makers for this concern (by the way, did you know that Boyd's

Is she red-headed for bigger and better parts at last? Merna Kennedy has a right to hope so—after all but stealing "Lady with a Past" from Connie Bennett

Don English

Though Richard Arlen is an aviator in "Sky Bride," it doesn't look as if Virginia Bruce intends to tell him to take the air. Dick's new love is from the Follies

Won't you kim-on-o-ver? is what Phyllis Crane seems to be asking. You'll find her in Educational's comedies about Hollywood girls

pictures grossed within fifteen per cent of **Constance** Bennett's?), but toward the last he grew discouraged with the stories and directors selected for his productions.

Had **Bill** remained with RKO, he would have received $5000 weekly. That's a lot of money to turn down, but Boyd, who is a great star on Main Street, feels he deserves a better picture break than the home company was giving him. He will free-lance for the time being.

ROMANCES are picking up a little bit this month. Maybe it's the Spring influence. Anyway—

When **Eddie** Sutherland returns from his directorial duties with **Douglas** Fairbanks in the South Seas, no one would be surprised if **Eddie** stepped up to the altar with **Audrey** Henderson, young actress.

And the folks are beginning to believe that **William** Haines' interest in **Alice** Glazer (the former Mrs. **Barney** Glazer) may be serious.

MARY Pickford has a quaint habit connected with giving autographed pictures of herself to her close and intimate friends. When **Mary** gives a picture to someone she is genuinely fond of, she has the proof destroyed so that the same picture will never be duplicated to another friend—or reach publication. It's a lovely, sincere gesture—but **Mary's** friends usually pick her best pictures, which leaves only "second bests" for the newspapers and magazines.

TALLULAH Bankhead has declared war on interviewers! When **Tallulah** first arrived in Hollywood, she saw thirty-one reporters in one week. She told her studio: "I'll see everyone who wants to meet me; I'll be a good girl and take lots of fashion pictures and new photographs for you; in short, I'll do anything you say *until* I actually start work on my picture. After that if you show up with any newspaper people in tow on my set, I'll kick you all out!"

And maybe you think Paramount doesn't believe her! **Tallulah** became so excited when she saw **Julie** Lang of the publicity department coming toward her with a newspaper writer that she promptly turned and fled—but not before carrying out her threat! She calmly and grandly *kicked* **Julie** as she sped by.

JUST what happened between **Norma** Talmadge and her former devoted escort, **Gilbert** Roland, is not known. But evidently they called off their friendship on the best of terms, for, just before **Norma** left Hollywood for New York and Palm Beach she was seen with **Roland** on several occasions.

BETTY Compson and **Hugh** Trevor have kissed and made up after a misunderstanding that lasted six months. **Betty** had a couple of other beaux in the meantime—but, even so, she used to confide to intimate friends that she was still pretty interested in **Hugh.**

As for **Hugh**—is he happy to have his girl back again? You're asking? He says it was just a case of "You Try Somebody Else—I'll Try Somebody Else—" not working out.

MRS. **John** Boles is wearing the loveliest diamond bracelet in Hollywood and I'm telling you that there are *diamond bracelets* in Hollywood! It was a gift from the singing Romeo to celebrate their tenth, or eleventh or twelfth (or some equally unheard-of figure in Hollywood) wedding anniversary.

(*Continued on page 66*)

What to wear, when the weather's so changeable? Leave it to Arline Judge to find a cute answer—an open-work bathing suit, woolen cap, scarf and mittens, and Western riding boots! (P.S. No, this isn't the way Arline caught the "flu", after finishing "Girl Crazy".)

Gaston Longet

Jimmy Dunn's Face Reveals All His Secrets

Do you know why Jimmy shot ahead so fast—and when you are most likely to find him in a serious mood—and how he will act when the right girl comes along? Toni Gallant tells you, by the science of Faciology

By TONI GALLANT

JAMES DUNN was just the sort of boy who inspired that jingle about "sticks and snails and puppy dogs' tails—that's what little boys are made of!" More than likely, he had it screamed after him five times a week by several severely agitated little schoolgirls. That is, if the girls of his school days used doggerels. And Jimmy, the little gentleman, replied: "Go tie yourself to a can!" or "Muzzle yourself!" or whatever bywords were in favor at that time, just to convey the idea he didn't care. Because he didn't—and still doesn't!

And, although he may have grown up in size, he hasn't changed greatly. Nature has done much for him without his being aware of it. Because just the things that go to make the boy unbearable usually tend to make him a very charming young man—the boyish sort that has that way of getting under your skin. Nature has done all of that for James Dunn, and made him as big a hit, in his way as Clark Gable. It has clothed him with all the glamour and charm of Peck's bad boy.

He has a very exciting and entertaining character on the surface. Life to him is a great adventure and he enthusiastically wants to see all it has to offer. He picks up things with surprising quickness. That is why he was able to give so superb a performance in "Bad Girl" without much preliminary training in histrionics. He learns by watching. You have to tell Jimmy only once.

But don't think from this that he never has a serious moment. There is character in him that is becoming stronger all the time. He has many serious moments—but mostly when he is alone. Then, he is capable of deep meditation. That is why his judgment is invariably good. He likes to think things out for himself.

He Doesn't Believe in Promises

JAMES DUNN doesn't expect too much from people. "They're mighty weak when it comes to living up to promises" and "Everybody has the tendency towards backsliding"—these are his convictions about people in general. And, unhappily, they are only too true. That is why he wants results here and now. To James Dunn's

(*Continued on page 70*)

PHYSIOGNOMICAL FEATURES

A. Face type—modified vital. His vitality is strong. He is good-natured and loves to be hospitable and a "good fellow." He believes in "live and let live." He should try to be outdoors as much as possible. His best thoughts will come to him there.

B. Forehead—perceptive. He "catches on" very, very quickly. He is almost gamin-like in his ability to comprehend in a moment.

C. Coloring and texture. Adventurous, quarrelsome and of a surprising strength when angry or aroused.

D. Head formation—upper. Impetuous and impatient. Will take chances.

E. Eyes. Whimsical. Has a strong sense of humor, bordering on the risqué. Likes to indulge in kidding, and also trying to shock people by saying what he doesn't mean.

F. Eyelids. Shrewd and gamin-like. Can be very hard-boiled if crossed in purposes.

G. Ears. He is conventional, although free in actions. His originality is confined more to mannerisms than thoughts.

H. Nose. He is lively and optimistic. He craves excitement. He is inquisitive, and learns by observation. He lacks stick-to-it-iveness, but is practical enough to hang on. He can be shrewd and thrifty.

I. Lips. He does not always have the best of self-control. He is apt to fly off the handle at times and has to battle strongly with himself. Variable in affections, but can be a good "sticker" when the right girl comes along.

J. Lips (edges). Jimmy loves youngsters. Also dogs, cats and pets in general.

K. Jaw (frontal). Easygoing, but can grit his teeth and make the grade any time he wishes. Has a sneaking admiration for a person who isn't afraid to do as he likes. Is just a trifle fussy over his appearance.

Hollywood Speaks its Mind about Tallulah Bankhead

Two months ago, MOVIE CLASSIC presented a revealing interview with the "sizzling comet among the stars"—Tallulah Bankhead. It told you, among other things, that she says what she thinks. And this story tells you what happened when other stars, from Lupe Velez to Clark Gable, spoke their minds about Tallulah—confidentially, you understand

JACKIE COOPER: "You see, it's like this about Miss Bankhead 'n' me. It seems Tallu—I mean Miss Bankhead—came out here to the Coast on the same train with Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who are good friends of mine. An' it seems Miss Bankhead tells Joan that she has sort of a crush—I mean that I am her favorite actor or somethin' on the screen. An' Joan gives a dinner party so Tallu—I mean Miss Bankhead—can meet me. She was pretty nervous, I guess. She says, an' you know she talks real deep, she says: 'Can it really be *you*, at last?'

"She sits next to me at the table, too. She seemed real tickled about it. She's sure pretty all right—'n' regular—picked up her chicken in her fingers when I did. I stayed at the party until eleven o'clock. Tallu—I mean, Miss Bankhead—begged me to. I guess that's how that story about her and me got started. She sent me a swell present, too—a boat—a swell boat. I think she's swell, too."

Dorothy Spensley, who wrote the interview with Tallulah in the March MOVIE CLASSIC: "She was in bed when I met her. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon—but she was in bed, holding an impromptu reception with her maid, her secretary, a modiste and a manicurist, all on the bed with her. And you think it wasn't a reception? Only a Continental drawing-room ever held such laughter and *bon mots*, such a poised hostess, and such champagne! When Tallulah speaks in that low throbbing voice of hers and says the Things She Says in the Way She Says Them, she could hold a reception in her bathtub and it would be the real thing! She's quite the swellest dish the poor old press has met in many a moon."

What Carole Has Noted

CAROLE LOMBARD: "I know Miss Bankhead only on the screen, but I think her truly fascinating. One little thing I've particularly noticed is that her clothes are so un-Hollywoodish, if you know what I mean."

A Certain Well-Known Columnist: "Sure, Bankhead is a hot potato and a splash of color. But when she runs out of her bag of tricks—then what? The newspaper people are crazy about her because she says what she wants to when she wants to. In a way, she's in a spot. Wonder if anybody can live up to Tallulah's reputation for brilliance and wit in this man's town?"

Fredric March: "It's one thing to know a star like Tallulah by her publicity reputation—and quite

(*Continued on page 60*)

COMPILED BY MADGE CARVEL

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

International

In the April MOVIE CLASSIC, you read of Estelle Taylor's going to the hospital with fractured neck vertebrae—and refusing ether while the bones were reset. Here's how the spunky Estelle looked to her callers, including the handsome Randolph Scott

Meet Tom Mix's new wife, formerly Mabel Ward, circus aerialist—and Thomasina, his daughter by his former wife. The little girl is credited with having played the rôle of Cupid in her father's new romance. Tom is now making his second talkie

Wide World

They gave Billie Dove a great big palm in Palm Beach on her vacation — especially when she sunned herself in this one-piece suit. She smiled away all romance rumors

Acme

When Lily Damita posed for this photo, before sailing for Hawaii, she denied any plans to marry Sidney Smith. Later, reporters learned Smith was aboard. Wonder if she meant denials?

Acme

Recuperating from a recent stroke of apoplexy, Maurice Costello (right) is happy to state that his illness led to a reconciliation with his daughters, Dolores and Helene. The noted actor had not seen them for five years

MARY SEES DOUG OFF ON LONG VOYAGE WITH PRETTY LEADING LADY

Maria Alba, Spanish Beauty and Recent Bride, To Be "Native" Heroine In Fairbanks' South Sea Picture—Tearful Farewells On All Sides

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

Fryer

Only four days before his troupe was to sail for Tahiti, Fairbanks chose pretty Maria Alba as his leading lady

Cosmo

Though hardly in the mood, Mary and Doug had to face cameras—and smile

Maria almost didn't go when it came time to part from her new husband, David Todd

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks decided to go to the South Seas to make his next picture, and Mary decided to stay in Hollywood and make *her* next picture, the old gossip started. Buzz-buzz-buzz—separation—divorce—they say—buzz-buzz. It kept up right to the moment of sailing, particularly when the huge crowd at the pier saw that this time Doug was taking along a leading lady—the very young, very pretty and very excited Maria Alba. Every eye was on her.

Mary used to go everywhere Doug went, even on location trips whenever possible, until two or three years ago. Then she startled the public by letting Doug take his jaunts abroad alone. The reason was very simple—Mary not only doesn't like traveling (and never has), but it actually makes her ill. Being a sensible and devoted wife, she felt that she should not interfere with Doug's wanderlust. Hollywood, however, preferred to believe that Mary stayed, or Doug went, for a more interesting reason, and the divorce rumors resulted. Doug and Mary knew, as did Maria Alba, that there would probably be more such rumors from this trip to the other side of the world—but all three could afford to ignore them. Sooner or later, the true story would be published. Here it is.

As the *S. S. Makura*, bound for Papeite, capital of Tahiti, sailed out of San Francisco harbor, Maria Alba drew her first breath in three frantic, crowded days. Four days before, she had been just the happy bride of David Todd, casting director at Fox Studios, planning to give up the screen career that had brought her from Barcelona four years ago to play in Spanish versions of American pictures. Then had come the chance to take tests for the rôle of the native heroine in the Fairbanks picture. And the tests had been more successful than she had dared to hope. She supplanted Lupita Tovar, who had been tentatively chosen.

Onlookers report that the final parting between the Todds made it look for a moment as though Doug would have to sail away without a leading lady. Maria sobbed and clung to her husband's coat, while Mary and Doug escaped behind closed stateroom doors to say farewell without prying eyes or pointing cameras. When Mary reappeared, she wore a veil over her eyes.

Mary and Maria took an affectionate leave of one another. No one heard everything they said. Perhaps Mary was begging to see that Doug wore his rubbers if they struck the rainy season in Tahiti. It is certain that Mary called after Maria to be sure to write. "Yes, yes, I'll write you often," called back Maria.

And after all the tears and partings, Maria may not appear in the Fairbanks comedy in the end. Doug's first plan was to have a native heroine for his picture. Then, deciding that this might be impossible, he had sought out a Hollywood heroine who could look like a South Seas beauty, if his search for a native heroine were in vain. Maria, they say, does not know this. Perhaps she would not have gone if she had not been *sure* of the rôle.

LUPE VELEZ' ROMANCE WITH "SECOND COOPER" DIDN'T BLOOM

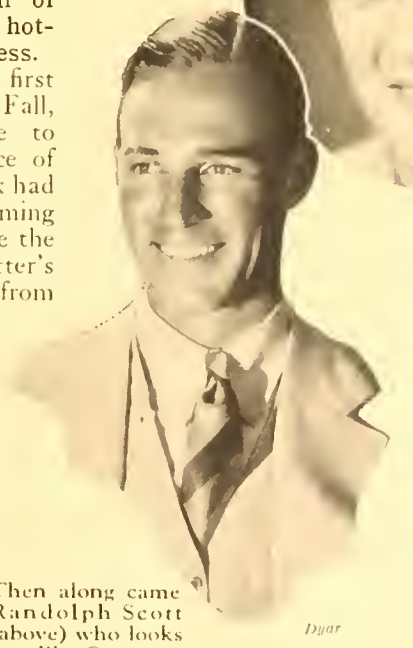
Randolph Scott, Newcomer Who Resembles Gary Cooper, Was Scheduled To Play Opposite Gary's Old Flame Until Romance Rumors Linked Their Names

Lupe is now in the new Ziegfeld show with Buddy Rogers. Wonder if rumors will link *their* names next?

LUPE VELEZ and Randolph Scott, the tall young Virginian who is being mistaken for Gary Cooper, were supposed to be teamed in the Paramount picture, "The Broken Wing." But before the picture could be started, romance rumors linked their names—and Scott was transferred to the cast of "Sky Bride," instead. And good old Hollywood couldn't help getting a laugh out of all this, because it remembered the reports of the same studio's disapproval of the original Gary and the hot-headed little Mexican actress.

When Randolph Scott first arrived in Hollywood last Fall, his startling resemblance to Gary Cooper was a source of interest to everybody. Talk had it that Paramount was grooming this tall, lanky boy to take the place of Gary, if the latter's state of health kept him from screen activity very long. But when it began to be rumored about that the chap who looked so much like Gary was being seen with Gary's old flame, Lupe Velez, the interest turned to polite behind-the-hand laughter and everybody sat back to wonder if Mr. Scott were going to follow in Mr. Cooper's romantic trail, as well as the professional.

For three years, Lupe was in "loff" with Gary Cooper (right)



Then along came Randolph Scott (above) who looks like Gary

Dyar

Certainly, for a little while at least, Lupe made no attempt to squelch the rumors—though she did later. They tell an amusing story of a time when Lupe, in her dressing-room, proclaiming how "crazee" she was about young Scott, instructed her maid to call him on the 'phone. "But there are several Mr. Scotts," said the girl. "Which one?" Lupe is pictured as replying, "Call up my sister and ask her *which* Mr. Scott Lupe is in loff with!" And the maid did call the sister, and *she* couldn't remember which Mr. Scott it was, either.

But that's just a gag story, of course, for Lupe would well know which Mr. Scott was wanted. At least, she knew well enough to seem flustered when she heard that a certain Mr. Scott had dropped over to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital to call on Estelle Taylor, where Estelle was recovering from an automobile accident. Lupe and Estelle were friends, but when Randolph and Estelle became friends—that was something else again.

Lupe and Scott were seen together so much, and Lupe was so freely giving the impression that she liked Mr. Scott that Paramount *may* have felt it was time to step in and stave off a repeat on the Cooper-Velez romance. Anyway, Randolph Scott does not appear with Lupe in "The Broken Wing," and now Hollywood hears that their interesting friendship is as cold as an "overdrawn" notice from the bank. Hollywood is firmly convinced that a romance was headed off by something—either the studio, a secret revival of the Velez-Cooper romance, or a brand-new romance on one side or the other. And Hollywood, being Hollywood, favors the first explanation.

Lupe has temporarily shaken the dust of California from her high Spanish heels while she takes a flier in Ziegfeld's new Broadway show, "Hot-Cha!", along with Buddy Rogers. Next, probably, there will be romance rumors about Lupe and Buddy. Wherever Lupe goes, she seems to attract romantic speculations. In the meantime, Mr. Scott seems to be devoting his free time to several pretty (and much safer) Hollywood ingénues. So far, there is no talk that he and Lupe are enriching the telephone and telegraph companies.

By DORIS JANEWAY

Acme

Here are Rudy Vallee and Fay Webb, as they looked to the minister on July 6, 1931—the day he disappointed his admirers and got married. They met while he was filming "The Vagabond Lover"

Rudy Vallee's Wife Goes West For Health, Not Divorce

Three Times Since Marriage To Famous Crooner, Fay Webb Vallee Has Returned To California Home—Trips Are Merely "Health Vacations"

BY HELEN SCOTT

EVER since Rudy Vallee married Fay Webb, daughter of a Santa Monica (Cal.) city official, the gossips have been busy hinting that they are on the verge of separation. Though their close friends have scoffed at such insinuations, outsiders have called attention to the fact that, in the short span of their married life, Fay has made three trips back to the home of her family after short "visits" with her husband in New York. The gossips' guess was that the popular crooner and his bride were quarreling and making up.

But lately there have been whispers of a more serious, poignant explanation back of these marital vacations of the Vallees—a memorable love story that comes straight from Santa Monica friends of the couple:

Fay Vallee's health is a constant worry to herself, her husband and her family. A victim of "low resistance," she must constantly be on her guard against contracting any dangerous illness—such an illness, say, as attacked Lila Lee and Renée Adorée. She must have a great deal of sunshine, rest and outdoor life. When she first met and fell in love with the radio singer, during the time he was making "The Vagabond Lover" in Hollywood, Fay told him of her delicate health, but Rudy refused to let that make any difference. He wanted to marry Fay immediately, before he returned to New York, but she wanted to be sure that he knew his own mind. She said, "Let's wait a few weeks, anyway."

Not long after, she followed him to New York—and they were married, surprising millions of Vallee admirers. Being the bride of such a popular entertainer, the new Mrs. Vallee had to attend a constant round of parties in her honor. Rudy's entire life is night-life—his radio, night-club and theatre engagements. Fay, anxious and happy to be at the side of her husband, attempted to keep up the pace as long as she could stand it, physically—and then it was necessary for her to return to the quiet of her California home.

Three times Fay has had to return to the home of her parents in order to regain the strength that has been expended in living up to the busy and exciting rôle of being Rudy Vallee's wife!

Fay became so ill on her last visit to Rudy, and the crooner of love songs became so alarmed, that he insisted she return to her parents for a long "vacation." He promised that he would arrange for a vacation, himself. Fay did not see how it could be done—but love can always find a way. Rudy has just been with her, ending rumors.

Worried about the health of his bride (right), Rudy insisted that she go back to California for a "good, long rest" and joined her there—thus ending rumors that they were on the verge of divorce

MILLIONAIRE CABLES PROPOSAL — VIRGINIA CHERRILL SAYS "YES"

Chaplin's Leading Lady In "City Lights" Sails For Wedding In South Seas—Bridegroom One Of America's Wealthiest Men

BY JANE MATTHEWS

Friends say it was a case of "love at first sight" with both Virginia Cherrill and her millionaire suitor. And if she hadn't quarreled with her "fiancé," she might never have met Stewart!

VIRGINIA CHERRILL, who crashed into movie prominence opposite Charlie Chaplin in "City Lights," is the latest screen beauty to win a millionaire—and, appropriately enough, the setting for the wedding is the Society Islands. Along with the Douglas Fairbanks troupe headed for the South Seas to film "Tropic Nights," she sailed to meet the Vincent Astor yacht at Tahiti—and to become the bride of William Rhinelander Stewart, New York socialite.

Besides belonging to the Four Hundred, Mr. Stewart is one of the wealthiest men in America. His mother, upon her death a few years ago, left many millions to be divided between her two children—William and his sister, Anita, Duchess de Braganza, wife of the pretender to the throne of Portugal.

Several years ago, Stewart married Laura Biddle of the prominent Philadelphia family, and their wedding was an international social event. Almost from the beginning, however, their union was an unhappy one, and two years ago they were divorced, on the grounds of "incompatibility." Her marriage to Stewart is also Virginia Cherrill's second venture into matrimony. While in her early teens, she wed Irving Adler, Chicago attorney. Their marriage went a-glimmering when Virginia went to the Coast to visit her Chicago chum, Sue Carol, and stayed to enter the movies.

Acme

William Rhinelander Stewart proposed wedding on Astor yacht

While playing opposite Chaplin, her name was romantically coupled with his, as is usual with Chaplin and his leading ladies. Later, there was talk of an "engagement" to Buster West, comedian. But Virginia's biggest romance was with Tommy Lee, son of a wealthy West Coast family. Wedding bells were confidently expected, but about six months ago they had a misunderstanding and Virginia went away for a visit to New York. It was there that she met William Rhinelander Stewart—and their close friends say it was a case of love at first sight.

Upon Virginia's return to Hollywood, she was bombarded with cables from Stewart, who was cruising on the yacht of Vincent Astor. When the lovely blonde girl finally consented to join the party, the papers were full of the news that Stewart and Miss Cherrill would be married aboard the Astor yacht, the ceremony to be performed by Vincent Astor, himself, in his capacity of captain.

The peculiar part about this story is that Virginia hardly had time to reach Tahiti before reports appeared in the papers that the Astor yacht was back in American waters. The reports, however, did not state that Mr. Stewart was still aboard. The inference was that he was still cruising somewhere in the South Seas, waiting for his bride.

If the Astor yacht is back in American waters, should we believe an earlier report that Mrs. Astor objected to having the wedding on board the yacht, because of the publicity that would result?

It is not exactly uncommon for pretty movie girls to marry wealthy men. Constance Talmadge married the enormously rich Townsend Netcher of Chicago; the same city furnished an equally wealthy and charming young husband, Edward Hillman, Jr., for Marian Nixon; Constance Bennett was briefly the wife of the socially prominent young millionaire, Phil Plant. Phyllis Haver, Gloria Swanson, Ruth Taylor and Peggy Fears have all married millionaires. And now, along comes Virginia Cherrill, who, in becoming the bride of William Rhinelander Stewart, will assume a national social leadership.

WHY DID COLLEEN MOORE AND AL SCOTT ATTEMPT SECRET WEDDING?

Former Screen Favorite Tries To Dodge Publicity In Marrying Young New York Broker—Both Had Been Divorced, and Romance Had Been Denied

BY EVELYN DERR

Acme

Above, Colleen Moore registers that honeymoon smile at Miami Beach, at the side of her new husband, Albert Scott. Right, Colleen and her former husband, director John McCormick, on a yachting trip when their marriage was one of Hollywood's "happiest." Below, Colleen as you may soon see her on the screen

WHEN Colleen Moore and Al Scott motored from Palm Beach, Florida, to Fort Pierce, Florida, early one recent morning and were married, they did everything in their power to keep the news from reporters. The "secret" lasted just two hours before the Palm Beach newshawks got wind of what had taken place and proclaimed their findings to newspaper syndicates. But why did Colleen attempt a secret marriage?

All her friends expected Colleen and the young New York broker to be married as soon as her divorce from director John McCormick became final (on May 13, 1931). Yet even when the rumors of their engagement were flying the thickest, Colleen denied the romance and said she doubted if she would ever marry again! Colleen is too level-headed to have wanted a secret marriage merely because it has become a popular fad among picture people. There must have been other reasons, thinksHollywood.

Her first marriage having ended in divorce after an auspicious beginning, might not the little Irish girl have wanted to escape publicity as much as possible when marrying a second time? Also—not only was Colleen, herself, a divorcée, but her thirty-year-old bridegroom, whose full name is Albert Parker Scott, has been divorced. He married Elizabeth Eshbaugh, daughter of a wealthy New York stock broker, in 1930 and the couple parted in September of the same year by the divorce route.

Several months later he went to Los Angeles to visit and it was there that he met Colleen Moore. Friends say that they were immediately attracted to each other. They had a great deal in common, also—both bearing the scars of recent marital break-ups. From the beginning, Scott was Colleen's devoted escort and financial adviser. They say that it is through his influence that Colleen has not invested her own money in making a "comeback" picture and that he has encouraged her to stick to stage engagements until she has acquired the necessary experience for talking picture technique. She has just been appearing in "Church Mouse" on the Los Angeles stage.

Her career is another reason why Colleen may have wished to keep her Florida marriage a secret. Except in rare cases, Hollywood still clings to the belief that the public is more interested in unmarried actresses. (Look at Garbo!) And Colleen is decidedly *not* retired from her career. She is as eager to make a hit on the talking screen as she was, in the old days, to reach the pinnacle of silent-screen fame. The general knowledge of her marriage to John McCormick did not deter her then. And with Colleen's fighting spirit, the knowledge of her marriage to Al Scott will probably in no way detract from her "comeback" as a talkie star.

Since their divorce, Colleen's ex-husband, John McCormick, has married again—and the marriage has gone on the rocks. Previous to this second marriage, McCormick was rumored to have asked Colleen to remarry him. But by that time she had met Albert Scott.

PICKFORD'S MEMORIES OF FIRST WIFE HASTEN END OF THIRD MARRIAGE

Actor's Friends Say He Cannot Forget Tragic Olive Thomas —Give This As Real Reason For Pickford-Mulhern Divorce

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

JACK PICKFORD, at thirty-six, has lost his third actress-wife. With tears in her eyes, Mary Mulhern has just divorced the once-famous younger member of the House of Pickford, whom she married on August 12, 1930. She asked her freedom on the familiar grounds of "mental cruelty," alleging constant fault-finding. But those who know the inside story claim that Mary did not mention the real tragedy of their marriage—a tragedy that started with Jack's first marriage.

Old-timers in Hollywood still remember the sensation that Jack created when he brought his first wife, Olive Thomas, to the Coast—and to fame in the movies. The movie colony had heard that she was the toast of Broadway, but no one was prepared for the exquisite beauty of the "Follies" girl he had married.

Jack was then nineteen, and one of the most winning personalities on the screen. His was a desperate case of young love and it lasted without a letdown for five years. And no one who was at the farewell party for Jack when he went away to war will forget the desperate sobbing of Olive Thomas that broke up the party. When, a few years later, the gay, young, tempestuous marriage came to a tragic end in a Paris hotel room, Jack Pickford suffered a blow from which he never recovered.

All his troubles, say his friends, date from the death of lovely Olive Thomas from poison, taken by mistake. He cannot forget, they say, her frantic, heart-rending pleas, "Don't let me die! I don't want to die!"

He tried to pick up the broken strands of his life. He tried to go on with his screen career. In 1922, he even married again—this time winning another great Broadway favorite, Marilyn Miller. This marriage, however, was doomed from the start—by the fact that he was on one Coast and she on the other, if for no other reason. They parted—friends. He left the screen. Only occasionally did the public hear of him.

When he suffered a complete breakdown last year, his pretty new bride, Mary Mulhern, an ex-"Follies" girl like Olive Thomas, became his devoted nurse. She remained at his bedside for weary months, tending him as only a woman very much in love can attend a very sick man, until she almost broke down, herself. And yet, when Jack recovered, Mary Mulhern brought suit for divorce. Why?

Was it because, as she implied in her divorce complaint, she wanted to return to the stage and he objected? Or was it because, as she confided to a friend, he called over and over, while he was delirious — not for her, his wife, but for a slim, brown-haired girl who had been dead fifteen years: "Olive! Olive—"?

Can such grief be true of an actor? Jack's friends insist that it is true of him—and tell of his pilgrimages, when he has been in New York, to the grave of Olive Thomas in the outskirts of the forgetful city.

Above, Jack Pickford and his third wife, Mary Mulhern—an ex-"Follies" girl like his first wife—just after they were married in August, 1930. She has just won a divorce on grounds of "mental cruelty." Left, Jack and his second wife, Marilyn Miller, who were separated by a Continent during most of their marriage, which ended in a friendly divorce

The girl Jack Pickford cannot forget—tragic Olive Thomas

RUTH CHATTERTON HELPS HUSBAND BUY PLAY—FORBES ASKS HER TO DIRECT IT

Couple Outbid Two Movie Companies To Get English Stage Hit, Which Will Star Ralph—Ruth His Partner, Not His "Backer"

JANET BURDEN

A FEW months ago, Hollywood was saying that Ruth Chatterton and her husband, Ralph Forbes, were on the verge of divorce. Now Hollywood is saying that Ruth has gone to considerable expense and effort to stimulate interest in the "waning career" of her husband by purchasing a play, which she will direct and which will star Ralph!

"Forbes is slipping," the chatterers will tell you, "and Chatterton is trying to bring him back!"

It's a good story—but it just doesn't happen to be true, any more than were those divorce rumors of last December. Ruth Chatterton *has* bought a play, called "Counsel's Opinion," and will direct it. The play *will* star Ralph Forbes, supported by Rose Hobart. It is *not* true that Miss Chatterton refuses to sell the movie rights of the play unless Forbes is sold with them. According to the two who should know best about it, here is the true story of the venture:

Several months ago, Ralph Forbes became interested in this English stage hit. He thought it would be equally successful in America, as it offered opportunities for both stage and film production. It looked like a good investment—and Forbes, by no means "broke," started negotiations to buy the story, purely as a business venture. (Ralph Forbes made $75,000 last year, and if that is "broke," then most of us are in the poorhouse. And as for his being "through" on the screen, he is supporting Tallulah Bankhead in "Thunder Below.")

Ball

Hollywood heard that Ruth alone had bought the play that she and Ralph are reading above. But Hollywood was wrong—again

R. H. Louise

Lippman

But just as Forbes was about to close the deal on "Counsel's Opinion," two major movie companies started bidding for it. The price finally became so steep that he put the proposition before Ruth Chatterton and suggested that they buy it in partnership, each taking a half-interest. After she read the play, Miss Chatterton was equally "sold" on it and between them they topped the offers made by the film companies.

The production of the play—which may be renamed "Let Us Divorce"—is purely a business venture, in which they are equally interested. As the leading rôle fits Forbes to perfection, he would be an extremely foolish business man not to play it. And, like any other producer, Ralph is merely anxious for the success of what has turned out to be a big investment and he is perfectly willing to sell the story to a film producer.

"I asked Ruth to direct the play," explains Forbes, "because I consider her the finest stage director in America to-day. It is too bad that her association with this venture resulted in such absurd gossip."

Elmer Fryer

MARIAN MARSH

Few girls are starred at eighteen, as Marian was. And even fewer da what she has just dane—she has stepped back fram star-dam inta featured râles withaut getting thase al' blues. Marian, wha's brainy as well as beautiful, knaws her career will last that much langer. She gaes merrily an her way in "Beauty and the Bass"

George Hurrell

'Fess up, Joan! Daesn't that harassed loak mean you're hunting far the right words ta describe yaurself as the stenographer of "Grand Hatel"? Yau're a different Jaan—and no mistake. Even the critics are grasping far wards ta praise you. They'll be watching far you and Robert Mantgamery as co-stars in "Letty Lynton"

JOAN CRAWFORD

Ray Jones

JUNE CLYDE

Why doesn't June use o mirror when she's powdering her pretty chin? Silly question! That's just whot she's doing—looking into the moke-up box at her feet. Wonder if Mrs. Clyde's dancing doughter has ever thought of giving Helen Twelvetrees a worry or two? Wotch for her in "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood"!

George Hurrell

BOB AND DICK AND GET AWAY

Just give him enough rope, warns Bob Montgomery, and he'll tie work at the studio into knots. Let Dick Arlen be a mariner—Bob would rather be a mare-owner. He's what is known as a polo fiend, now that he owns three ponies and plays on Ralph Forbes' team. He's working on "Letty Lynton" between polo sessions

Otto Dyar

PULL THE ROPES FROM IT ALL

While Bob bounds over the moinland, Dick Arlen bobs over the bounding main—and the only knots he's worrying obout ore the kind the ship is moking. Every week-end, if possible, he hits the deck—ond sometime (perhops ofter "Sky Bride"), he's going to see to it that one of these here week-ends losts o month or two

Ernest A. Bachrach

Have you heord? RKO is going to show the world thot Irene also has s.a.—which stands for "subtle allure," and not for whot you thought. Note the coy shoulder ond the gay smile—ond see if Normo Sheorer doesn't hove o competitor at last! Irene's new screen life starts in "Symphony of Six Million" and "Back Street"

IRENE DUNNE

Leo Carrillo—an Hombre after your own heart

Here's the answer to that question: "Is he just a good actor, or is he really Spanish?" And to that other question: "Why is he the only screen star ever invited to California's most exclusive parties?" He's a gay caballero you ought to know better!

BY J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

Longworth

ELISSA LANDI may be granddaughter of an Austrian Empress, Ivan Lebedeff may be a Russian Count, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin may pal around with the English nobility, and Constance Bennett may bear one of the proudest titles in all France—but did you know that there is only one screen star who is ever admitted to the aristocracy of old California, itself? And that this star is none other than Leo Carrillo, Hollywood's gayest caballero and the star who has the most colorful background of them all, perhaps?

When the Del Valles, the Bandinis, the Vallejos and the Dominguez' and other proud scions of California's First Families gather to hold *fiesta*, only Carrillo, of all the élite of filmdom, is invited. (And maybe this doesn't burn up some of the other stars!) But I ask you to remember that his name is pronounced Car-ree-yo, not Carrill-o, and that he is the great-great-grandson of one of California's first provincial governors and descendant of Juan Leon Carrillo, who landed with the *conquistadores* of Cortez to sack the treasure troves of the Aztecs.

"My ancestors?" Don Leo lifts an eloquent eyebrow. "Yes, but do not blame me. I am proud of them, *si*, but after all it is what one does with one's own life that counts."

A strange and fascinating personality, this son of old Spanish California. In spite of his proud ancestry, he is, above all, human and close to the people. He is equally at home with governors and with gangsters, numbering several of each among his intimate friends. The Mexican peons whom he often invites to his home are treated with the same gracious, old-world courtesy he accords the wealthy and the famous.

As Young As They Come

MY FIRST glimpse of him was at the preview of his picture, "Homicide Squad," held in Glendale. Unable to find a seat, he had joined a group of ragged urchins who squatted in the aisles, and was enjoying himself with all the gusto of a youngster at a circus. They didn't know who he was, but he got along with them like a pal. There is something infectious about his exuberance. Maybe you have caught it, too.

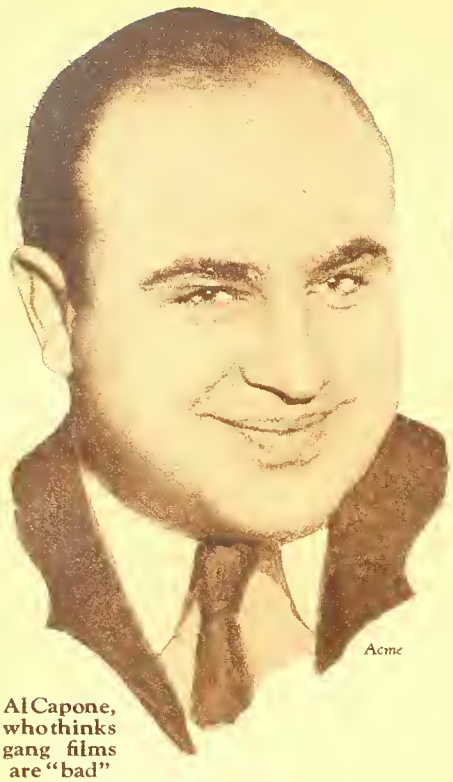
He is an author and an artist, as well as an actor—so he has three outlets for this exuberance; and he's about to adopt a young boy, to have still another outlet. His romantic history of early California is considered a classic. Besides English and Spanish, he speaks Italian, Chinese and Japanese fluently, and he attributes the success of his screen characterizations to his intimate contact with people of all classes, races and creeds. Jack London was his friend, and he was with O. Henry just before the great short-story writer died. Like them, he is a keen student of human nature.

The name of Carrillo is one that is stamped indelibly upon the history of California. Don Leo is related by either blood or marriage to the majority of those proud families whose cattle roamed the hills in uncounted thousands and who measured their land holdings by the square mile in the days before the *gringo* came. His great-great-grandfather, Don Carlos Antonio Carrillo, was one of the first governors of this vast Mexican province, in 1837-38, and was married to Don Leo's great-great-grandmother in old Carmel Mission by Fra Junipero Serra, founder of the missions in the late Eighteenth Century. Their marriage was made possible by special dispensation of King Carlos, the Third, of Spain.

On the other side of his family tree is the great and

(*Continued on page 68*)

Shall the Orders from the



Al Capone, who thinks gang films are "bad"

This article will electrify you—it will make you ever printed in a screen magazine. It is the true, ever attempted in the movies and the greatest public. "Certain interests" don't want you to

What Influences Have Worked to Keep "Scarface" from You?

Al Capone says: "I think these gangster pictures should be stopped. They are bad for the kiddies."

Does gangdom think it would be "bad" for YOU to see "Scarface" and the absolutely faithful reproductions of such gang crimes as:

The St. Valentine's Day Massacre?
The Killing of "Big Jim" Colosimo?
The Murder of Tony Lombardi?
The Hospital Shooting of "Legs" Diamond?
The Baby-Killings in New York?
The Capture of "Two-Gun" Crowley?

Who is trying to suppress "Scarface"—the one gang picture in which every incident is taken from the newspapers?

"Scarface" is more than another gangster picture: it is a courageous exposé of gangland—an exposé that may wake up America at last to the menace of the underworld. We have seen it; we know. But certain powerful interests are determined that YOU shall never see it. What these interests are, you may decide for yourself after reading this bold and fearless article. If, after you have read it, you agree with us that you should see the truths that they are trying to keep from you, DEMAND TO SEE THIS PICTURE at your neighborhood theatre.—Editor.

GANGDOM has challenged the movies! Lifting its ugly head, the world of racketeering has put the finger on the picture business. The producers are to be told what films they can or cannot make, or else—

These statements are no figments of a press-agent's imagination. The situation is here! It exists in the mysterious campaign to ban "Scarface," Howard Hughes' masterly exposé of gangdom. Other producers have made gang pictures before—and since—"Scarface" was made, and no one bothered them. Why, then, this insidious but determined effort to cut or ban entirely this terrific indictment of gang rule in America? *Who is afraid of its effect upon the public?*

Let us tell you what happened. Here, for the first time, is the story of Howard Hughes' fight to get "Scarface" on the screen. It is a dramatic fight, and a fine one, but it is not won yet. You still have your part to do.

Hughes is intellectually honest with his pictures. He never wabbles or turns saccharine. He does not compromise. When he decided to make "Scarface," he didn't even bother to camouflage the fact that it was based on the life of Al Capone. The gangster's Miami home was mentioned; the locale of the picture was Chicago. Paul Muni, in the title rôle, was even made up to look like Capone. W. R. Burnett (author of "Little Caesar") and Ben Hecht (co-author of "The Front Page")—both of whom are authorities on Chicago gangdom—were called in and told to give the picture the works. They did. *Every incident in the picture actually happened.*

When "Two-Gun" Crowley was flat last summer, the deadly gunman, of police for hours. This incident is

What Scared the Gangsters

THE St. Valentine's Day massacre of seven Chicago gangsters is one of those incidents. The killing of "Big Jim" Colosimo in his café is another. The murder of Tony Lombardi in his flower shop, after which Capone rose to power not only in Chicago, but in all America, is still another incident. The shooting of Jack ("Legs") Diamond while he was in a hospital is woven into the story, and the finale is taken from the bombardment, by several hundred New York police, of the stronghold of Francis ("Two Gun") Crowley.

By ROBERT DONALDSON

Movies take Underworld?

fighting mad. It is, perhaps, the most daring story inside story of the greatest expose of gangdom effort ever made to keep a picture from the see "Scarface." But will you see it, or won't you?

Paul Muni, with a scar like Capone's, plays the title rôle of "Scarface"

Strong stuff, this—stuff that hits close to home, stuff that didn't have to originate in any fiction-writer's imagination.

Word of "Scarface" got out to gangland. Shortly before the picture was finished, Howard Hawks, the director, received several telephone calls from Chicago gangsters who were "vacationing," as they often do, in Los Angeles. They said they had been told to see the picture, as the "Big Boy" wanted to know what they were doing to his life story.

Hawks' reply was brief. "If you want to see 'Scarface,' boys, you'll have to pay at the box office, just like anybody else." Shortly afterward, a number of Chicago gangsters were run out of Southern California by the police. Before they left, however, both Hawks and Hughes had been threatened.

But then, mysteriously, opposition to the release of "Scarface" began to appear. It first cropped up in New York. The reason is not hard to find: The underworld was in trouble in New York. The Seabury investigation of city politics was getting hot. Shifty politicans in high office were sweating on the witness stand, trying to explain how so much money had found its way into their safe deposit boxes—money far in excess of their salaries. There was an incessant demand that the Governor, and the Government, "do something."

Remember that the boys who carry the machine-guns are not the only

(*Continued on page 62*)

Paul Muni, as *Scarface*, smells a rose and tells George Raft it's too bad a certain gangster florist was killed—as was Tony Lombardi in real life

cornered in a New York armed, held off hundreds reproduced in "Scarface"

Two gangsters call on a sick "friend": an incident in "Scarface," based on the real-life shooting of "Legs" Diamond

Every incident in "Scarface" is based on incidents that have happened in real-life gangdom. This is the faithful reproduction of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre of seven Chicago gunmen in a garage

Some Things Ann Harding Has Never Told Till Now

Did you know that she is "jittery" with Hollywood—that she wants to leave the screen—that she longs to write and go back to the stage? And do you know why she has these desires? She tells you in this exclusive interview!

By DON RYAN

ANN HARDING lives on the highest hill in Hollywood. From the beautiful white house that she and her husband built out of their own minds, she can see all the movie colony spread out below and it looks like a colony of insects. She is not happy in this magnificent house with all the things supposed to make for happiness. She is "jittery" with Hollywood. She is disgusted with "moom pictures."

High above Cahuenga Pass, these great windows, out of which she is always looking and which dwarf the Hollywood world into something acutely small, have given her a new perspective in harmony with an old desire. For Ann Harding has a secret: She wants to write.

She wants to write so intensely that the desire has become a sort of hunger, which looks out of her delicate pale face and makes her pale blue eyes dreamy as she stands before the huge windows — windows that make transparent and pretty aimless the doings of the insect world below.

"I shall probably never be able to do it," she confessed. "That's why I don't feel I ought to talk about my trying to write. But ever since I've lived up here and have looked out these windows . . ."

Bachrach

According to rumor, sensitive Ann is slated to do "sexy" rôles. Can this be behind her desire to leave the screen?

Tends to Her Knitting

SHE interrupted herself with a smile—the one that on the screen deflates the ego of some vapid suitor; she glided from the window with the widely-spaced steps that are typical of her. Ann Harding can turn off her dreams like turning off an electric switch and be practical on the instant. She is above all things practical. She was practical now. She took up a pink bundle of yarn and sat down before the fire—to knit. Imagine, if you will, any other screen star knitting—even before an interviewer.

"It's one of those things to wear over the shoulders when I have breakfast in bed. The mornings have been so cold."

"Hello, Mother!"

A little figure had come hopping into the room—a little figure with two long curls the color of Ann Harding's own pale golden hair. It was Jane, three-and-a-half-year-old edition of her mother, a quickly-moving, tautly nervous child—and a much-guarded child since the Lindbergh kidnaping. Escaped now from her nurse, she was dancing around us, improvising the dialogue of an imaginary play-scene.

The child danced away laughing, to be recaptured by the stolid nurse. A Jap boy, noiseless, as if on castors, rolled away with the remains of our tea. We lighted cigarettes. Small flames were eating at the heap of logs in the great fireplace. Outside the windows, the clouds were boiling down above Cahuenga Pass. It was cold in Hollywood.

Ann Harding has been feeling the coldness and inconsistency of Hollywood—a condition without relation to the

(*Continued on page 64*)

Irving Lippman

JAMES CAGNEY

What's this—Jimmy shoking hands with himself? And why nat? It's a baxer's woy of soying "Hawdy" to a roaring crowd. And how the crowd will roar when Cagney sheds his sweat shirt, puts on thase mitts, ond steps inta the ring in "Winner Take All"! If his fists fly as fost his wisecrocks, he'll score onather knockaut

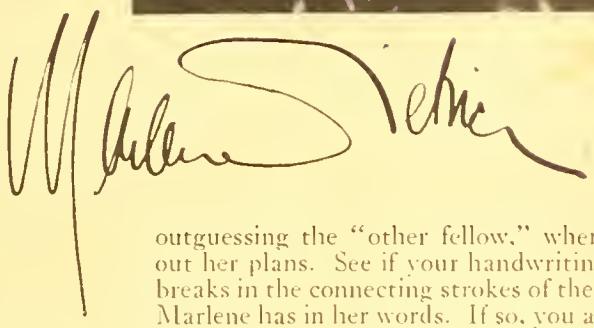
Connie laaks almast shy—as if she's wandering if you liked her as a camédienne in "Lady with a Past." After being everything fram "Camman Clay" ta "Bought!" it was a relief to the Marquise de la Falaise ta reveal a sense of humar, after all. She's naw making "Free Lady"—before taking a vacatian abraad

CONSTANCE BENNETT

MARLENE DIETRICH will have only one great love, her Handwriting shows

Richee

Who knows what Marlene is really like? Louise Rice, who is world-famous for her studies of character from handwriting!—and tells you here what she finds in Marlene's signature. The German star, herself, could hardly tell you more!



MARLENE DIETRICH'S signature—reproduced herewith—gives the graphologist an enormous surprise. For what have all the publicity men featured in their blurbs about the German sensation? You all know as well as I do—LEGS, and not much of anything else. But ask her director and her business manager, and I am sure that they will tell you that they have found her to have a head for business and a good understanding as well.

No, I didn't mean that last characteristic as a joke, although you may think that I was guilty of a pun, which is a serious crime in this country. I mean that she has the ability to think quickly and to the point on any subject that seems to her worth while. Also, that she has a sudden feeling or intuition that is often of great assistance to her in outguessing the "other fellow," when trying to carry out her plans. See if your handwriting shows the little breaks in the connecting strokes of the small letters that Marlene has in her words. If so, you also have intuition and should use it to the best advantage.

Her handwriting reveals Marlene Dietrich as a person who has enormous pride, as shown by the inflated letter formations and high capitals; and there is a dislike of fussy conventionality in every stroke of her writing. Look at the reproduction of her signature and notice the sweep and swirl of the connecting stroke between her first and last name, which is just like a high-flung gesture of defiance.

Also, notice how few of her letter-formations follow the accepted rules of writing, as she forms her letters according to her own ideas and not those of others. Therefore, she will always be happier and more successful if she is allowed to work out her own destiny as far as possible, without too much interference, either from her family or from her business associates.

Along with this energy, we find that she is by nature positive, as well as somewhat self-centered. Also, we discover a good deal of emotional generosity and extrava-

(Continued on page 74)

By LOUISE RICE

U.&U.

ANALYZE YOUR OWN HANDWRITING

Louise Rice has perfected a chart known as a Grapho-scope, which enables you to analyze your own handwriting. It will reveal your proper vocation. Also analyzes love and congenial friendships. Get one to-day! Send your name and address to Louise Rice, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.

The Life Story of a DANGEROUS Man

That's what they call Warren William—because he looks the part and has become a star after only six pictures. He's suspected of having a Past. Here are the facts about him!

BY GLADYS HALL

Would you think, to look at Warren William, who reaches stardom in "The Mouthpiece," that he grew up in an American small town?

THEY say that Warren William looks like John Barrymore, talks like John Barrymore, *is* like John Barrymore—with a dash of Adolphe Menjou thrown in. They say that he is dangerous. He is called a Romantic Menace. With that smile and those eyes, he looks as if he might have a Past. As a gal once observed to me, longingly if inelegantly, "That Warren William—he has what it takes!"

You've seen him fairly recently with Lil Dagover in "The Woman from Monte Carlo." You've also seen him with Bebe Daniels in "The Honor of the Family." You've watched him playing opposite Marian Marsh in "Under Eighteen." His most recent effort has been "The Mouthpiece," which was, at once, his seventh picture *and his stardom.*

How did he get this way? What *is* his past? *Did* he grow up in some Continental city, exploring life and love, wise in the ways of women and the wiles of the world? You'll be surprised!

Warren was born, of solid German parents, in the very small town of Atkins, Minnesota—in such a town, among such people, as Sinclair Lewis wrote about in "Main Street." His father published a couple of small-town newspapers and always wished that he had been an actor. In those days, Warren told me, it wasn't respectable to be an actor. He added, "It probably isn't now—"

When Warren was a youngster, he thought he'd like to become an engineer. But as he could never add two and two together and make them come out four, he decided that he lacked the proper qualifications. At times it appealed to him to be a newspaper publisher like Dad. It would be fun to say what he really thought about neighbors who got snooty when their windows were broken or a can was tied to their old cat's tail. He was that kind of small boy.

He never paid any attention to small girls, except his two sisters, and there he couldn't help himself. Girls were nuisances, cry-babies, pests. He had, really, only one passion, and it might not be going too far to say that he has only one passion now—the same one. He longed for the sea. As a boy his most absorbing game was to play in water—puddles left by the rains, brooks, the lakes that dot his native state. Blue water with a white sail on it was bluer and fairer to Warren than any girl's blue eyes topped by a white hair ribbon . . .

He never once thought of becoming an actor. He didn't know any actors. He never even thought about actors. There had never been a theatrical personage in the family. They were all musical, the William family.

In high school, Warren took small parts in the school plays, but no one ever paid much attention to his desultory and usually minor performances. No one ever said, "Here is another Booth!" Least of all, himself. He took it all as a part of the school work and got through the performances as he got through the Latin grammar.

He graduated from high school without an idea of what he wanted to be. One of his sisters said to him, at random, "Why don't you be an actor, Warren?" And that casual sentence decided him.

He couldn't think of any good reason why he should not be an actor. So he packed his bags, took a train for New

(*Continued on page 72*)

OLIVE OIL...

the great beauty oil

this much goes into every cake of Palmolive

Startling? Yes! And so vital in modern beauty care that 20,000 beauty specialists have united in recommending the daily use of Palmolive.

OLIVE OIL is nature's great beautifier. It soothes, penetrates and *protects* the skin.

But, can you get enough olive oil in soap? Palmolive answers: YES! And shows you just how much of this priceless ingredient is blended with oils from palm trees in the famous Palmolive formula.

What about other soaps? Do you know what's in them? Can you risk using them on your skin?

Palmolive labels every cake: made of olive and palm oils. That's why more than 20,000 beauty experts have, for years, urged its use. They believe in the beauty value of olive oil in soap. Listen to their advice. Use Palmolive to protect skin, to keep it young.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

OVER 30

BETTY COMPSON

"I'm over 30," says this fascinating screen star. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

OVER 40

MARY BOLAND

"I'm over 40," says this stage and screen star. "Complexion care is the secret of keeping youthful charm. That's why I always use Lux Toilet Soap."

LUX

Keep the glorious appeal of YOUTH—Screen Stars know how

DON'T let birthdays frighten you! The screen and stage stars laugh at them. These recent pictures show why!

"No woman need fear added years," says the lovely Betty Compson, whose glorious young charm wins hearts by the thousands on the screen. "Stage and screen stars *must* keep youthful charm, and they know a young-looking skin is absolutely essential."

The stage and screen stars have found the way to keep their skin smooth and fresh, year after year! They use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

In Hollywood, youthful appeal means success itself. Of the 694 important actresses there, including all stars, 686 care for their skin with Lux Toilet Soap. The stage stars, too, overwhelmingly prefer this gentle, fragrant white soap. Begin today to let it care for *your* skin. Escape the tyranny of birthdays—stay lovely, appealing, as the screen stars do.

NANCE O'NEIL

"I'm over 45," says this lovely stage and screen star. "A woman is as old as she *looks*. I am among the scores of stars who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

Toilet Soap—10¢

Hollywood Called It Madness, But Columbo Called It Luck

Russ Columbo used to do the vocal work for screen heroes who were supposed to be singing—but he never got a break, himself. And when a famous song-writer "discovered" him and predicted he would be a radio sensation, Hollywood laughed. Now the producers are asking Russ to give THEM a break!

Lansing Brown

RUSS COLUMBO, believe it or not (and Mr. Ripley has documents on file to prove it), is the twelfth child of a twelfth child of a twelfth child. The magic of the number twelve has spun itself into the entire fabric of his life. And with music and Latin heroes coming back to the screen, it's a bet that in the next twelve months, he'll be back in Hollywood—where he got his start. He has proved that he can get along without Hollywood, but can the movies get along without the Columbo that America has discovered?

It was almost twelve weeks to the hour from the night he was "found" in an obscure Hollywood night-club by Con Conrad, the song-writer, until the afternoon last October when he was called into the offices of the National Broadcasting Company in New York and signed to a radio contract. Twelve short, but eventful weeks that brought him from the oblivion of an off-stage voice in the movies to the pinnacle of popularity with millions of radio followers throughout America!

And again the number twelve! The lucky stars that found him in Hollywood and led him away from an income of fifty dollars a week (some weeks) are commanding for him twelve hundred dollars *a day* at present.

Russ was born in San Francisco on a rainy day in 1908. An electrical storm had devastated the city's telephone system, and Russ's father still swears to the story that it took twelve attempts to get word to the family physician that his presence was an immediate necessity.

By PAUL YAWITZ

His Real Name

THE nervous and distraught parent was so elated that his twelfth child was a son that he decided to give the infant an imposing name—and so the future Romeo was christened Ruggerio Eugenio di Rodolpho Columbo. The family, incidentally, traces its lineage back to the great Italian discoverer, for whom is claimed the relationship of a great-to-the-nth-degree-grandfather. Expediency soon cut the long name down to "Russ," although his mother and father to this day call him "Ruggerio Eugenio." It is a matter of ritual and superstition with them.

When Russ was five, his family moved to Philadelphia, where his father engaged in the private banking business. The bank was a small one in the Italian quarters of the city. In a tenement house next-door to the bank lived one Antonio Laveri, a teacher of music, who had been in this country but a few years. In Rome, Laveri had been a famous voice and music teacher and it was to his garret quarters that Columbo, Sr., took his son for a musical education.

In short order Russ was playing a guitar that was almost as large as himself, and before the first twelve months of his instruction had been completed, the lad was singing the Italian operas with a display of talent that was unique for one of his immature years. Financial reverses and the death of two of his brothers compelled the Columbo family to return Westward, and this time they settled in the growing village of Hollywood. Russ's father went into the con-

(*Continued on page 80*)

"Sure, I use Colgate's! I like it . . . that's why!"

She's a good scout—*my* mother is! She's going to be tickled pink when she sees these two beauts—even if I did tear my pants a little comin' through Bailey's fence. Ma believes in lettin' a feller do things the way he *likes* to do 'em. That's why she buys me Colgate's to brush my teeth with. I *like* it—that's why. Boy—does it taste keen! I guess mother knows what she's doin'. Doctor Ellis told her there ain't *any* toothpaste can beat Colgate's for keeping teeth clean—says more people use it than any other kind. An' Ma says 'cause Colgate's only costs a quarter—mebbe she's savin' to buy me a new fish pole. Anyhow—she don't have to bother about me brushin' my teeth reg'lar—so I guess *she's* satisfied, too.

Would you like this picture of the little fisherman, in full color, without advertising matter, suitable for framing? We'll gladly send you one, without cost. Address: Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company Dept. 151, P. O. Box 1143, Chicago, Illinois.

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association—and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

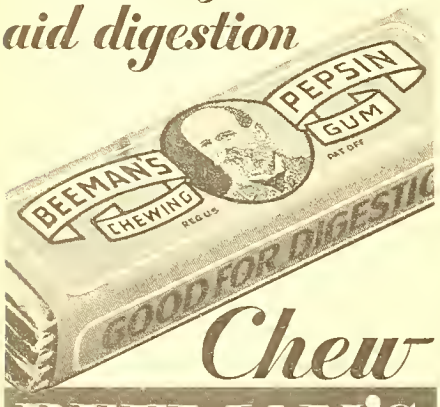
ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

chosen Queen!

THEY called her names, they teased her and left her out of their games and class plays. "She is such an unattractive child" the teacher said . . . And then Alice's mother found a way to end the child's indigestion.

The difference is great between a smiling, healthy person and one who is handicapped by indigestion, but the cause may be slight. Often Beeman's Pepsin Gum will relieve the condition. Dr. Beeman had a great idea in putting pepsin in this gum. Chew it every day. The flavor is delicious.

Especially made to aid digestion



Chew
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

Who Are the NEW Garbos of the Screen?

(*Continued from page 21*)

in London, two years after her début, was starred in three English pictures. She also made pictures in Germany, which may account for the rumor that she had "understudied" Marlene Dietrich in that country. This is not true. Sari has never done stage work and was better known as a film star in Europe than Marlene.

Sari (whose name is pronounced Shar-ee Mar-eet-za) says she does not want to do mysterious, exotic rôles in American pictures. She believes her *forte* to be light comedy, and her first Paramount picture, in which she will be featured, not starred, is likely to be "The Girl in the Headlines." This will offer little Maritza something of a Nancy Carroll rôle—the innocent little girl who is mistaken for a "lady with a past." She should be plenty interesting—even though Sari is a cinch not to cause Garbo a single haunted night.

The One Who's Most Like Garbo

AT Universal, they are equally anxious to preserve Tala Birell from the hatchets of those who insist there can be only one Garbo. According to Tala, herself, nothing will make her so miserable as to be compared to Garbo. But in spite of all that Universal or Tala can do, she is bound to evoke comparisons.

She is more of an authentic exotic than Sari Maritza. She is calm and quiet—which necessarily spells mystery to Hollywood. She is blonde, tall, willowy, unusual looking. She lives quietly with her sister and has never attended a Hollywood party—from natural choice. But such isolation is so definitely stamped a part of the Garbo legend that it will be difficult for Tala to deny that, in this at least, she is like Garbo.

At first glance, she is not beautiful—but her face is singularly fascinating. Her movements have an awkward grace. Her figure is commonly termed "boyish." (Incidentally, she is the first of all the foreign charmers to have the Garbo figure.) She seems shy and anxious to be agreeable and liked—one of the few ways in which she differs from Garbo.

She was born Natalie Bierl in Bucharest, Roumania, in 1908. Her family was in prosperous circumstances during the early years of her life and Natalie, or Tala, enjoyed the finest schooling available. Financial disaster overtook her father when Tala was about ten and, from then on, things were very hard for the little family. Her mother who, before her marriage to Mr. Bierl, was the Baroness Sahaydahowska of Poland, accepted any kind of work that would mean bread and a roof over the head of Tala and her sister. To this day, Tala's chief ambition is to make so much money in pictures that her mother can live in luxury for the rest of her life.

She became interested in the stage at the age of fifteen, and through her vocal teacher she managed to get an engagement in "Madame Pompadour." Max Reinhardt saw her in this small rôle and signed her immediately for the lead in "Es Liegt in der Luft" in Berlin. Her success was instantaneous and she alternated European stage productions with European films.

How Talented Tala Is

ALMOST a year ago she was engaged by Universal to come to America to make the German version of the picture "Boudoir Diplomat," and so intrigued were the Laemmles that she was given a long-term contract. For seven months Carl Laemmle, Jr., searched for a suitable screen story for her, while Tala perfected her English. After many plays and scenarios had been read, it was decided that Tala should make her starring debut before the American public in "Mountains in Flame." In this, she plays a peasant girl; but in "Nana," her second picture, she will play a worldly courtesan.

Tala Birell can't escape it—she *is* going to be compared to Garbo—but with a little fair play from the public, she should be an interesting addition to the field of exotics.

Lil Dagover, First National's contribution to the ranks of the exotics, is a more familiar figure to the American public, as her first starring picture, "The Woman from Monte Carlo," has been released for several months. It is the opinion of a great many critics that Dagover was innocently a pawn in a great studio's move to manufacture an alluring star to compete with Garbo.

Her first picture did not live up to any such expectation. Dagover seemed unnaturally repressed and her close-ups throughout the film seemed studiedly similar to Greta's. As another Garbo she did not quite fill the bill. Yet a great many people believe that Dagover's second film venture in America will prove more successful. Even the studio who sponsored her is looking for a story more animated and more adapted to her individual talents.

Pola a Brunette Rival?

RKO heads its imported-glamour list with the name of Pola Negri, who's brunette, not blonde like Garbo. Strictly speaking, Pola is not a "new" exotic. In the days of silent pictures, she was a scarlet flame of interest in the movie world. But her studio feels that in the new, talking Pola a different and fascinating figure will take her place upon the screen. "You have never seen Negri until you hear her" is their boast. And so, because Pola offers a new angle on an old movie flame, she is included in this list of experimental exotics. Particularly since she has a voice almost as deep as Garbo's.

In "The Woman Between" and "Friends and Lovers," RKO was suspected of trying to build Lily Damita into "another Garbo," but Lily just couldn't be anyone but her own spontaneous, gay self. Pola, however, *likes* tragic rôles.

Humorously enough, M-G-M finds itself holding a contract with a girl, who, by no conscious effort on the studio's part, threatens to develop into Garbo competition—Karen Morley. The moviegoers, themselves, have made an exotic of this American college girl who talks with such a deep, husky "Garbo" voice. Karen, too, is blonde and tall and built along the slender lines that Garbo has made famous.

It *would* be amusing if the real, honest-to-goodness Garbo "menace" were developed right under the nose of the home studio!

Did You Know That . . .

Paul Muni, who plays the title rôle of "Scarface" (see page 42), never wants to be a star—as stars can so seldom do a variety of rôles?

Randolph Scott (see page 29) is going to be developed into a Western hero, beginning with "Lone Cowboy"?

Rudy Vallee (see page 30) is planning to buy a home, himself, on the West Coast—and that this may mean he's interested in movies again?

Janet Gaynor, in every picture, wears for a moment or two the "lucky" brogues she wore in "Seventh Heaven"?

Try Seventeen Youth-tone Powder, Rouge and Lipstick . . . if you would

BE SEVENTEEN TONIGHT

LIPSTICK

in the smooth-spreading texture, the youth-tone coloring, that you've always wanted! Moisten your lips before applying, and the lipstick becomes indelible. Three shades.

ROUGE

in Youth-Tone shades, to match the soft tints of Seventeen Lipstick. The smart cases match, too, making a purse ensemble of charm and distinction.

POWDER

that is radiantly different from ordinary powders! Two weights of powder create a variation of color tones, giving an effect of youthful transparency.

Watch Seventeen's coloring bloom again in your complexion

THE most exciting beauty discovery you ever made is contained right here on this page! For here is news of make-up preparations — based on a new ideal — to accomplish results that you never dreamed make-up could accomplish!

Seventeen is their name. And the name explains their purpose — to reproduce in your complexion the actual color tones of seventeen!

All the glamour — the soft, natural tones — the subtle, elusive tints — are there. Seventeen even found a way to reproduce that delicate transparency of youthful skin in powder! (Seventeen calls this principle *Two-Tone*.)

Don't be satisfied with ordinary make-up any more. Don't tolerate harsh lipsticks that have none of the lure of youth . . . rouge so artificial it can deceive no one . . . powder that often seems actually *aging* to the skin.

Try Seventeen! Seventeen Powder, Rouge and Lipstick for quick, youthful beauty. And use the refreshing Seventeen creams daily to keep your skin youthfully soft and supple. Prices will delight you, if you've thought fine toiletries must be expensive.

Seventeen

Your Chance to try Seventeen!

MAISON JEURELLE, Dept. 177, 247 Park Ave., New York
I enclose 25c. Please send me "The Seventeen Way to Youthful Charm" with 5 Seventeen toiletries in miniature.

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HOW does he *really* feel when he takes you among his friends? . . . Proud of his youthful wife—or just doing his duty?

Wives often make the mistake of letting gray hair fade their looks . . . just *welcoming* Heartbreak Age!

Youth is precious. Hold it fast. Recolor your hair *undetectably* with Notox—the new *scientific* way that leaves your hair beautifully lustrous and natural.

Washing, waving, sunning has no more effect on Notoxed hair than on nature's own coloring! Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. Resent a substitute —no *like* product exists. Buy Notox at smart shops everywhere.

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Send for free copy of the fascinating booklet "HEARTBREAK AGE"—and avoid that unhappy time! We will give you, too, the address of a conveniently located beauty shop where you may have your hair recolored with Notox. Write Inecto, Inc., Dept. MC5, 33 West 46th Street, New York.

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THE woman men call beautiful is the woman who radiates health and vitality.

Such women are popular with both sexes.

The desire to be healthy should be the dominating factor in every woman's life.

DR. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has helped countless women. It builds up the system, causes irregularities to diminish, and the regular use of this tonic has helped do away with monthly pains and those black circles under the eyes. Make your body healthy! Inward beauty is the most important of all.

For free medical advice write to Dr. Pierce's Clinic (Dept. J), Buffalo, N. Y. Druggists sell

Dr. Pierce's Prescription

Hollywood Speaks Its Mind About Tallulah Bankhead

(*Continued from page 26*)

another to know her through every-day working hours. We made a picture together in the East, 'My Sin,' and while it wasn't a world-beater as a picture—it proved one thing very definitely. Tallulah is one swell scout to work with. She's never temperamental—except with important people. The 'props' and the cameramen swear by her."

A Certain Exclusive Photographer: "What eyes! What poise! What a mouth! What champagne! What a woman!"

Marie Dressler: "I haven't met her, my dear, but do tell me about her. Is she as original and interesting as I hear she is? Tell me at once all the witty and daring things she says. I assure you I am not too young to hear."

"She's What the Public Wants"

ERNST LUBITSCH, director: "She has color—she is different. So far the camera has not seen her best work. Her stories must be selected with the same care as are Garbo's and Dietrich's to do Miss Bankhead justice. But as a personality she is what the public wants right now—a smart, sophisticated woman."

Eileen Percy, former screen star and now a social columnist: "I haven't seen her around much. Not at parties, anyway. But she must be a real movie fan from all I've seen and heard. I've seen her at a couple of previews, myself. She sits off quietly in a dark corner, usually trying to get an uninterrupted puff on a cigarette before an usher catches her. She doesn't have much luck! Those ushers are really firemen in disguise—if you were to ask Tallulah."

We were all set to ask Marlene Dietrich her reaction to the startling woman who will divide Paramount queening honors with her, when someone tipped us off that Tallulah and Marlene weren't supposed to be so friendly. The story goes that they met at a big formal tea. Just because the girls didn't drawl over one another in a general breakdown of gushing flattery, the hint got around that things weren't so pink between them. Just a hint, you understand, but somehow we didn't stop Marlene to ask her about Tallulah.

William Haines: "She's renting my Hollywood house, and all I can say is that she is one grand tenant. I've met her only once in one of those landlord-tenant sessions to see that everything about the house was all right. They tell me she likes my house so well she doesn't like to go out to parties, but wants her friends to come to her. I'm glad she likes the place—it's flattering. She strikes me as a person of rare good taste."

Why Dot Wants to Know Her

DOROTHY MACKAILL: "If she put dear old London on its ear the way I've read she did, she must be glorious. I'd like to know her."

"Sunshine" Duncan, hostess at the Embassy Club: "You could have knocked me over with a feather the first day she came up here. I don't know what I had expected from Tallulah Bankhead—but, anyway, she wasn't it. She came in late with her manager and took an inconspicuous table off in a corner. I suppose I expected the sensational Tallulah to talk in a hoarse voice that could be heard all over the room—but she was the quietest and most inconspicuous luncher we've had in many a day. She wore a plain suit and a little hat pulled down over her head. And she ate a real honest-to-goodness non-diet meal. I don't believe her figure is as thin as most of our Hollywood stars, bur she seems to enjoy herself a little more—at least, at lunch time."

Joan Crawford: "Douglas has known Tallulah for years and years. We came out on the train with her. She's one grand traveling companion. We all laughed until we ached. Of course, Hollywood is terribly on tiptoe about Tallulah—and the funny part of it is Tallulah is just as interested about Hollywood. She wanted to know all there was to know about Greta Garbo and Jackie Cooper. Her two screen favorites reveal as much as anything the extremes in Tallulah's make-up. Greta and Jackie are her favorite stars."

One of Gable's Regrets

CLARK GABLE- "Of course, I would enjoy playing opposite her—though it isn't very likely that anything like that could happen, due to contracts and things. But the time will never come that I wouldn't *enjoy* making a picture with a star as interesting as Miss Bankhead. I've seen one of her pictures."

Lupe Velez: "Me? I thought Lupe would bust when she read that thees Miss Bankhead say Garee Cooper ees too *meek* as a loffer. She mus' have sense of humor like Lupe's."

Josef von Sternberg, director: "Her screen stories have not been particularly good so far. It is difficult to judge her as an actress."

Mary Brian: "I've seen her several times about Hollywood—at lunch or at the theatre—and I think her fascinating, really. She seems to be one of those persons that other women just love to look at. Her clothes are awfully smart and in such good taste. Personally, I know that when Miss Bankhead is around I hate to take my eyes off her lest she should do something startling when I'm not looking. But so far she has been the quietest and most dignified person present."

Ina Claire: "There's no one quite like Tallulah. You never know what she is going to say or do. I had tea with her soon after she arrived in Hollywood. She was reading a play when I arrived. 'Here, Ina,' she said, 'here is a play written for me. I can never do a play written for me. You would be grand in it.'"

Louella Parsons, famous movie columnist: "The Hollywood writers should certainly be grateful for Tallulah. She will furnish them a world of color. And Hollywood does need color. Imagine the hostess at a tea party calmly lying down on the divan and taking a nap in the midst of the festivities! Tallulah did just that—not because she wanted to show off or be different—but because Tallulah always does just what she wants to do when she wants to do it. Personally, I'm for Tallulah—and color!"

Did You Know That . . .

Tallulah Bankhead denied she was engaged to Joel McCrea by saying: "Ridiculous! I've met the man only once!"?

Elissa Landi's third novel, "House for Sale," has just come off the presses?

Joan Blondell, newly starred by Warner Brothers, lost ten pounds in two weeks—and had to take a vacation?

Stars are being forbidden to pose for photographs in luxurious settings, times being what they are?

ISN'T IT A SHAME?

Isn't it a shame that a girl so attractive, so charming, so intelligent, should miss the better things of life—romance, marriage, the companionship of others? And all because of one little fault. One little fault she doesn't realize. One little fault which looms big—and unforgivable—to others. And isn't it a shame that there are thousands—nay, tens of thousands—who put themselves in her class by the same unpardonable oversight . . . ?

There are two social faults which no one forgives.

The most common is halitosis (unpleasant breath). Less frequent is perspiration odor.

Of both the victim is unaware. Both yield readily to Listerine, the *safe* antiseptic, the *sure* deodorant.

Every morning and every night, use Listerine as a gargle. It gets rid of halitosis. Ninety percent of all breath odors are caused by bits of fermenting food in the mouth. Listerine immediately halts fermentation and then gets rid of the odors themselves. Tests show that Listerine instantly overcomes odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 4 days.

Perspiration odor is the result of a complex chemical action. No mere soap and water will remove it. After your bath, apply Listerine to the guilty areas. The same deodorant properties that established its success against halitosis, render it effective against this condition.

Isn't it foolish to risk social disfavor when you have a safe, pleasant, and effective preventive in Listerine?

Send for our FREE book of Etiquette—tells what to wear, say, and do at social affairs. Address, Dept. M. P. 5, Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR HALITOSIS AND BODY ODORS

How do Dancers Manage?

The professional engagements of a dancer make no allowance for the trying time of a woman's monthly sickness. Menstruating must not interfere with her easy, effortless performance.

There was a time when a stage career was closed to any woman whose periods were too severe. But this handicap has now been removed. Women of the stage (and a million others) use Midol.

What is Midol? It isn't some sinister drug. It isn't even a narcotic. In fact, is as harmless as the aspirin you take for a headache. But one little tablet stops all discomfort five to seven minutes after it is swallowed! And if you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you won't have even that first twinge of periodic pain.

So, the time of month doesn't bother the dancer who has learned to rely on Midol. She is always in line, on time, on her toes and smiling. This merciful medicine protects her from the possibility of such pain for hours at a stretch. It brings complete comfort, and it does *not* interfere with the natural, normal menstrual process. So, it's folly for any woman to suffer at any stage of her monthly period. Any drugstore has the slim little box that tucks in your purse. Just ask for Midol.

Shall The Movies Take Orders From The Underworld?

(*Continued from page 43*)

"gangsters." In fact, such hoodlums are only small pawns in a great game. When they "rub someone out," they are merely acting on orders from higher-ups. Racketeering and gangdom couldn't exist for a minute if police and other officials were all honest. The fact that it does exist unhindered means that gangster money has been "split" in bribes. Protection is sold—by someone in political power. And in this case the crooked politician is just as much a racketeer and gangster as Capone, the late "Legs" Diamond or the late Vincent Coll. (By the way, the shooting of innocent children, for which Coll was tried, is also mentioned in this picture.)

No wonder the underworld didn't want "Scarface" shown to an already outraged citizenry just at the time when Judge Seabury was "putting on the heat"!

When the word went out that "Scarface" was to be stopped, gangdom immediately decided its strongest weapon was—CENSORSHIP. In every state where it exists, censorship is a political matter. Censors are politicians, appointed by politicians, doing the bidding of politicians. And it has been proved—not only in New York, but in other cities—that gangdom can often get to politicians.

The word was mysteriously passed along to United Artists, which was to release the picture, and to the office of Will H. Hays, head of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., that "Scarface" must not be shown in its original form. The career of Al Capone was too touchy a matter to tamper with.

What Capone, Himself, Said

IF you think it is a far-fetched idea that gangdom was worried, you have only to refer to two interviews given out by Al Capone in person—one to the International News Service, and one to Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., which was published in *Liberty*.

"I think these gangster pictures should be stopped," said Capone. "They are bad for the kiddies."

Now here comes the strangest situation of all, and one which is probably the blackest mark against censorship.

At the time he was in Hollywood for the Academy banquet, promising in a speech directed to Vice-President Charles Curtis that "motion pictures will carry the flag," Mr. Hays asked Howard Hughes to show him a print of "Scarface," as there had been agitation about it.

After seeing it, Mr. Hays advised Hughes that the picture must be "changed" and "toned down." The title "Scarface" must absolutely be dropped.

In vain did Hughes point out that every gangster picture for a year had been passed, including some sentimental and sloppy ones, making gangsters romantic figures. "The Doorway To Hell," "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul," "Little Caesar," "The Public Enemy," "The Star Witness," "The Finger Points," "The Vice Squad"—you could name a score more—all were passed.

That "Scarface" was so much more honest and forceful, than any of them seemed to make no difference. It was contended that showing "Scarface" might cause censorship and political trouble, and opposition from women's clubs. Information had been received that "Scarface" in its present form would not be passed by the New York censors. Why? The only explanation seems to be that "the word" had gone out. The public mind must not be inflamed against gangsters and corrupt government any further, at this crucial political time.

A Challenge to You

THE foreword that appeared on the film was a direct challenge to the public It read:

"*This picture is an indictment of gang rule in America and of the callous indifference of the government to this constantly increasing menace to our safety and our liberty.*

"*Every incident in this picture is the reproduction of an actual occurrence, and the purpose of this picture is to demand of the government: 'What are you going to do about it?'*

"*The government is your government. What are YOU going to do about it?*"

This, of course, might be an uncomfortable question to have the voters answer.

Mr. Hays insisted that various shooting scenes should be eliminated from the picture, and wanted a new foreword, advocating a law against carrying guns—a weak gesture at best, compared to the above strong appeal. The picture was to be changed, its teeth were to be pulled—it was to be a compromise that it might get by the censors. The censors, who operate in only a few states, would not be fought.

Hughes had already spent six hundred thousand dollars in making the picture, and he wanted to get it back, with a profit. To get the picture widely released, he spent nearly a hundred thousand dollars more in making the changes recommended. He hated to spend the extra money, but much more unwillingly, he made the changes.

A foreword advocating anti-gun legislation was substituted. Many of the strongest scenes were eliminated, including the St. Valentine's Day massacre, and the end in which *Scarface*, trapped in his fortified apartment, is finally blasted out by tear gas bombs to meet a violent end.

How *Scarface* Was To End

A NEW ending was insisted upon— one in which *Scarface* was to be politely but firmly arrested, tried in a long trial, found guilty, sentenced, and then majestically taken off to be hanged.

Hughes objected to this on the ground that no gangster of note has been hanged, and very few imprisoned—Al Capone was put in jail because he failed to make an income tax return on his racketeering millions. The upshot of it all was that Hughes made the new ending. He injected scenes in which officials made speeches on law and order.

It was suggested that the title "Scarface," be changed to some lofty and highly inspirational title—one that would camouflage the fact that this was a gangster picture, thus getting it by the censors.

After many conferences, it was agreed to use the title, "The Shame of a Nation." Hughes couldn't stomach this, and, being honest and not liking to wiggle around corners, wanted to keep some semblance of the "Scarface" title. He suggested "The Scar." Then the opposing faction objected, and the title became "The Scar on the Nation."

Col. Jason Joy, a member of the Hays organization in Hollywood, went East, at Hughes' expense, with a print of the amended picture. Police Commissioner Mulrooney of New York wrote a strong indorsement of the picture, which was incorporated in the film.

(*Continued on page 67*)

Her Loveliness

WILL LAUGH AT THE PASSING YEARS

For her Hollywood dermatologist has given her the secret of lasting complexion beauty

A new movie star is rising . . . Sally Blane. Thinking of her future, Sally asked the most prominent dermatologist in Hollywood:

"What should I use on my skin to keep it young? What do you tell the stars to do to keep from getting old-looking?"

Here is the advice this eminent physician gives to the stars. Surely this is the beauty care you want to give YOUR skin:—

"Every day . . . 2 or 3 times a day . . . use Woodbury's COLD Cream to smooth and soften your skin. It replaces the moisture dried out by wind, sun and dry-heated rooms, gives the skin resilience to resist wrinkles. Most skins *shrivel* into lines because they are dry. Woodbury's COLD Cream keeps the skin full and firm and supple.

"And, also, you should use Woodbury's FACIAL Cream, as a foundation for powder, and as a protective cream before going outdoors. It prevents dust and powder from entering the pores, and shields your skin from the drying effects of wind and sun."

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How old are you? 20? Then use Woodbury's Creams to preserve the soft freshness of your skin. 30? 40? Then begin at once to use Woodbury's Creams, to put back into your skin the rich oils which keep it from shrivelling into lines.

Buy Woodbury's COLD Cream and Woodbury's FACIAL Cream at any drug store or toilet goods counter . . . and also the other Woodbury Scientific Aids to Loveliness.

SALLY BLANE . . . photographed in Hollywood, especially for Woodbury's, by Will Connell

Woodbury's

COLD CREAM · FACIAL CREAM

AND OTHER SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO LOVELINESS

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NO RAZOR RISK

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Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Write Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company. (Est 1908) Dept 75 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

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Please send me absolutely free in plain wrapper generous trial tube of Delatone Cream.

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YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent. Price only 50c. To pay more is extravagance. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

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Some Things Ann Harding Has Never Told Till Now

(Continued from page 44)

weather. She has felt it because she is, in spite of her huge practical streak, an artist, with an artist's sensitivity.

"Too much goes into your performance in pictures that you're not responsible for," she explained. "Rhythm, timing, spacing—the things that make up a good stage performance—they are all done for you by other people, cutters, sound engineers, a host of others. I think that anything even bordering on the creative has to be the product of one brain." She flashed a smile that mocked the serious words and added: "That's why I'm jittery with it all."

About Her Writing

SHE is jittery with the Hollywood factory system and perhaps that, also, has something to do with her new twist of ambition—her urge to express herself in a medium that is unhampered—her desire to write.

Ann Harding is not presumptuous enough to talk about her first efforts at writing fiction. She does not think they are good enough to talk about. But she admitted that she has always wanted to write. She is writing for the first time now because it is the first time she has had the time. She is working hard at the self-imposed job—harder than the average cub reporter on a newspaper. Writing a lot, tearing up a lot that she has written. There have been so many stories in her life—so many interesting things have happened to her and others she knows. But it is not always easy to turn the vivid recollections of the past into smooth, easy prose—and nothing less will satisfy this amateur craftsman.

Ann has a guide in her work, a young woman who was formerly with a New York publishing house. She is also Ann's secretary. She reads her work and criticizes it. Nobody else—not even Harry C. Bannister, the actor-husband who is so near to her in everything else—ever sees a line of what may be announced some day as a first novel by Ann Harding.

As a child, she felt this urge to write; it was her first conscious form of self-expression. Then she was sidetracked into the theatre—an amazing story. A story of how Dorothy Gatley, working as a stenographer for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, fed up on her job, crashed the gate of the Provincetown Players in Greenwich Village. From then on Dorothy Gatley, stenographer, was Ann Harding, a Broadway star. Beginning with "Tarnished," through "The Trial of Mary Dugan," she shot from one triumph to another till she had gained an eminence in her craft that made her eligible for a fat contract in the movies.

And the movies have disillusioned her, sickened her, made her regret she ever entered them. Now she has to reconstruct her world—the world she knew as a stage artist, the world the movies have destroyed for her.

Guesses She's Temperamental

"I CONSIDER myself through with 'moom pictures' even now," she told me with a smile, the frankly cheerful smile that makes her such good company on the screen. "I'm temperamental, Mr. Ryan. I thought they were paying me for something more than just a face to photograph and a voice to register. But if that's all they will take, that's all I can give them. That's being temperamental, I guess, isn't it?"

"Sounds like good sense to me."

"Not in the 'moom pictures'." She leaned forward earnestly. "Won't you please absolve me from blame for the pictures in which I appear? I have no voice in the selection of stories. And when it comes to the making, the same holds true."

Then she confessed to an unusual thing. This high-salaried star, who admits she likes to take breakfast in bed, begged her producers to let her make two pictures a year instead of four and make them twice as good and take half, instead of her full salary. They merely laughed. They refused her a voice in the treatment of "Prestige," she said, and—"just locked me up and brought me out when they were ready to shoot."

She wanted badly to make "The Road to Rome," the successful stage satire that the studio had purchased at a cost of thirty-five thousand dollars. No. For some inscrutable reason this part, cut exactly to the Harding measure, was refused her. They doubted that they would make "The Road to Rome." She believes the studio officials thought it was over the heads of the public.

"But I think public taste is definitely underrated," she defended. "I think 'Holiday' proved this. Here was a picture of subtlety, abstract ideas, sophisticated conversation—something of much higher calibre than is usually turned out, and it was a success."

But it was Ann Harding who fought for the version of this successful movie that finally reached the screen—the version that preserved the feeling of the stage play.

She's Through Fighting Now

"THE difficulty in pictures, when you have a fine thing, is its translation. A fine thing has to be well done or it's worse than something not so good. I learned my lesson in 'Prestige.' I worked like a dog, digging, digging, trying to do better work because the vehicle was weak, trying to lift it. But I found that material can be so impossible to do anything with that the harder you work the worse you make it."

So she is done with fighting. She will do the best she can, the best they will let her do, and not kick. Oh yes, she had made a lot of money in pictures—and she could make a lot more. This house that she dreamed out with her husband, Harry Bannister—it was made possible with picture money. Their own miniature theatre, the servants, the foreign nurses for little Jane—these were all made possible by Hollywood gold. But Ann is willing to give them up. More than willing—eager. She wants to write. She is writing. That is her sideline. She is still an actress and hopes to go on till she is playing old women on the stage.

"But I am looking forward now"—her face with the pointed chin showed the eagerness of a child—"I am looking forward, not to the next thing in pictures, but the next thing after pictures. I want to go back to the theatre. You can't get away from the theatre. It does things to audiences!

"I'd like to go back to the Provincetown Theatre as it was in Greenwich Village. Lots of dirt and lots of coffee drunk during the arguments in the little room upstairs—but lots of fun and—something accomplished. I would be happy to go back to play in Jasper Deeter's Hedgerow Theatre, a little place in what used to be an old mill. Anything but the commercial—"

(Continued on page 66)

NUMBER TWO IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

"I deplore the false modesty that would hide vital feminine health facts"

"IT SHOULD BE EVERY WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE TO SECURE, WITHOUT EMBARRASSMENT, THE TRUTHS ABOUT MARRIAGE HYGIENE.

"As a physician, and as a woman, I have little sympathy for the prudish viewpoint that taboos honest discussion of feminine antisepsis.

"No longer should this subject remain shrouded in a veil of pettifogging shyness and reticence.

"Fortunately, most modern married women are beginning to demand the facts. They consider it their right to know the safeguards that protect feminine charm.

"It is important that a personal antiseptic should have real germicidal value, while still serving as a soothing lubricant to delicate tissue. Many of the so-called feminine hygiene solutions fall short in one or the other of these respects. Either they irritate and harden tender membranes, or they become ineffective in contact with organic matter.

"In my long professional practice, I have found "Lysol" disinfectant most effective for feminine hygiene. "Lysol" does not lose its germicidal action in the presence of organic matter. With its low surface tension, it searches out and destroys undesirable bacteria lurking in hidden crevices which other antiseptics fail to reach. It is always uniform . . . retaining its strength no matter where, or how long you keep it. It is economical . . . a little goes a long way. And it is safe . . . so soothing that the obstetricians of France use it freely in the delicate ministrations of childbirth.

"These are facts I have verified as a physician. And I am glad to have them published here in the interest of feminine health and welfare."

(Signed)

Dr. GEORGE FABRE

Hoyningen-Huené, Paris

Madame Docteur George Fabre, one of the most prominent gynecologists in France; Member of staff Hospital Hôtel Dieu, Paris; General Secretary French-English-American League Against Cancer; and of French League Against Cancer (Ligue Française contre le Cancer); Member of the Legion of Honor (Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur).

Lysol Disinfectant

Have you a young married daughter or friend who should know these facts?

For your own guidance, as well as for the enlightenment of any woman who is near and dear to you . . . may we send you a copy of our interesting brochure—"The Facts About Feminine Hygiene"? Written by a woman physician, it handles the vital subject of marriage hygiene with rare delicacy and charm. Merely mail the coupon, and your copy will be sent, postpaid, in plain wrapper.

LEHN & FINK, Inc.
Bloomfield, N. J. *Dept. L3*
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me, free, postpaid, a copy of "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene".

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1932

the GOSSARD Line of Beauty

Ribs count...

In the fashion picture. Of course, you don't have to be so thin that your ribs can actually *be counted*—but your foundation garment must restrain your diaphragm flesh to give a "scooped-out" effect below the bust. MisSimplicity's famous cross-over straps create a diagonal pull that raises the bust, nips-in the waist, flattens the diaphragm and abdomen.

The MisSimplicity photographed is of Skinner's peach satin and hand-loomed elastic, with the bust section and flounce of fine lace. Model 9676.

Miss Simplicity*

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. —Pat. Applied For

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO. — Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.
Chicago New York San Francisco Dallas Atlanta London Toronto Sydney Buenos Aires

Some Things Ann Harding Has Never Told Till Now

(*Continued from page 64*)

"But wouldn't it be commercial now—as soon as Ann Harding's name went up in lights?"

"I'd wear a wig if necessary—change my name!" Her eyes expanded—amazingly. Practical Ann Harding was the artist now, explaining her second great ambition, telling her plans to take out a company and tour the provinces with Susan Glaspell's "Inheritors" and "Holiday" by Philip Barry. "They're starving for flesh-and-blood actors," she went on. "I know it. The audiences all over the country, in the lesser cities, country towns, everywhere—they'll welcome the stage back again.

"No ermine!" she exclaimed, with a wide, glowing gesture. "No foils, no Paris gowns. No movie spotlight. No X-ray publicity. Dignity, harmony—the pleasure of doing a job you like quietly and the best you can. That's what I hope to do."

"When?"

"Let's see. Oh, it's pretty far off," she sighed. "Till May first, 1933—if they don't take up my option . . . And it's so much money I don't think they will. They'll come to me and say, 'In view of the so and so and so and so, you'll have to take a cut, Miss Harding . . .'"

Suddenly she was on her feet, waving a gleeful farewell to an imaginary movie magnate.

"Good-bye! You play in your yard—I'm going to have fun!"

So Ann Harding really has two secrets. And strangely enough, for so practical a creature, they are both on the anti-practical side.

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 24*)

THE former Mrs. **Lawrence** Tibbett, looking much thinner and very smart, walked into the Embassy Club the other noon with a handsome gentleman in tow. What most amused the nearby lunchers was the close resemblance of this unknown escort to her former husband.

Lawrence Tibbett has just recently married a woman who is startlingly like his first wife.

The Tibbetts know their "type."

ETHEL Clayton filed suit for divorce against **Ian** Keith and politely charged "cruelty"—always a very nice, vague complaint.

But **Ian** upset the apple-cart by being very frank with the newspaper boys who interviewed him in his dressing-room between acts of the stage play, "Grand Hotel."

"What really fretted **Ethel**," said **Ian** graphically, "was my continual, confounded drinking!"

JUST out of curiosity, **Will** Rogers decided to drop into the city jail and visit Al Capone during his (**Will's**) recent stop-over in Chicago. **Will** wanted to keep his visit a secret, but like all good celebrity-secrets it landed on the front page of the newspapers all over the country.

A great many small-town newspapers resented **Will's** visit to the notorious gangster and wrote stinging editorials about a man of **Will's** public influence even "dropping in" on Uncle Sam's largest income-dodger.

THIS month's news includes a good-sized rumor that all is not well between the **Clark** Gables, and just to show you how

rumors get started, this one cropped up at a Hollywood party when a fortune-telling lady spoke up with the "psychic information" that the Gables had quarreled the previous Sunday.

Such an "authentic" tip as this started hundreds of telephone calls to the M-G-M studio, where the publicity department had a hot time trying to quiet the suspicious press. That's Hollywood for you.

SPEAKING of the trials and tribulations of M-G-M, the publicity boys had their faces red trying to keep people from accepting **Eddie** Goulding's invitation to "come over and watch Garbo work" during the shooting of "Grand Hotel." Goulding, the director, treated Garbo just as he did the other "big shots" in the picture, and if the newspaper folk could come over and watch Crawford and the two Barrymores and **Wally** Beery—why not Garbo? He handed out invitations to the Garbo scenes right and left—but the press people know **Greta** better than **Eddie** does! None of the bids was accepted.

(*Continued on page 60*)

Shall The Movies Take Orders From The Underworld?

(*Continued from page 62*)

Despite this, *the censors did not even look at the picture.* The word had gone out that it was not to be passed in the face of Judge Seabury's exposé of corruption. Col. Joy returned to Hollywood with the print of the picture and it was further suggested that some more of its teeth be pulled and as a result, it was further "toned down."

In mid-February it was finally shown to one of the New York censors, and *he turned down the picture in its entirety*, even with all the censor-appeasing changes.

As it happened, this was a break for the picture-goers of the rest of the country!

Howard Hughes got fighting mad. He ordered the picture restored to its original state, and the original title, "Scarface," returned. He announced to the world that, despite all gangland opposition, he was going to show the picture everywhere in the United States where gangsters and corrupt political forces didn't rule. He pointed out that in Los Angeles the picture had been praised to the skies by the Crime Commission, by Chief of Police Roy Steckel, District Attorney Buron Fitts, policewomen, clubwomen, and prominent criminologists, all of whom had indorsed it in letters sent to the Hays office!

This picture has been held up six months by "interests" that feared its effect on the public. In these six months, hundreds of outrages have been committed by gangsters. Even Colonel Lindbergh had to deal with the underworld in the effort to recover his stolen child. Already the heavy hand of gangdom has been laid upon business. *Shall the movies also be forced to make deals with gangland?*

"Scarface" will be shown in independent theatres throughout the states that lack censorship boards—states where politicians cannot interfere. It will be shown elsewhere—if the public demands it.

Make no mistake about it—there will be further trouble over "Scarface." Rumblings have already been heard in Chicago. In gang centers throughout the country there will be opposition. The battle is only half-won. You, the theatre-goer, must now do your part. As the foreword to the picture points out:

"The government is your government. What are you going to do about it?"

WHAT WOULD YOU CALL HER?

• MAYBE THAT'S TOO MUCH •

THIS girl's husband looks at her with dismay. He thinks she's a sad caricature of her former self. He remembers her fresh good looks. And what's become of her pretty spirited ways, her gayety and energy?

Yes, she *is* a dreary creature! Just her fretful mouth tells her story. Tired and cross from morning to night. Even cosmetics can't conceal the state of her skin, dull and brown-spotted and blemished.

Yet the remedy is simple. For she's merely one of the thousands of women suffering from a lack of *internal cleanliness.* And what she needs is to keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica.

For Sal Hepatica promptly clears away accumulations of intestinal waste, from which health and beauty-destroying poisons are absorbed into the blood.

To drink salines for health's sake, and especially to make the complexion brilliantly clear and fresh, long has been the habit of Europeans. To Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden they go each season, to drink the saline waters daily.

Sal Hepatica, the American equivalent of all these salines, provides you with similar saline benefits. By clearing away poisons and acidity, it checks colds, auto-intoxication, rheumatism, constipation and other ills. Get a bottle today!

Copr. 1932, Bristol-Myers Co.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. [illegible]
71 West St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Date broken because of bad skin! Photo specially posed by Miss Alice Way

So ashamed of her Poor Complexion

she locked herself in her room!

A few weeks later she had a lovely skin—a better figure!

NO USE! She'd powdered and powdered but *still* those hateful blemishes showed—marred her charm. She *couldn't* keep that date. Couldn't, *couldn't*—no matter how much Mother scolded!

Broken-hearted over her complexion. Hiding away in her room—ashamed, *afraid* to face people. That's Virginia when her story starts — but she's a "changed creature" when it ends!

She confesses...

"My complexion has always been dull and muddy and sometimes it broke out. Recently I have been in a badly rundown state, thin, stomach often upset and feeling low generally. My skin got worse than ever. I was so ashamed of it that one night when I had a date I actually locked myself in my room.

"Lucky for me, a friend advised Ironized Yeast. It purified my blood so that my pimples vanished. It gave me an appetite and I was able to take care of all I ate. I gained six pounds in three weeks." Miss Virginia McPherson, 6726 Honore St., Chicago, Ill. This is only one of hundreds of equally fine reports from Ironized Yeast users everywhere.

Many quick results

A radiant complexion is only one of the many benefits Ironized Yeast brings. This wonderful tonic acts on the entire system—helps end constipation, nervousness, that "always tired" feeling—at the same time it builds firm, healthy flesh!

In Ironized Yeast you get rich, specially cultured, specially imported "*beer yeast*"—concentrated seven times! Thus seven pounds of "beer yeast" are used to make one pound of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. The Biological Commission of the League of Nations regards this concentration process as so vitally important that—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—it recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Ironized Yeast is put through still another scientific process. It is *ironized*—treated with three distinct types of energizing, blood-enriching iron. The result is a pleasant, easy-to-take tonic tablet—almost unrivalled in its amazing body-building results. A tonic which helps strengthen the nerves, the stomach, the intestines—adds strong tissue, too!

Tested three times

Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is *triple-tested* for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college.

GUARANTEED: Thousands once thin and sickly now enjoy radiant health and an attractive figure—thanks to Ironized Yeast. If the very first package does not help you, too, its cost will be gladly refunded. AVOID IMITATIONS. Be sure you get the *genuine* Ironized Yeast. Look for the "I.Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form

Leo Carrillo—an Hombre After Your Own Heart

(*Continued from page 41*)

powerful Bandini family, sprung from Juan José Bandini, an Italian adventurer who landed near San Diego in the early Eighteenth Century. The Rancho Juahome, a part of their holdings, was the locale of Peter B. Kyne's story, "The Pride of Palomar." It was here also that Colonel Couts of Stockton's forces met and married the Bandini girl who, with her own hands, fashioned the first American flag ever to fly in California.

"A simple people, those old pioneer *dons*," smiles Don Leo, "and they were like children in the hands of the shrewd *gringos*. They did not understand finance. When debts or taxes came due, they snipped off a few thousand acres of land to pay, as you and I snip coupons. Once my family owned millions of acres—and where is it now? Don Carlos Antonio once traded the island of Santa Rosa for eighteen hundred head of wild cattle, and we sold the Coronado Peninsula, now worth millions, for one thousand dollars, in gold! The vast acres and the great *haciendas* are gone but, at least, by my efforts to please Señor Gringo on the screen and stage, we have a little slice which was once ours—El Ranchito de Los Allisos ('The Little Ranch of the Sycamores')."

"The Little Ranch of The Sycamores" lies in beautiful Santa Monica canyon. Upon it Don Leo plans to build a *hacienda* amid the trees and flowers that are native to the soil. There he romped as a boy while his father served as Santa Monica's first mayor; on a great sycamore tree can be traced the initials he whittled there, many years ago. From the site of his *hacienda*, he can look out upon the thousands of rich acres that once belonged to the ancestors whose clay has mingled with the earth upon which the *gringo* has built his apartments and his estates. There also, Don Leo has a great barbecue pit and as each of his pictures is completed, the entire company, from featured players to scene-shifters is invited to make *fiesta* with him.

His Own Early History

DON LEO was born on Alleso Street near the Los Angeles plaza. His father and mother were married in the "Little Church of the Angels," where so many famous marriages of Los Angeles' younger days were performed. Finishing school, he worked as a laborer for the Southern Pacific to save the money necessary for the art education that was the goal of his ambitions at that time. Later, going to San Francisco, he secured a berth on the *Examiner* as a roving cartoonist and reporter. His beat was the infamous "Barbary Coast," where he rubbed elbows with the outcasts of the Seven Seas and formed the human contacts that are the basis of his inimitable screen characterizations. With him on the *Examiner* at that time, worked Harrison Fisher (now a famous magazine cover artist) "Bud" Fisher (creator of *Mutt* and *Jeff*), "Tad" (the late sports cartoonist), Merle Johnson (cartoonist-father of Judith Wood, who was born Helen Johnson), and Ashton Stevens, famous drama critic. It was through Stevens that he later became an intimate of O. Henry.

Carrillo's clowning among his cronies brought him an offer of an Orpheum engagement, and young Leo embarked on a stage career. By slow degrees he worked his way into New York and eventually to a leading place on Broadway. "Hell Bound," his first feature picture, was a sensation. In this, he introduced a type of gangster new to

screen audiences. "True to life?" he lifts an eloquent eyebrow. "And why not? The character was taken directly from a very dear friend of mine, 'Big Jim' Colosimo of Chicago."

In "Lasca of The Rio Grande," "Homicide Squad" and as the swaggering *Tostado* of "Girl of the Rio," he further enhanced his screen popularity. In "The Broken Wing," just completed, he gives a performance that will make him one of the screen's finest character actors. A far cry from his first New York vaudeville engagement, when he proudly wrote home that he was so popular that the manager made him give three shows every day!

Meet His Guardian

A PICTURE of Don Leo without his ancient and devoted Chinese servant, Ling, would be incomplete. Ling is more than a servant. It is he who sees that Don Leo does not have two spoons of sugar in his tea when the doctor says but one. In every one of Don Leo's pictures, Ling is given a small part. Once on the set, Don Leo introduced the old Chinaman to a distinguished lady visitor.

"Ling," said Don Leo proudly, "has been with me twenty years."

"Humph!" growled Ling, turning away, "too d—— long too!"

A strange combination of Latin romanticism and Yankee practicality, Don Leo retains the courtly grace for which the true *hidalgo* is famous, but can drive a bargain with the shrewdness of a *gringo* profiteer. Near the borders of "El Ranchito de los Allisos" he led me to a small, white-walled plot marked by three simple headstones.

"Here lies the tragedy of my race," he said simply. "On this plot, long before the *gringo* came, these people built their home of adobe. Around them on these hills grazed their thousands of cattle and the land was theirs as far as the eye could reach. You can yet see where the walls of their *hacienda* stood. In this corner is the grave of the last owner of those vast acres. It is in exactly the spot where sat the bed upon which he was born. He and the house he built have both returned to the earth from which they sprang while the *gringo* has built a great city around them. There is the romance and the tragedy of old California."

The old California that could produce a Leo Carrillo—a gay caballero, an adventurer in the field of dramatics!

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 67)

JUNIOR Laemmle is sending Constance Cummings "beeg" red roses all the way from New York!

MARIAN Marsh is stepping gracefully back to featured rôles after two starring pictures for Warner Brothers. Marian was the first to agree with her studio that stardom should come after a gradual rise, built upon experience. Under Marian's softly waved coiffure is one of the keenest picture brains we've ever encountered in a Hollywood ingénue.

WONDER what's happening to little Sari Maritza over at Paramount?

When the news leaked out that Sari was not to do the picture originally scheduled for her American début, the tongues flew fast that her tests had not turned out satisfactorily. This story is a little far-fetched for even the most gossip-loving to believe. After all, the Paramount officials saw many of Sari's European-made productions before she was signed to a Hollywood contract and

(Continued on page 71)

How to win the BEAUTY CONTEST you engage in every day!

Eyes glance your way—and you are in another of life's Beauty Contests! Today—get a dozen cakes of Camay. Use only this gentle, *safe* beauty soap, and your skin will be so fresh, so soft and flower-like, that all eyes will find you charming!

This girl is in a Beauty Contest—just as you are, wherever you go. And if your *skin has the lovely, soft, clean look that always attracts others,* you *will win!*

Fresh, glowing cleanliness—it is the first step toward natural loveliness! But never let any soap but the delicate beauty *soap, Camay, touch your skin.*

Here it is—Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. It is the finest beauty soap you can buy . . . luxurious, gentle, safe *for your precious skin!*

The beauty of your skin depends on the soap you use. Camay—the Soap of Beautiful Women—is a pure, creamy-white soap, free from coloring matter, free from the "chalkiness" that dries out the skin. Camay is so delicate, so safe, that 73 leading skin doctors praise it! A brief minute with Camay's luxurious lather and warm water—then a cold rinse—and your skin is radiantly clean, smooth as satin. Today, get a dozen cakes of Camay, take care of your skin with it, and you will find yourself winning so many of life's little Beauty Contests—and big ones, too!

CAMAY

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Save ELASTICITY *—it makes stockings fit*

Those dowdy little wrinkles at the ankle and heel... seams that ride around . . . do you know why *they happen?*

When your stockings are *new*, they fit smoothly and hug the leg closely because the silk threads are *elastic*. They *give*, then spring back into shape.

But when elasticity is *lost*—then the stockings wrinkle and bag where they should fit most snugly! Seams are apt to ride around and if you fasten garters more tightly to try to keep them in place—then the lifeless threads *break*. Another run starts!

Don't take chances that may ruin stockings! Lux is especially made to *preserve* the elasticity that makes stockings keep their flattering *fit*, and makes even sheer ones *wear*.

LUX

preserves stocking

E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y

Jimmy Dunn's Face Reveals His Secret

(*Continued from page 25*)

way of thinking, the future doesn't take care of the present, and tomorrow is something else again. That is why he will take a long chance for a big thing.

He is really a tolerant, understanding young man beneath the surface. Aroused, he is apt to be very quarrelsome. And when thoroughly angry he has the strength of three men. He also hasn't the best of self-control on occasion. His lips bear witness to that. But, if possible, he prefers to ignore unpleasant things.

According to the shape of his eyes, he is fond of "kidding." What a plague he must have been to the little girls of his school days! He is the type that gets a big "bang" out of shocking people. Not malicious, he thoroughly enjoys telling tall tales to watch the results. It is because he craves change and excitement.

He possesses a short nose, denoting inquisitiveness and excitability. And how he loves children, dogs and cats and all pets! He might push them around and bully them slightly when you are looking, but without an audience he has a great time. He is so boyish himself, he's a bit ashamed of being too "softy."

Hard to Fool Him Twice

He has real native cleverness, not the schooled variety. It comes, instead, from experience in life. Beneath that charming Irish exterior there is a sober, practical mind. Bitten once, he is never bitten again. He doesn't forget hurts easily. Anything that seriously affects his life is very vital to him. That is more of the James Dunn beneath the surface.

Religion with him is not necessarily demonstrative, but he has a real respect for tradition and the deep-rooted conventions. So natural are these feelings with him that he probably doesn't know they exist. His ears confirm this type of mind. He is not the sort to go in for "odd ideas." He will stick by the conventional code. He has much originality, but it is all confined to mannerisms, gestures, mode of speech and whimsies. His inner nature is based on a solid, clean foundation.

But don't think from this that he is prudish. Rather, let us say that he tends more to the risqué. But there is nothing foreign or perverted about his sense of humor. It's straight from the shoulder. Rather than naughty, he is what is known as "downright mischievous."

Indeed, this rising young star enjoys his prankish moods—and with those who don't understand him he is apt to be misjudged. Bubbling over with animal spirits he takes keen delight in carrying out a joke on someone—though never in a mean, malicious way. His humor can be labeled under the head of "good, clean fun."

James Dunn has many possibilities. All of his facial features indicate his care for a good performance and a love for his public. He also knows the value of hard work. Just like anybody else, he might prefer to let things slide by—he really would, you know—but he has been schooled by experience and he is far too shrewd in his gamin-like way to let his chances go by. He knows that only merit lasts. Therefore he would gladly give a dollar's worth of performance for every fifty cents paid, because it's his best investment.

But he hasn't begun to make the most of himself. Frankly speaking, he has had enough quiet communion with his inner thoughts to realize his possibilities. He is a young man in the making—mischievous, fun-loving, serious—is Mrs. Dunn's bad boy, Jimmy.

James Dunn—Profile View

Profile. Mixed type. Thinks a good deal faster than he speaks. His thoughts generally are far past his speeeh, therefore he never fully explains what he is really thinking.

Forehead. Strongly pereeptive. Learns by watehing. Never forgets the smallest injury, but doesn't let you know visibly.

Brows. Resolute.

Nose. Good reasoning ability. Very eareful about things when they affeet his life. Thoughtful when alone.

Baek of Head. Hasn't mueh faith in promises. Doesn't expeet people to live up to their highest prineiples. Considers them pretty baek-sliding when it eomes to helping. Wants results quickly—here and now. Tomorrow will take eare of itself.

Front ear to nose. Has an intense interest in almost everything and anything. Learns that way. Has very good judgment beeause he is capable of sueh good observation.

Jaw. Aggressive. Impulsive. Loving. Not very animal. Perverse in temperament. Likes ehange and aetion.

Entire lower profile. Is strongly religious by nature but not neeessarily a demonstrative ehurehgoer. Hates to admit his real feelings, anyhow, and would rather tell you an entirely different story from what he knows to be the truth. Has an intense love of life and people.

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 69*)

she must have been found quite up to par. Paramount is probably scouting for just exactly the proper vehicle for her!

In the meantime, **Harrison** (dat ol'davil reporter) Carroll says: "Jack Oakie and Sari Maritza still look at things through the same eyes."

MARLENE Dietrich went to all sorts of trouble to rent one of **Bebe Daniels'** beach houses for the summer without the news getting in the newspapers. Reasons: **Marlene** is beginning to have the same worries that have afflicted Garbo strange people hiding in the shrubs and hedges

(*Continued on page 78*)

WHO wants to wash dirty handkerchiefs?

Nobody! Why do it?

USE

KLEENEX

disposable tissues

INSTEAD!

New handkerchief tissue actually costs less than laundering

CAN you imagine any more unpleasant task than washing dirty handkerchiefs? No—and there isn't any.

Why do it? Lots of other women freed themselves from this disagreeable job, the instant they heard of Kleenex.

Kleenex is a soft, gentle tissue the size of a handkerchief. Its cost is very little. In fact, you can use a number of individual Kleenex tissues for less than it costs to have one handkerchief laundered commercially! Thus, Kleenex is actually an economy.

Much more healthful

If a soiled handkerchief is unpleasant to wash, think how dangerous it is to *use!* Soiled, germ-laden...any doctor would tell you to keep it from your face.

Nor should a dirty handkerchief be stowed away in clothing or laundry bags. It is fit only to be destroyed...and that is just what happens, when you use Kleenex. You use a tissue once, then destroy. Germs are destroyed. Each time, you select a fresh, clean, safe tissue.

For removing face creams

Use Kleenex for removing face creams, as authorities advise. Its great absorbency assures thorough cleansing of the pores.

Mothers find Kleenex useful in the nursery. Motorists like to keep a package in the car.

Kleenex comes in many lovely tints as well as white, in Cellophane-wrapped packages to keep tissues absolutely fresh and clean. The package permits easy removal of tissues with one hand. At all drug, dry goods and department stores.

Regular 50c size now 35c

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Lake Michigan Building
Chicago, Illinois

Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.

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Street.....

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In Canada, address: 350 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

After this marvelous beauty bath...

instant improvement in your skin

Every woman who desires a soft, smooth skin should try the marvelous Linit Beauty Bath . . . Results are immediate—no waiting—a delightful bath—and the cost is trifling! . . . Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! In texture it will be soft and smooth as velvet . . . Linit neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

Prove it with this test!

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water, you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands, your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced!

Linit

is sold by your Grocer, Druggist and Department Store

•

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

The Life Story of a *DANGEROUS* Man

(*Continued from page 52*)

York, where all good actors go when they die (if not always when they live), looked the town over, entered a dramatic academy and began to be a *Hamlet*. But before he could put on greasepaint professionally, America entered the War.

Then Romance Came Along

HE enlisted, with the thought that to get Over There he would at last travel on the sea. But just before sailing he met a girl who, he knew, was The Girl. He had been "in love" once or twice before, for a day or so—just often enough to recognize the symptoms and to know that, this time, the fever was chronic. He said simply, "When I come back—"They both knew that it was "*If* I come back—"and parted.

Warren and his company (an engineering outfit, by the way) were moving through France in the direction of the Front when, one morning, they were startled by cries of "L'Armistice!" Warren was young enough then to be disappointed. He wanted to see some action. Now, he says, he understands why his grandfather left Germany because of the compulsory military training.

When he came back, She was waiting for him. There had been no "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" for him. They were married. That was nine years ago. The Dangerous Man is still married to the same wife and still in love with her. He likes to talk about her. He says she should have been an actress, that she should be a screen actress, that *she* has what it takes. They have no children and do not seem to feel a vacancy in their lives.

After they were married, they lived about in apartments in New York. They bought some furniture, but never a home. Warren began to be an actor by touring in a road company of "I Love You." He played the part originally done by Richard Dix. Shortly thereafter came the chance to play in Rachel Crothers' "Expressing Willie" and Warren found that he had succeeded in expressing himself to the hearty applause of Broadway and the critics.

His First "Discoverer"

IT was Alexander Woollcott who first made the Barrymore comparison. Warren was then playing in "The Blue Peter" and Woollcott wrote, "He has a Barrymore accent in his speech and a Barrymore tone to his voice and he looks the very image of the young John Drew who played *Petruchio*."

Warren's Dad read the criticism and was massively impressed. He wired his only son that he had better give up all thoughts of engineering and newspaper publishing and stay in the theatre along with the Drews and the Barrymores. Warren had no intention of leaving the theatre, whether he stayed along with the Barrymores or became a fifth Marx Brother.

He stayed and he went on to such successes as "Twelve Miles Out," "Let Us Be Gay" and was the hero of George Abbott's "Those We Love." He didn't—alas for hot copy—become involved in any scandals. He acquired only one "mistress" and she was a schooner. He still keeps her and one of these days he's going to go places—on all seven Seas.

He began to make some talkie tests, just to see what might happen. He had been the hero in one of Pearl White's serials in silents. He took test after test, for company after company, beginning with the biggest and most important and gradually descending the scale. He could have made his living making tests, he told me. Nothing ever happened. No one reacted. He finally

made one last one with Violet Heming, as a personal favor to her. He was disgusted, himself. And, he says, Violet went over so big that he was carried along with her by the sheer momentum of her ability. He left the cast of "The Vinegar Tree," starring Billie Burke and was signed to a Warner Brothers Contract. And, by coincidence, in his first talkie—"Expensive Women"—he played opposite Dolores Costello, who happens to be Mrs John Barrymore.

"And now," he smiles, "I live between options."

What He Wants from Movies

HE wants one thing out of it all and one thing only—money. He doesn't give a hang about fame or his name in electric lights or in print. His wife gets a kick out of his fan mail and takes care of it for him. He likes letters when they come from far-off places, like Siam or Timbuctoo. Such tributes give him a sense of the immensity of the thing. He feels lordly. As King George must feel when some distant Hindu salaams and gives him homage.

He hates possessions. They tie you down, he says—and he is a vagabond at heart. Strings of any kind strangle him. He doesn't care where he lives. Any spot on the globe would be all right with him. He can't understand people who wrangle heatedly about the respective merits of life in Hollywood and New York. What does it matter where you live?

He likes to play tennis, and does. He doesn't read very much. He and his wife go to a few movies in the evenings. He especially admires Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., George Arliss, Maurice Chevalier, Edward G. Robinson and—yes—John Barrymore. He likes to see Loretta Young, Barbara Stanwyck and Miriam Hopkins. He is appalled at the way some screen stars look off the screen, compared to the way they look on. He was naïve and believed that they were all as good-looking as they filmed. It annoys him when people tack an "s" on his name.

Not Saying He Won't Change

HE is pretty well content with life and doesn't ask too much of it. But if he were God for a day, he'd change a few things—the hours for movie actors, principally. He would also, of course, abolish the prohibition laws. He is slightly socialistic. It nauseates him when he sees one family driven to the edge of suicide to pay their rent, and another family living on yachts and in mansions and limousines.

His grandfather was a Spiritualist. An uncle once got a message from Grandfather. Warren believes that there may be such things . . .

He doesn't know how great fame, if it should come to him, would affect him. He doesn't collect press clippings about himself. He doesn't think that he has changed since he came to Hollywood, but that doesn't mean that he wouldn't. He thinks the sort of thing that has happened to Clark Gable must be a dreadful thing to stand up under with your head steady and your feet on the ground.

He laughs about being called "dangerous." He says that all men are dangerous—at times. And tame tomcats at other times. It all depends upon how they are fed. And he doesn't mean with food alone.

He is six feet tall. He has brilliant, piercing blue eyes—the eyes of a man of the sea, you might say. His hair is thinning a bit. He has a sophisticated, thin-lipped mouth. He looks perpetually amused and a little bit tired of it all.

Some day, when he has that money, he will take his mistress, the schooner, and sail the Seven Seas—he will sail from port to port, from one horizon to another. This is the chief urge of that Dangerous Man, Warren William.

Why so many famous faces are ALWAYS YOUNG

Betty Compson . . .

"When you look old you're through" is a fact all Hollywood knows . . . that's why lovely Betty Compson uses Sem-pray . . . "the Secret of a Skin that's Always Young."

"Sem-pray" erases age lines overnight!

Nothing messy about Sem-pray. The Compressed cake in its oval container is easy to use - convenient to carry always with you. Sem-pray is cleanser, skin-food, skin-tightener and powder base - all in one!

SMOOTH fragrant Sem-pray gently over face and neck before you go to bed tonight - tomorrow you'll find the tell-tale lines and wrinkles beginning to disappear. The youthful glow and girlish smoothness of 10 years ago *can* be restored - quickly - easily - and *inexpensively* by daily use of Sem-pray, the compressed cleansing creme that is indispensable to thousands of skin-proud women who have learned its almost magical beautifying powers. The new oval container lets you carry Sem-pray with you always - so that you can give yourself *many* beauty treatments daily. Ask for Sem-pray at your favorite toilet goods counter - or mail the coupon for sample package and FREE beauty aids.

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Mail the Coupon NOW!

Mme. LaNore, Sem-Pray Salons, Dept. 11-L, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Send me your generous 7-day package of Sem-pray Compressed Creme. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing. Also send me FREE sample of Sem-pray Face Powder and Sem-pray Rouge.

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Spring brings a DOUBLE DANGER

TO THREATEN *Delicate Complexions*

Play safe! Here is a simple, effective way to guard your skin from the treacherous extremes of the season.

"BEWARE OF SPRING!" For years the foremost beauty specialists have sounded this warning . . . Sharp, blustery winds one minute. Cold, driving rain, the next. And then, indoors to the parching atmosphere of over-heated rooms and offices.

No wonder sensitive skins wither under the attack! No wonder complexions become dull and cloudy! . . . Luckily there is a way to withstand these extremes of weather and temperature. A simple 5-minute beauty ritual, now used daily by millions of fastidious women.

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Everyone knows the beneficial effects of Olive Oil — its soothing and toning action on the skin. OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder won universal acclaim because of its marvelous Olive Oil base. Now, by a special patented process, this same famous ingredient is embodied in a complete assortment of the finest cosmetics.

Begin tonight! Spend *two minutes* ridding your pores of dirt and make-up with OUTDOOR GIRL Liquefying Cleansing Cream. Then spread on a thin film of the velvety Olive Oil Cream to nourish your skin while you sleep.

Tomorrow morning, start with a stimulating application of OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener. Follow with OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream, as a protection from the elements and a perfect powder base. Next rouge your lips, using Lipstick or Lip-and-Cheek Rouge. Finish with OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* Face Powder in any of its smart shades, if your skin is normal, or with the fluffy *Lightex* blend, if it is naturally oily. All this takes only *three minutes!*

Lightex for oily skins in the red box . . . With *Olive Oil* for normal skins in the purple box

Free Trial Packages!

OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Products are surprisingly inexpensive! You can purchase generous "purse-size" packages of exactly the same quality as the larger packages, for as low as 10c—and more economical sizes from 25c to $1.00 at leading chain, drug and department stores.

If you want to sample 3 of the most popular OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products, send 4c in stamps for liberal trial packages of the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream and the two face powders. Crystal Laboratories, 138 Willis Avenue, New York City.

OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* BEAUTY PRODUCTS

Marlene Dietrich will have only one great love, her Handwriting shows

(*Continued from page 51*)

gance, shown by the letter "a" in her first name (which is open at the top) and the wide spaces between her words. If you want to get something from her, let her feel sorry for you first, and she will be apt to work with all her might to help you with your problems.

But be careful not to give her a "sob-story" without any truth in it, or else have a shell-proof dugout near at hand when the fireworks start. She may be fooled once, but never twice, and it is a dangerous proposition to try to impose on her kindness. For she is no milk-and-water miss, who will say nothing and turn the other cheek. Look at the long ending strokes of her words and the downward ending stroke of the capital "M" in "Marlene," and then think twice before incurring her wrath.

The unevenness of her letters and the heavy pressure with which she writes show that she can be temperamental, as well as kind. Her nature is not of the regulation type. It is a fortunate thing for her that she is able to let out some of these over-emotional feelings—rather than to keep them bottled up until an inevitable explosion might wreck her life. In my work, I find too many inhibitions and repressions caused by self-consciousness and fear of what people may think. I do not find this in Marlene Dietrich's character, although there is some reserve at times, which makes her inscrutable and hard to understand. This will give her charm—especially for the male sex.

Why She Wants Success

NOTICE the plain capitals that she uses —so free from over-ornamentation and vulgarity. This is a proof that she comes naturally by the poise and self-possession that we see in her work in the movies, in which she has had such success. This shows her ability to think clearly and plan ahead so that she can keep her balance even when she has work to do. She has many of the constructive, as well as the artistic qualities, in her nature and can put aside her emotions and temperamental qualities when sincerely interested in anything. There is a driving force that makes her almost ruthless in her willingness to give up practically anything in order to satisfy her ambitions.

Yet this love of success does not spring purely from a fondness for material rewards, such as money and fame—although there is a material side to her complex nature. It does not even arise from a desire to get her own way, in spite of the fact that she is stubborn and dislikes interference with her plans. It comes more from an urge for achievement that will satisfy her own sense of what is right.

In choosing the director of her pictures, her studio should always select someone she can respect and admire for his cleverness and power. Under such direction she should be easily managed and do excellent work. For, with her instinctive feeling for what is right and fine, whether she has had any special cultural training or not, she will dislike and despise mediocrity and pretension and will probably sulk and do poor work under a person of inferior mentality.

While she can work hard when necessary, she will also want comfort and luxury and enjoy being lazy, "even as you and I." Just as a beautiful tigress can stretch out in the sun and relax and purr like a good-natured house cat, Marlene will enjoy being waited on and petted and made much of. This quality, while it may be irritating to those who want her to do something, is in reality

a very good thing for her, both physically and mentally. Otherwise, she might become too tense and excitable under the high pressure and glare of publicity under which our popular stars must live, and which has shortened so many promising careers.

Her love nature, while very ardent, has the ability to separate her emotions and affections from her interest in her work and her future success. She has the magnetism that attracts people, both men and women, through the medium of the screen—magnetism that makes her hard to forget when you have seen her pictures. This is even greater in personal contacts, and she will have many admirers and the opportunity for many loves in her life.

However, like most of the constructive type, she will have only one big, deep, and real love, in which she will give herself freely and completely. And Heaven help her, so far as her intimate personal happiness is concerned, if she is disappointed in the one she loves. If she *should* be disappointed, she might never show it to the world in general, or even to those who are nearest and dearest to her, because of her intense pride of which I have spoken. She might have dozens of lovers and several marriages but there would still be a wound in her heart that would never heal.

Before putting this character study aside, take one more look at the reproduction of Marlene Dietrich's handwriting and see if you cannot visualize this woman from what I have told you of her character. Just a mixture of a very human wife and mother—like yourself or Mrs. Jones, your next-door neighbor—but with something that drives her on to accomplishment in spite of obstacles and disappointments.

While she has faults and is temperamental, she has endurance and determination and can be urged on to even greater effort by encouragement. She may not always be wise in her judgment—perhaps because of her impatience and dislike of pettiness of any kind—but she is sincere, and capable of great things when she finds the right outlet for her energies. With the right pictures, she will go on to ever greater triumphs in her profession.

Wide World

"Another Dietrich"? That's the title they've hung on newcomer Sari Maritza. But did you ever see Marlene in a bathing suit and playful?

SHAMPOOING

this way . . . gives your hair

NEW BEAUTY

Results are amazing! *Your hair looks utterly different from hair washed with ordinary soap.* Costs only a few cents to use.

FORTUNATELY, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Its life, its lustre . . . its alluring loveliness . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A filmy coating of dust and dirt is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it hides the life and lustre and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this DINGY COATING and let the sparkle and rich, natural COLOR TONES of the hair show.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep this coating removed, the careless practice of rubbing a cake of soap over your hair . . . (something hairdressers NEVER DO) . . . invariably leaves small particles of undissolved soap on the hair, which dulls and mars its beauty.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, who value beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product not only cleanses the hair thoroughly, but is so mild and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified are sufficient for a quick and truly professional shampoo at home—and it COSTS ONLY A FEW CENTS TO USE. It makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . with either hard or soft water, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will be amazed at the difference in the appearance of your hair the VERY FIRST TIME you use Mulsified, for it will be . . . so delightfully clean, soft and silky . . . and so easy to set and manage.

The next time you wash your hair, try a Mulsified shampoo. See for yourself, how it brings out all the wave and color and how . . . really beautiful, bright and fresh-looking . . . your hair will look. When you see it shimmer with "new life" and sparkle with that "gloss and lustre" which everyone admires, you will never again be content to wash your hair with ordinary soap.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world. A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Dietrich Speaks Out for Herself

(*Continued from page 19*)

Lady of Many Moods, was in a brand-new mood. If such a Yankee word may be applied to such an aloof foreign charmer, she was *peppy*.

In short, she looked as if she had risen early, put her blonde head out of her Beverly Hills window, inhaled deeply of the Spring morning, sung a guttural ditty or two in her bath, and arrayed herself in her gayest Spring raiment before coming to the studio to keep her appointment.

"You look like Spring flowers, or something," I remarked, because she really did.

"I feel *goot*," smiled Marlene, as she held open the screen door of her dressing-room.

Like other interviewers, I have been warned that certain subjects are tabu with Dietrich—such subjects as Hollywood's gossip about her, and the "influence" of Director Josef von Sternberg on her career. At first, I remembered the warning. We skipped over the neutral subjects of current pictures—Marlene's and other stars'; of the great news value connected with the release of "Shanghai Express"; of the unusually enthusiastic reception accorded "Dishonored" by London audiences. Marlene, it developed, had seen a number of movies lately. She thought the new releases were surprisingly "goot," taken as a whole. From there we drifted to the influences that go to make up a "goot" picture—the director, the story, the acting, the camera work, the cutting, and so on.

Marlene Laughs at This Rumor

AND then, suddenly, I found myself asking a bombshell question—a question that surprised me—a question that could have been dared only because of Marlene's consistent good humor. "What do you think of all this Hollywood talk of Mr. von Sternberg's influence in your own pictures—the talk that he feels and speaks and *thinks* for you, as the Hollywood gossips are so determined to make out?"

For a moment, you could have heard a pin drop—at least, I could! But when I dared to look at her again, her smile had not faded—it had widened into a very humorous sort of old-fashioned grin! She nodded her head a couple of times, as if such talk were familiar to her.

"Thot's funny, very funny," she said. "Just last evening Mr. von Sternberg and I were reading a magazine with an article that told of how I was a *Trilby* to my director's *Svengali*."

Marlene gave a short laugh—probably in demonstration of how she and her director had laughed over the article.

"I am sure the writer would have been disappointed to see how we laughed," she continued. "I think that maybe he thought such a story would make Mr. von Sternberg very angry. But that is because most people do not understand Mr. von Sternberg. They believe he has no sense of humor. If they could only have seen him laugh at that story! He said: 'It is too bad it is not true. Think of all the fun I could have, hypnotizing you!'

"As for me—I am truly sorry I do not know such a person as my director is supposed to be. Think how interesting it would be to know a man who could so completely control another person's destiny! How nice it would be to have such a man as a friend. One would never weary for entertainment.

Her Opinion of Von Sternberg

"IS it not silly that writers say Mr. von Sternberg has such a weird, uncanny effect on me? It is very true that he is a tremendous influence in the direction of his pictures—but surely the critics and writers must have noticed this same influence in the performance of other players. It is not only Dietrich who responds to his direction so completely—every actor who has worked with him will tell you that he goes through a new directorial experience when he works in a von Sternberg production.

"Notice the difference in other players besides myself when they are working in one of his pictures as compared to their work with other directors. Yet they (the writers) do not say Mr. von Sternberg hypnotizes them. I believe he brings every actor he directs to his heights!" (Several months ago Marlene had told me that if von Sternberg ever made a picture with Joan Crawford, the public would be surprised at the power and sweep of her personality.)

"But," she added with a little shrug, dismissing the entire subject, "I do not pay much attention to such stories any more. At first—yes. They used to upset me. But now I do not even bother to deny most of them. Only one really upset me——"

She had risen now and was moving about her dressing-room. She found a cigarette tray for me and placed it at my elbow. She did it almost subconsciously—a hint

Girl's Pretty Eyes Keep Love Warm

No matter what [illegible] or [illegible] it's the sparkle and brilliance of a woman's eyes that really makes them beautiful and alluring. But dust, strain or glaring lights often make them dull. Most any woman's eyes can be made prettier by a simple, harmless eye bath. It takes but a few seconds. Bring out the natural beauty of your eyes with pure, soothing, prophylactic LAVOPTIK Eye Wash. It beautifies and preserves. Makes tired eyes feel strong and fresh. Use before you go out and enjoy the happy feeling of knowing your eyes are at their best. Try this proved aid to eye beauty. Ask your druggist for LAVOPTIK Eye Wash—the leader for over twenty years. Write for free sample. Lavoptik Co., Dept. AA, St. Paul, Minn.

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No long waiting. In a *few days* clear your skin. End pimples, freckles, blackheads, whiteheads, muddy skin, oily skin, dry skin, liver spots, roughness, redness, sallow appearance. *Banish wrinkles.* Reduce fat legs, arms, ankles, your whole body. Or build scrawny figure to beauty. Grow eyelashes, eyebrows, hair. Beautify *completely*.

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You can try *all* of my beauty aids—or just the ones you need most—*absolutely without risking a penny*. I *want* you to make me *prove* that I can take any degree of homeliness and impart *beauty instead*. . . or take *some* prettiness and impart *stunning good looks*. I will send you *everything* to try my beauty aids *full two weeks*. There are no conditions, strings, excuses. You are the *sole judge*. If not delighted, you just say so—and *your word is final*.

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Your physical beauty is not all. I give you, too, the innermost secrets of *fascination*. I disclose this priceless art in my sensational book "How to Fascinate Men." In an hour you will learn marvelous things you could not discover yourself in a *lifetime*. You will learn how the world's rarest make men their helpless slaves, learn to win love, to control men, to pick and choose at will. These secrets are free to every woman *with her free trial* of my beauty aids. Remember, you have *everything* to gain—absolutely *nothing* to lose. So TODAY—

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of the Dietrich thoughtfulness as a hostess.

"That very absurd story that I dressed little Maria in copies of my own clothes that the child postured and behaved like a sophisticated grown person! I cannot imagine how anything so silly ever started. I did copy *one* dress of mine for my little girl. It was of such sweet, flowery chiffon material that I thought it would be nice for her. But suits like this"—indicating the Spring garment—"and lounging pajamas and evening gowns—no, I do not dress Maria like that!"

As usual, the subject of Maria released a spring in Marlene.

"I try to be so careful of her—that she shall enjoy her little-girlhood like a normal, happy child—as though she were not the daughter of a movie star. But this is sometimes difficult. Just this morning I wanted to make a walk with her." (She quickly corrected herself to "take a walk".) "So I quickly put on an old coat and without a hat or any make-up, I started out with Maria for a walk toward the hills. But we had not reached the sidewalk when some people who must have been waiting nearby caught up with us and asked if I were not Marlene Dietrich. We walked on a little farther and they followed us. I tried to be nice; I thought if I smiled and talked to them a little while they would go away—but soon I found they intended to walk with us. So I brought Maria home.

"Soon I am taking her back to Germany to be entered in school. I want her to be brought up in the schools of my country. They are still a great deal more conservative over there. Children do not learn the things of the grown-up world so quickly. Here—I am a little frightened.

"The other day Maria had a birthday. I had invited several of her little neighborhood playmates, nice children of nice families, to share her birthday cake. There were some candles on the cake and the children suggested that Maria try to blow them out. In Germany we do not know this—but she seemed eager to try. She blew them all out but two—and one little child, even younger than Maria, spoke up and said: 'That means you will be married and divorced twice!' My poor baby—she looked at me, not knowing what the other child meant.

What Hurts Marlene Most

"LATER on, the children suggested to Maria that they play Marriage and Divorce. You do not know how this frightened me—like something sticking in my heart. I forbade them to play such a game—and Maria was cross with me. She wanted to play what the American children play. That is why I say I am anxious to take her back to Germany for her schooling. I very much want to keep her a little girl for those happy years allotted to her. . . .

"I do not know how soon we will be able to make the trip. I hope after my next picture—but perhaps the time will be extended for two productions.

"There is another story that surprised me when I read it in print—the story that I am returning to Germany immediately to make a German version of 'Cleopatra.' This is most interesting—I did not know it until I read the paper.

"Yes, I want very much to return to my country to make a picture in my native language. But I have no definite plans for it. I should want plenty of time from my American contract to do the production justice. None of my pictures has been made in a German version. Mr. von Sternberg will not have slipshod methods used and there is not enough money involved to cover the cost of an entire film remade from the English. When I do appear before my own people, speaking my own language, I want it to be the best I have to offer."

"But we grow so serious," she said a little reprovingly, "and it is such a frivolous day! I feel so good!"

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Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 71*)

about her house, waiting to pounce upon her for autographs when she enters or leaves her residence.

THE day **Bebe** Daniels sang over the radio from New York, her most interested and enthusiastic listener was none other than **Barbara** Bebe Lyon, just turned six months old.

Hilda, Bebe's devoted maid and little **Barbara's** nurse, held the baby close to the radio and when her mother's voice came through, the little tot almost flew out of her arms with excitement. "She kept looking around," relates **Hilda** proudly. "She couldn't understand how she could hear that familiar voice and not be able to see her mother."

HELEN Twelvetrees has never quite got over being a movie fan at heart. The other day we bumped into **Helen** in the publicity department of her studio, looking over some new stills. No, they were not her own. The little Twelvetrees was ardently admiring the new poses of **Constance** Bennett.

COLLEEN Moore and Al Scott finally stepped off after an engagement lasting a couple of years. They were married at Fort Pierce, Florida, and a couple of days after the ceremony **Colleen** and her new husband took the train for California where **Colleen** opened in her new stage show. San Francisco is the town and, of course, **Colleen** will show up in Los Angeles so all her movie friends can see her.

This is Colleen's second marriage. Ditto for Mr. Scott.

FEBRUARY 15th must have been a great day for marriages—especially for former film favorites. **Tom** Mix was married in Mexico to **Mabel** Hubbell Ward, aerialist of the Sells-Floto Circus, on the same day **Colleen** became Mrs. Al Scott.

IT would be a poor month, indeed, that didn't have at least one or two good artistic temperament complaints.

Anna May Wong kept up China's war record by walking out of the cast of RKO's "Roar of the Dragon." By some complication in the billing **Gwili** Andre's name slipped in above **Anna's** in the cast of the picture, when a previous agreement with Miss Wong had stipulated she was to receive first billing.

Over at Paramount, **Charlie** Bickford is showing signs of his previous M-G-M temperament by setting off a few red-headed sparks about his rôle opposite **Tallulah** Bankhead in "Thunder Below." **Charlie** just doesn't like the part.

FRANK Borzage, Fox director, is nursing one pet ambition at the present moment. He wants to re-make "Humoresque" for the talking camera. As a silent picture, "Humoresque" was one of the classics of its day. Now, with the added advantage of sound, the **Fannie** Hurst novel would be delightful.

A child actor named **Sidney** Miller, who recently completed "Symphony of Six Million," starring **Ricardo** Cortez, at RKO, is being seriously considered for the rôle of the child violinist. The twelve-year-old youngster is a natural musician and a natural actor.

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Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 12)

THE young lady was backing her car into a parking space on Hollywood Boulevard. Looking back, she was a trifle upset to see a man about six inches front her rear bumper, making no effort to get out of the way.

She pulled forward to keep from backing into him. He accommodated by running around, and flinging himself in front of her car.

"Please run over me," he begged.

"Of course not," said the young lady, indignantly. She proceeded to back again. The annoying fellow was flat on his back behind the car by that time.

"Oh, do run over me. I'd love it so," he pleaded.

By this time the lady was anxiously scanning the horizon for a cop.

"If you won't run over me today, will you make a date to run over me tomorrow?" he asked.

"Certainly not," came the reply. "Who are you?"

"Me? I'm just Harpo Marx."

No point to it, I know, but that's the way life is when the Mad Marxes are in town.

THE Embassy Club is pretty hard to stir up to any degree of amazement or anything. The other day it happened, however. At one of the luncheon tables was a young lady. Nothing surprising in that, but she wore a monocle. Thus is history made—the first lady monocle-wearer in Hollywood.

Now, maybe, Lowell Sherman will give up his solo eyeglass. It's getting to be effeminate.

MIGHTY oaks from little acorns grow, and famous stars sometimes grow from pretty humble beginnings. Not many players can boast a more amazing beginning in the picture realm than George O'Brien. George doubled for a shark in the C. B. de Mille opus, "The Golden Bed."

Rod La Rocque, the leading man of the picture, was supposed to be attacked by a shark. A real shark was used for distant shots, but when it came to the actual combat Rod rebelled. He didn't like sharks. C. B. listened with a willing ear. After all, the picture wasn't completed, and Rod without an arm or a leg wouldn't be much use.

Mr. O'Brien was called into the scene. A tin back, as shark-like as possible, was strapped on him, and he swam face downward in water. Mr. La Rocque made all the necessary faces. Fans "o-ohed" and "a-ahed" when they saw it. Everyone was satisfied except the real shark which, was sort of hungry.

George got $25 for the day's work. So began another movie career.

THEY do say, speaking of the fans, that Connie Bennett is rather upset over the nasty story a hinterland newspaper printed about her. As she was traveling Westward, recently, the train made a brief stop at a station. Connie jumped from the car and started a marathon to the telegraph office. News of her impending arrival on that particular train had journeyed on ahead, and a good portion of the village was on hand to see what Dick Bennett's oldest chick looked like. A little bit dismayed at the mob, Connie ducked her head, and ran all the faster.

A very small youngster, pushed by the crowd, fell, sprawling, at her feet. Connie stopped, picked up the child, and continued her sprint.

She does feel hurt, and a little burnt, too, if you must know, when the clipping service forwarded her an item from the local press.

"Movie star kicks child in face," it read.

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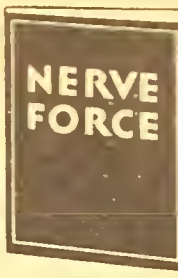

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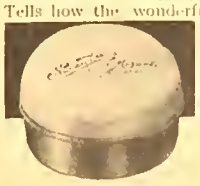

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Hollywood Called It Madness, But Columbo Called It Luck

(*Continued from page 56*)

tracting business, and many of the buildings that line Hollywood and Wilshire boulevards are of his construction.

His First Movie Work

AS a child, Russ played in many D. W. Griffith, Mack Sennett, and Mary Pickford pictures, but always as one of the mob, and the five- and ten-dollar bills garnered in this fashion were stored away in a bank account that was to go to his musical training as he grew older.

When he was fourteen years old, he began his study of the violin. With fingers that had been made deft by the guitar, he advanced rapidly. One day his old teacher, Laveri, wrote to his parents and told them the ways of life had been difficult in the East and that if they would pay for his transportation to California, he would repay them by giving lessons to "your most talented Ruggerio."

The idea was an acceptable one and within a few weeks Laveri was back with his old pupil. Three years later, Russ had reached such a degree of mastery on the violin that he gave a series of concerts both in Los Angeles and in San Francisco. Music critics hailed him as another prodigy, but as is usually the case with prodigies, fate stepped in and drove him on another course.

The family fortune at this time was not where it should have been, and Russ was compelled to accept a job with an orchestra playing for private dances around Hollywood. A while later, he joined an orchestra that played at the Hotel Mayfair and, because of his deep baritone voice, was selected by the leader to sing the vocal choruses.

Picture executives and directors were frequent visitors, and soon thereafter Russ picked up a lot of extra money by playing the violin on the movie sets. Pola Negri dropped into the Mayfair ballroom one night when the young violinist was playing and asked that he report on her lot the following day. For two years he remained with Miss Negri and played his violin for the atmospheric effect it had on her emoting.

He Broke the News to Pola

ONE day in August, 1926, the news was brought on the Negri set that Rudolph Valentino had died in New York. The young violinist was in the middle of Dvorak's "Humoresque" while a heavy love scene was in the process of being filmed. The messenger whispered the news to him first, and the shock at learning that the man who had been his greatest screen hero was dead caused him to stop with a suddenness that spoiled the entire scene.

"What is the matter with you?" screamed La Negri. "Why must you stop playing right in the middle of a scene?"

"Rudolph Valentino is dead," he replied.

The star fainted away, and Russ vouches for the fact that it was no act. For hours and days after she was inconsolable.

The Cocoanut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel in Hollywood, where filmdom's élite gather on the slightest provocation, offered Russ a job with its orchestra and he remained there for a year. One day while he was singing a love ballad, he was interrupted by Ben Schulberg, executive of the Paramount studios, and offered the second lead in "Wolf Song" with Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez. Naturally, he accepted, and was billed under the name of Russell Columbo.

He reported on the set four days later and

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See Page 51 in this Issue

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Color of my hair:

remained for the duration of the filming, but when the picture went into the process of editing and revision, Russ found himself to be a "face on the cutting room floor." The second lead had been cut down to three scenes, and not one of them long enough for the average moviegoer to notice.

You've Heard Him in Talkies

BUT his voice proved to be a valuable asset on the screen in the early days of the talkies. Its richness, depth, and resonance won for him considerable work as a "voice double." And when you watched Gary Cooper singing in "The Wolf Song," you were seeing Gary, but you were listening to Russ Columbo. In "Dynamite," you heard Russ sing "How Am I to Know?" but you didn't know it then. There was a radio playing, and this voice was supposed to be coming over the air. The setting was almost prophetic.

Because of his vocal powers, executives began considering Russ for leads in musical pictures, but on each occasion he was turned down because the test showed him "to be too much of a Latin type." At this time Buddy Rogers was coming into his own because he represented the type most popular with the moviegoers, and film heads were afraid to take a chance on Russ. But with foreign types on the rise again, how long will it be before the finger of film fame points in Russ's direction?

Disgusted with the turn of events, Russ refused to double for stars who could not sing and turned again to orchestra work. He played in various Los Angeles theatres and hotels and finally went back to the Ambassador Hotel as a featured member of the Rhythm Boys. Two months later, a quarrel with the management broke up the organization, and Russ decided to put his savings into his own business. So with the aid of a few friends he opened the Pyramid Club and, although it never prospered to any great extent, it held its own and enabled Russ to strike up friendships with many movie stars. Among these were Tom Mix, Gloria Swanson, Ramon Novarro, Joan Bennett, Eric Von Stroheim, Jack Oakie and Joan Crawford.

What Conrad Predicted for Him

AND now the number *twelve* again. On the night the club was celebrating its first twelve months of existence, a party comprised of George Olsen, Joan Crawford, June Collyer and Con Conrad came in and was ushered to a ringside table.

In Russ's words: "I was thrilled to meet Con Conrad, the man whose songs were so familiar to me and my orchestra. And we played many of his famous numbers, such as 'Margie,' 'Barney Google,' 'Memory Lane,' 'Let's Do the Breakaway,' and 'Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me.'

"The party remained until early in the morning and before they departed, Con told me he believed I would make a great success in the East with radio work, and said he was willing to take me along with him if I could go."

Two days later Con Conrad and Russ Columbo were on *The Chief* bound for New York. Conrad, in the meantime, had tried to convince George Olsen that Columbo would be a great bet for his band, which Olsen was planning to take to New York for the winter. But Olsen couldn't see Russ! "They're tired of crooners—look at Vallee," was Olsen's cryptic way of turning down the singer.

"Well, I'll take this kid to New York and, mark my word, inside of six months he'll be a sensation. I'll have him on a big program on a national radio hook-up; I'll have him with his own orchestra in the new Waldorf-Astoria; and I'll have the picture people hot to get him for a starring rôle," were Conrad's predictions.

As was natural, Russ was a hero neither

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to his valet (which he never had) nor to the Hollywood crowd. So they pooh-poohed the composer's words.

Even Ziegfeld Missed a Chance

ON the train Eastward, Con and Russ composed "You Call It Madness, But I Call It Love," which has since become the crooning baritone's theme song on the air. The pair stepped off the train at the Grand Central Station, hopped into a taxi and dashed to the office of Flo Ziegfeld.

In addition to "You Call It Madness—," Conrad had two other songs that he hoped to place in the new "Follies," which Ziegfeld was then casting. Russ sang all the three and they included "Who Am I?" and "Prisoner of Love," but Ziegfeld shook his head sadly. "They're not hit tunes," he gave as his verdict.

But the saddest blow of all was that he hadn't even noticed Russ's singing. To the great maestro of the "Follies," Russ was just another song-plugger.

Earl Carroll's office was the next stop and the languid Earl, producer of the "Vanities," emptied his partially completed theatre of its workmen and listened interestedly to both the songs and the singer.

"To tell you the truth," he said, turning to Conrad after Russ had ended his audition, "there are bigger things in store for this lad than I can offer him at present. However, if you want to accept a humble offer of three hundred and fifty dollars per week, he may start rehearsing at once."

Conrad thanked the "Vanities" producer, bundled both his songs and his handsome protegé under his arms, and departed for the radio chains. And within twelve hours, super-salesman Conrad had convinced the NBC officials that Russ Columbo was what radio had been waiting for all these years and to prove it was willing to stake all on the fan mail.

A Twelve-Day Wonder

"IF you put Columbo on a coast-to-coast hook-up, within one month the mail will reach twelve hundred letters a day," he insisted.

"And if he pulls twelve hundred letters a day, you can rest assured," the officials replied skeptically, "that his income will be pretty near a dollar for every fan letter."

The only open hour was at 11 P.M.—an hour conceded to be a difficult one from which to draw substantial mail. But Russ took it. On the twelfth day, the National Broadcasting offices reported that Columbo's daily mail had reached 1278 letters.

To-day Russ's routine is a fast and furious one. Up at nine for a ride on his roan through Central Park. Back to his penthouse apartment overlooking Manhattan. A shower and a rub-down and then a swift drive through traffic to the theatre where he is appearing. There are four to five shows every day that last until ten-thirty in the evening and these are interspersed with rehearsals for the following week, rehearsals of his commercial broadcasts and the broadcasts themselves, the mad dashes between shows across the East River to make recordings of his songs on the discs, and the numerous motion picture shorts and personal appearances.

At eleven each night he leaves the theatre and speeds frantically in his limousine to the Waldorf-Astoria on Park Avenue to conduct his orchestra while the Mayfair of Gotham dances after the theatre. At two-thirty in the morning he is in bed again.

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MOVIE CLASSIC

JUNE

10 ¢

IN CANADA 15c

Leila Hyams

Who Are the NEW "GABLES" of the SCREEN?

The Trials of a Hollywood Ex-Wife

CHOOSE your ROUGE SHADES this new fascinating way

forget all about "matching your skin" and select shades to match your Costume

Catch the spirit, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat rouge *does not blot out the skin.* The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds.* Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value.* You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades.*

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same.* You couldn't use *other* shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat *Summer-tan.* For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

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The foods of these modern days are far too soft and creamy to stimulate the gums—to keep them hard. Now they're soft and flabby. Tender, too. You have "pink tooth brush"—or you're *likely* to have it.

And if you're wise, you'll do something about this unhealthy condition of the gums. For "pink tooth brush" not only can dull the teeth, make them grayish-looking—but it may endanger the *soundness* of the teeth. And all too often it leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease—even the rare but dreaded pyorrhea.

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Ipana is first of all a splendid modern tooth paste, and keeps teeth beautifully white and clean. Ipana with massage keeps the *gums* hard and healthy. Ipana with massage *protects* your smile! So today—start in with Ipana, and you can forget about "pink tooth brush."

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MAY 25 1932

THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 2 No. 4 JUNE, 1932

JEANETTE MacDONALD'S Handwriting Reveals Secrets to LOUISE RICE

On page 51 of this issue, you will learn why "no man will ever tame Joan Crawford"—an illuminating study of Joan by Louise Rice, world-famous for her ability to read character from hand-writing. You will want to compare your own hand-writing with Joan's.

Also, you may want to analyze your own handwriting (and character). On page 51, you will learn how you may very easily obtain a Louise Rice Grapho-scope, enabling you to do this.

And next month, Louise Rice will reveal what Jeanette MacDonald doesn't tell interviewers! Just one of many big "scoops" you'll find in the June MOVIE CLASSIC!

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HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

MOVIE CLASSIC *is published monthly at 350 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter July 20, 1932 at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.*
Copyright 1932 by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Single copy 10c. Subscription for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $1.00 a year. Canada $2.5, Foreign Countries, $2.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President and Publisher, William S. Peiss, Vice President, Robert E. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE producers haven't had much luck in their endless hunt for "another Garbo." None at all, if you want to ask me. Dietrich isn't it. She's as original as Garbo, herself—and if Marlene had climbed to fame first, Greta might very likely have been called "another Dietrich." That is, at first. Even Garbo's enemies (both of them) can't bring forward any girl who is likely to cause Greta any loss of sleep during her sun-baths.

BUT meanwhile the search for "another Gable" goes on apace. And with a little better fortune. For one thing, M-G-M may have made a tactical error in having Clark support one big feminine star after another, instead of pushing him up stardom on his own—in a hurry. The studio's tardiness gave their competitors a breathing spell—time to scout around and unearth rough-hewn, dimpled he-men of their own. Every studio has found one; some have discovered two. Maybe none of them will pull like Gable with the public. But at least they have the chance to try. Look over the story on the "new Gables" a few pages farther on—and get a hint of the number of his rivals. Or should I say "would-be rivals"?

IT'S a funny thing. I mean—that Garbo's appeal lies in the fact that she is like a woman no one ever knew; beautiful, silent, inscrutable, exotic, mysterious, all at one and the same time. While Gable's appeal lies in just the other direction. Everyone feels that he has known Clark some time or other. Or known his twin brother—a big, good-natured, half-handsome, half-homely, straightforward chap, with a handshake that makes you rise on your toes.

HAROLD LLOYD, it seems, got wind of the fact that a couple of the studios were planning pictures kidding Hollywood. That gave Harold an idea. He'd offset the digs. So he's making "Movie Crazy," which will be a comedy laid in Hollywood, but won't be laid against it. According to Harold's version, it is a place of glamour and romance, which has given the world the best cure yet for the galloping insanity of boredom. Can you imagine what the world would be like without movies? It would be like Harold Lloyd in a comedy without his horn-rimmed specs—not half so entertaining without as with!

HOLLYWOOD should get ready to slaughter the fatted calf. (But humanely, I beg— as will you, after reading what George Arliss says a few pages hence.) The prodigal is coming home. I'm referring to Leslie Howard, who hasn't yet got any farther than New York on his way back to that rural cottage in England where he was going to retire from the noisy, noisy world. If all goes well, he will do his New York play, "The Animal Kingdom," on the screen this summer. And that, I warn you, will be a treat.

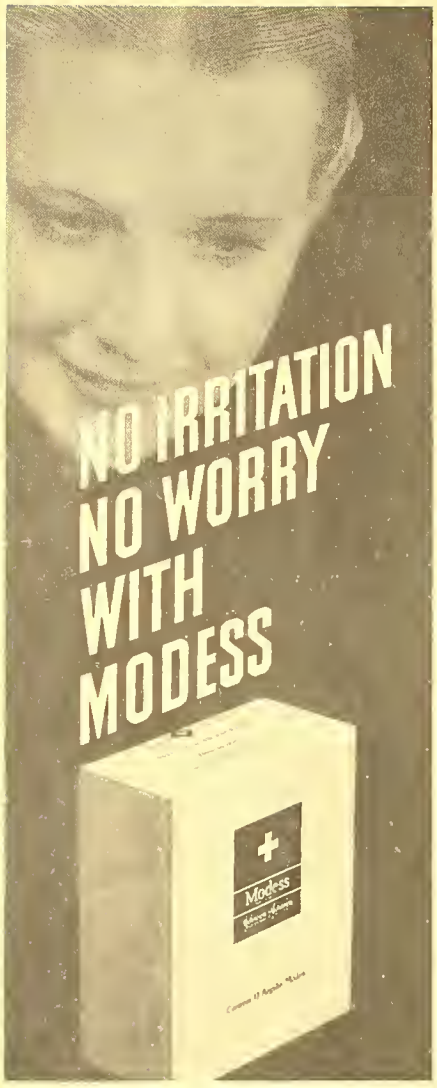
AND, as if to fill our cup to overflowing, along comes the additional news that Helen Hayes also has agreed to come back, and be forgiven, this summer. This, despite the fact that she and husband Charles MacArthur have just bought a quaint old Colonial farm in New Jersey—one of those places that are hard to leave. But once the Great God Public speaks its will, few care to ignore it. It demands Helen. So what can a poor girl do? And may they make her a star—if they have time, before she slips away again!

MOVIE CLASSIC is happy to report, in this issue, that Renée Adorée has fought her way back to health, and soon will be back before the cameras again. There is even a rumor that she may be in her old rôle in "The Big Parade," which is soon to be remade as a talkie. And when the studio does get around to actual production, I hope they'll at least consider John Gilbert for *his* old rôle of the doughboy. Maybe someone else could do it as well as John, but to me (and to how many millions more?) that rôle is indelibly associated with John, and John alone.

BELIEVE it or not, but Johnny Weissmuller is scheduled to do an Arctic picture. What! cover up all that physique (six feet, four inches of it) in furs? Even so, someone ought to send protests to the Society for Prevention of Spring Fever in Eskimo Maidens.

Larry Reid

ALL MEN WERE HER PLAYTHINGS
Wild, untamed... she played with men's hearts as with puppets until she rushed headlong into the arms of... a prizefighter. Society was dumbfounded! Daring the ridicule of her friends, she gave herself to him...Daring! ...Tantalizing!...Smart!
Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD
A FOX Picture
JAMES DUNN
PEGGY SHANNON
SPENCER TRACY
SOCIETY GIRL



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NEW BRUNSWICK N J U S A

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page

$20.00 Letter
Movie Chinese Not So Clever

WHY not genuine Chinese characters in pictures instead of the fake variety which fools nobody and destroys any illusion the fan might enjoy? In a state like California which is so populous with Chinese it ought not to be a difficult matter to select and train youthful Orientals for screen work and when realism is so insisted upon in every other way I wonder the producers do not wake up to the fact that to take a pretty white girl, fix up her features with collodion and other devices for creating a slant-eyed effect, instruct her to affect little, mincing steps and a coy manner, and bill her as a Chink maiden, is merely turning what would otherwise be a good drama into a kind of semi-comedy or farce.

Perhaps you recall the flop which "Java Head" made some years ago because the producers tried to put Leatrice Joy across as the Manchu wife? This sort of thing is still being done, in spite of the remarkable progress being made in every other angle of screen work. Even the inimitable Chaney was not entirely successful as a Chinese, and Edward G. Robinson is much less so.

Warner Oland is about the only white man who doesn't look phony when essaying a Chinese part but with him it is a case of good luck, rather than good makeup. He actually has Oriental features. But why is Anna May Wong the only Chinese girl obtainable for leading parts? Loretta Young was—only Loretta Young in "The Hatchet Man."

D. R. DAVIES,
Regina, Saskatchewan, Can.

$10.00 Letter
Garbo's Silence

I SAW Greta Garbo in "Mata Hari," and I was moved by it. Not by the plot of the "exotic epic," which got badly tangled up in Garbo's "ridiculously long lashes," but by the analogy I seemed to detect between the character of the famous spy and the equally famous screen star.

I found myself wondering if, as there was a grim power, *Wilhelmstrasse*, behind Mata Hari—dictating her every move and mood—there might not be an equally implacable power behind Greta Garbo, keeping her a lonely and loveless woman.

Is Garbo's silence commanded by the roar of the M-G-M lion? GRETE EISENHARDT,
Los Angeles, Calif.

$5.00 Letter
Screen's Perfect Trio

IT was marvelous, it was perfect, it was grand! He was wonderful, he was darling, he was dear! She was adorable, she was lovely, she was sweet.

Who? What? When? Where? Why? How?

The reunion of the screen's most perfect trio! Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald, and Ernst Lubitsch. What a team! They're inimitable, incomparable, irresistible! Three cheers for "One Hour with You." Three cheers for the prince of personality, the king of fascination—Chevalier! Three cheers for the lingerie lady, the prima donna of the screen—MacDonald! And three cheers for that grand master, that genius of musical romance—Lubitsch!

PEARL A. KATZMAN, New York, N. Y.

Credit Where Credit Is Due

RECENT scribes—their name is legion!—seem to be satisfied that the movies are "taking a lesson" from the stage. Perhaps. But, tolling 'em off on your fingers with me, let's look at the most recent successes and see who starred in them:

Richard Dix in "Cimarron."
Ronald Colman in "Arrowsmith."
Mae Marsh in "Over the Hill."
Lionel Barrymore in anything.
Garbo in "Susan Lenox."
Norma Shearer in "Private Lives."
Wallace Beery in "Hell Divers."
Sylvia Sidney in "Street Scene."
Sylvia Sidney in anything!

With the exception of Chatterton and Sidney, a little while back, and Barrymore some time back, these are the Old Guard of famous film folk! What technique, stage or otherwise, could make a better Beery than we saw in "Hell Divers?" Who could have marched through "Arrowsmith" with more *savoir-faire*, than Colman?

How could you improve upon Mae Marsh as the mother in "Over the Hill"? Or La Shearer in "Private Lives"? Or Dick Dix in that turbulent epic "Cimarron?"

You couldn't! "Nothing succeeds like success"—whether your artist be drilled by an impresario, a megaphone, or a machine gun! Whether the setting be a New York stage, a Hollywood No Man's Land—or a Bangkok magic carpet!

Let us, then, give California her due!

DOUGLAS BEVERLEY,
Commerce Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.

What-a-star

"WHEN a Gable steals a picture from a Beery—that isn't news! But when a Beery brigands one from Whataman Gable—that IS news!"

Wally Beery's acting has set a new high for "individualism!" B. P. (Before Prohibition) the customers went "Bleary." Now they go "Beery!"

He has that rare attribute—an omnipresent "forgetfulness of self". . . in these artless days of super-stars, super-press-agents, super-impresarios, super-VANITY!! You must admit there is something about a man who can thus submerge his identity in the master stroke of his portrayals. What a pity that for years, this genial artist struggled, his light submerged under a figurative bushel. But now he's a star. And WHAT-A-STAR!—W. NAUGLE, Omaha, Neb.

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world — through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC 1501, Broadway, New York City.

The most sensational picture since "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT" which was the greatest picture of all time.
Grim war on the Summit of the Austrian Alps. Italy and Austria locked in a death embrace where vast snows are eternal and yawning chasms and precipitous cliffs add to the hazards of war.
Once again UNIVERSAL'S supremacy is made manifest.
"The DOOMED BATTALION"
With TALA BIRELL, LUIS TRENKER, Victor Varconi, Henry Armetta, Gustav von Seyffertitz. A Marcel Vandal and Charles Delac Production directed by Cyril Gardner. Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr. Associate Producer, Paul Kohner.
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UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.
CARL LAEMMLE
President
730 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS

GRAND HOTEL

I take off my hat and make a low, sweeping bow in the direction of Hollywood. For the movies have improved upon both Vicki Baum's novel and Vicki Baum's play about life in a great hotel. It is still melodrama, yes—but so vividly, so excitingly has director Edmund Goulding woven his picture that you are likely to leave the theatre gurgling about art. Garbo gives the greatest performance of her career as *Grusinskaya*, the lonely, famous dancer. Lionel Barrymore, for one—as *Kringelein*, the invalid—forces her extra effort. So does Joan Crawford, as the exotic, sombre stenographer. Hardly less notable are the performances of John Barrymore, as *von Geigern*, the lover-thief; Wallace Beery, as *Preysing*, the villain of the piece; Lewis Stone, as the bitter doctor; and Jean Hersholt, as *Senf*, the porter. Here is an entertaining event in any movie-lover's life!

IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS

To me, this is far and away the best thing Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has done since "The Dawn Patrol"—and is about as different from that as it could be. It is a comedy—one with an original idea, for a change—and young Doug, wearing that famous Fairbanks grin, steps out and proves himself every bit as amusing as Doug, Sr., ever has been. After the manner of Lindbergh, he captures the fancy of a nation by a single-handed deed of valor (as a submarine commander, not a flier)—and from that moment he is a harassed hero. All sorts of women want to kiss him; all sorts of men want to pump his hand; statesmen want to make speeches at him; reporters want to interview him; even his wife (Mary Brian) is convinced he shouldn't be as modest as he is. Besides being amusing, Doug is very real—and the dialogue gives him every chance to be both.

BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK

It hurts to say it—but the picture is also weak. It's another of those Continental comedies—a mixture of froth and spice—and Robert Montgomery again is a charming wastrel. And this type of rôle, like this type of comedy, is the kind that can't bear repeating many more times. Bob and his father (C. Aubrey Smith) are penniless hangers-on in English society, and both are on the lookout for women with money. Bob falls in love with a poor girl (a newcomer named Nora Gregor), while engaged to a rich one (another newcomer named Heather Thatcher)—and, somehow, you can't see how he makes such an error, for Miss Thatcher has it all over Miss Gregor. He finally gets out of the tangle (as you know all along he will), even though he does it in a manner reminiscent of William Haines in his "Brown of Harvard" days. Or should I say "daze"?

SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION

I'm glad I didn't miss this one—if for no other reason than that it gives Ricardo Cortez the chance to come into his own at last. He has been stealing pictures for years without ever getting the break he deserved. But here it is, praise be. Fannie Hurst, who knows Jewish character as few other authors do, has written a fine, though sentimental story of a boy who gets his start in the Jewish section of the East Side of New York, and then is torn away from his race by the ambitions of his family, to become a famous doctor on Park Avenue. Cortez, who was born on this same East Side, knows whereof he is acting, as the idealistic young son of Israel. Irene Dunne, as the girl who loves him and finally wins him back to his people, is charming without living her part. Cortez, however, lives his—and that's sufficient.

THIS IS THE NIGHT

In the New York showing of this clever, melodious and delightfully sexy farce, Lily Damita received the lowest billing of all—and this was a puzzle to me. Though I was gratified to note that Roland Young and Charlie Ruggles received top billing. The story is laid in gay Paris and picturesque Venice, and its mood is as gay as the travel catalogues say those two cities are. Roland Young, a gay blade, who makes the mistake of pursuing Thelma Todd, has to tell her husband (Cary Grant) he is married—and then gets Lily Damita to pose as his wife. Except for Thelma, Lily manages to intrigue everybody, including Roland's pal, Charlie Ruggles, and Thelma's husband. It's a regular merry-go-round of a story, with lilting songs, sparkling humor, a happy cast, and the most hilarious tipsy scene yet—between Roland and Charlie. These two are devastatingly amusing.

SCARFACE

It took courage for Howard Hughes to produce this picture—but the New York censors had even more nerve to forbid New York movie-goers the privilege of seeing it. For privilege it is. It is one of the most powerful pictures of all time. There has never been anything like it before, and probably never will be again. The case against the gangster is stated fully, dramatically, unforgettably. You see, in vivid episodes reproduced from real life, the rise of a cold-blooded killer, you see the murder he gets away with, you see how coolly he defies all law, and you want to do something about it. Paul Muni deserves the Academy award for his portrait of Scarface. George Raft, as his bodyguard, is hardly less memorable. And Ann Dvorak, as Scarface's sister, has two tragic scenes that will go down in screen history.

Demand to see it!

THE GREATEST CAST IN STAGE OR SCREEN HISTORY!

JOHN
GARBO-BARRYMORE

JOAN WALLACE
CRAWFORD-BEERY
LIONEL
BARRYMORE

GRAND HOTEL

with LEWIS STONE
JEAN HERSHOLT

The play that gripped New York for a solid year—and toured America with many road companies. Now it is on the screen—long heralded—eagerly awaited—and when you see it you will experience the biggest thrill of all your picture-going days.

An EDMUND GOULDING *production*

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S PROUDEST TRIUMPH!

NEW WINX EYE SHADOW

NOTHING flatters eyes quite as much as that subtle touch of dark shadow on the lid. It brings out the depth, the sparkle of your eyes. It makes them look larger . . more bewitching.

Now—for the *first* time—you have the chance to get a really high-quality, high-style eye shadow at a *popular* price. Only 55c.

Winx Eye Shadow is non-greasy—skin-smooth—goes on easily and evenly. Comes in the latest colors approved by Paris:—Blue, Mauve, Gray, Brown.

All drug and department stores have a Winx Shade Selector which tells the shade *you* should use.

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EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

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Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

BY MARQUIS BUSBY

THIS has certainly been moving month in Hollywood. You see big moving vans all over the place, and a lot of people are homeless. They moved in such a hurry, just to keep in style, that they can't remember where they moved to.

Janet Gaynor has taken the big house of John (Irish tenor) McCormack. After living in a modest manse by the sea for a long time, Janet has moved into a mansion. Maybe she's going to have parties and things. Marlene Dietrich moved from one Beverly Hills location to another. A newspaper printed her address, and after that she might just as well have been living in a tent on the Boulevard. No more privacy than Greta Garbo taking a sun bath.

What's this—Garbo gone platinum-blonde for "As You Desire Me"? Nothing else but! And Erich von Stroheim no doubt is trying to get her to tell if she dyed her hair or is wearing a transformation

ANOTHER mover is Phil Holmes, who has taken a three-room bungalow in Beverly. It's different from most three-room bungalows. It's on two floors, which seems like an awful lot of swank for just three rooms.

Those happy newlyweds, Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn, have a new beach house boasting a strictly private beach. That makes it nice for honeymooners.

But June Collyer and Stuart Erwin win first prize for originality during moving month. They have a lease on a nice house in Beverly Hills, and much to their dismay, they have discovered that they still have a lease on an apartment in Hollywood. Both landlords are being pretty firm about things, too. Would anyone like a good lease which isn't working much now?

STAGE producers needn't be so snooty about their stars entering pictures any more. When the footlight celebrities wander back to Times Square they bring a nice army of fans along with them.

Both Helen Hayes, appearing in "The Good Fairy," and Leslie Howard, busy with "The Animal Kingdom," report exceptionally rushing balcony business. Now, with big stage attractions, it is usually fairly easy to fill the orchestra chairs, but the balcony looks like the wide open spaces. Not with these two productions. Apparently a lot of film fans have a burning desire to see their favorites in the flesh, and are willing to pay no more than movie theatre prices for the privilege.

Lawrence Tibbett reports that since he appeared in pictures there is a line of people waiting for him at the stage door. That never happened before.

Movie names must help the box office at the legitimate theatres. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were offered $7500 a week to do a stage play in New York. That's big money in these times. And you can bet your new Panama hat that Ziegfeld doesn't get Lupe Velez and Buddy Rogers for coffee-and-cake money, either.

And Lois Moran can afford Rolls-Royces after "Of Thee I Sing."

(*Continued on page 80*)

You loved her in "MADAME X"..."SARAH & SON"..."TOMORROW and TOMORROW"

Now see her in ALL her glory...

Miss Ruth Chatterton

HER LOVELINESS ENHANCED . . .
HER MAGIC MULTIPLIED . . . IN
HER *first* FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

The RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US

The ultra smart set in the mad scramble for thrills!...A sumptuous portrayal of sensuous society in the perfumed fragrance of Park Avenue and Paris boudoirs...Witty—naughty—gay!...A spectacular story of how the ritzy-half lives — and loves — and lies . . . Coming soon to leading theatres everywhere.

COULD THEY CHEAT
THE MARRIAGE GAME?

with BETTE DAVIS
GEORGE BRENT JOHN MILJAN
Direction by
ALFRED E. GREEN

another FIRST NATIONAL *Hit!*

TICKER TALK

HOLLYWOOD QUOTATIONS

BY
MARK DOWLING

HARRY EDINGTON : "NOT ONE CENT OF GARBO'S MONEY IS INVESTED OUTSIDE THIS COUNTRY."..... ANN HARDING : "I DON'T WANT TO BE MADE A MARTYR OF IN THIS. I DID IT BECAUSE I WANTED TO."..... ANN DVORAK'S MOTHER : "ANN KNEW EVERY EPISODE IN LESLIE FENTON'S PAST BEFORE THEY MARRIED SO THIS BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT WAS NO SHOCK."..... MARY NOLAN : "YOU MAY SEE MY BODY ON A SLAB IN THE MORGUE BUT NEVER IN JAIL."..... SENATOR GILLETTE : "IF YOU RIDE THROUGH BEVERLY HILLS YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED AT THE LUXURIOUS HOMES -- YOU HEAR ENDLESS STORIES OF EXTRAVAGANCE."..... CONRAD NAGEL : "THERE ARE ONLY TWENTY THREE STARS EARNING HEADLINE SALARIES IN HOLLYWOOD."..... CLAIRE WINDSOR : " I HAVE NEVER LURED A MAN AWAY FROM HIS HOME AND I NEVER EXPECT TO..... BILLIE DOVE : " PRESIDENT HOOVER LOOKED JUST GRAND."..... ZIEGFELD : "I WISH I COULD FIND OUT WHAT SOPHISTICATION IS FOR I DON'T WANT IT IN MY SHOWS."..... POLA NEGRI : "MY FIANCÉ LIVES IN CHICAGO-- AND VERY SOON I'LL TELL YOU WHO HE IS"..... VICTOR MCLAGLEN : "I AM PROUD OF MY FAMILY-- LEOPOLD HAS A KINK IN HIS MIND AND I CAN PROVE IT! " .... CHARLIE CHAPLIN : " A HOLIDAY BECOMES EXPENSIVE. I MUST GET BACK TO WORK."... BETTE DAVIS : " GIRLS WHO WEAR MANNISH CLOTHES IN IMITATION OF GARBO AND DIETRICH ARE REVOLTING." CLARK GABLE : " REPORTS OF MARITAL DIFFICULTIES IN OUR HOUSEHOLD ARE ABSURD."..... SAMUEL GOLDWYN :" EVERYBODY IN HOLLYWOOD HAS BEEN WORKED TO DEATH!" JOHN EMERSON : " HOLLYWOOD IS THE INTELLECTUAL CENTER OF THE WORLD TODAY."...HOLLYWOOD DIRECTOR: "THIS BAR IS FOR MY FRIENDS-- THE MILK SHAKER THERE SATISFIES MY WIFE AND MYSELF."...MRS. NATALIE TALMADGE KEATON: " BUSTER AND I ARGUED OVER TAKING OUR TWO BOYS FOR AN AIRPLANE RIDE BUT THE REPORT THAT WE HAVE SEPARATED IS NONSENSE."....MARY PICKFORD -- TO PRISONERS IN WORKHOUSE : " I CONGRATULATE YOU ON BEING HERE!".....RONALD COLMAN : " I DID NOT GET A DIVORCE WHILE I WAS ABROAD."....

"I'll be on the set from Saturday morning till Sunday," said Mary Doran over the wires, in the voice of a girl who realizes that the life of the most popular film 'vamp' in Hollywood is not all roses. Off the screen she has dark red hair, brown eyes, is a swell sport and the wife of Joe Sherman, publicity man.

"We've been blood relatives for years," she laughed when we met her. Interviewers were taboo—since one had made Joan Blondell neglect her lines.

"'The Divorcée' gave me my first big chance," said Mary Doran. "I wouldn't call myself a 'vamp,' exactly. The word signifies height, Betty Blythe, and a multitude of snaky curves. I weigh ninety-eight!"

"The modern vamp looks just like an ingénue—smart and clever. She gets along by her wits. She does have to use her eyes, though. That's fine with me! A girl can put more meaning into one glance than into a hundred flowery speeches."

"When my last show closed, a friend and I went on an automobile trip," says Cary Grant. "We threw some clothes into a couple of suitcases and planned to stay in Hollywood two weeks. A director—jokingly—asked me to take a test with a well-known actress. When they saw it, they gave me a contract. So here I am."

Cary has dark flashing eyes, an olive complexion, and curly black hair. When he leaves you he springs to attention and salutes—possibly the influence of hero rôles in musical comedies.

"At fifteen I ran away from home and I've been trouping ever since. Paramount gave me parts in 'This Is the Night' and 'Sinners in the Sun' but whether I'm going to play one of Rudolph Valentino's old rôles isn't decided. Anyway, please don't compare me with him.

"Romance? All I ask of a girl is to be a good sport—one as willing to ride in a broken-down flivver as a new Rolls. Or go to prize fights."

LEW AYRES and MAE CLARKE in "THE IMPATIENT MAIDEN"
a Universal Picture . . . . *Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively.*

MAKE-UP MAGIC *from* HOLLYWOOD *just for You*

How to be more attractive by individualizing your make-up for your type... like Hollywood screen stars do!

A new and different kind of every-day make-up perfected by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, for the stars of the screen, brings amazing new beauty to you. It is based on Max Factor's discovery of cosmetic color which revolutionized make-up in motion pictures.

Whatever your type in blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, you may now be sure of correct color harmony make-up to blend perfectly with your complexion colorings.

Face powder, for example, is created by Max Factor to living screen star types. Each shade is a color harmony tone... not just a flat color... composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. No danger of off-color, spotty or powdery effects even under the strongest lights, because Max Factor's face powder has been proved perfect under blazing motion picture lights.

The texture is so perfect that even the motion picture camera cannot find the tiniest flaw. And it clings for hours... for stars will not trust a powder that fluffs away.

So here is the face powder that really creates that even, satin-smooth make-up you've so admired in pictures. Now you, too, may enjoy this luxury... Max Factor's face powder, created originally for the screen stars... at the nominal price of one dollar the box.

Bette Davis, Universal, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using Max Factor's Lipstick.

Based on the same color harmony principle are Max Factor's rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow... fifty cents each. At leading drug and department stores.

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Have your Color Harmony in Make-Up created personally for you. Accept this priceless gift . . . your complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. You will also receive a copy of Max Factor's book..."The New Art of Society Make-Up." You'll learn how to make up a dry skin; how to make up an oily skin; how to normalize the skin for perfect make-up; how to put on a make-up that lasts for hours; how to make the eyes appear larger and more colorful. Hollywood's magic of make-up offered to you by Max Factor, whose make-up you see in every picture released from filmland... mail the coupon below.

Miniature Powder Compact, FREE

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Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Please send me a copy of your 48-page illustrated book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up,"*... also personal complexion analysis and make up color harmony chart. (Enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover the cost of postage and handling.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE	Dry ☐
	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Creamy ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE	LIPS
	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
Medium ☐	Black ☐	BRUNETTE	Dry ☐
Ruddy ☐	LASHES	Light ☐ Dark ☐	AGE
	Light ☐	REDHEAD	
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics) © 1932 Max Factor

Buy silk hose with that $3 you save

Intelligent people, recognizing the remarkable cleansing powers of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, buy it instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. The average saving is $3 a year. Spend it as you please. Hosiery is merely a suggestion.

What brilliance! What Beauty!

THIS THRIFT DENTIFRICE BRINGS TO TEETH

Do you want teeth that you can be proud of . . . that are the envy of others?

Do you want teeth that are sound and healthy?

Do you want your mouth to feel refreshed and invigorated . . . your breath to be sweet and agreeable?

If so, switch to Listerine Tooth Paste, the modern dentifrice, at the common sense price of 25 cents.

This tooth paste has supplanted older and costlier favorites in the esteem of both men and women. Not because of the price—which saves you approximately $3.00 a year—but because of the quick, satisfying results it achieves.

When we created Listerine Tooth Paste, we realized that it must be superior in order to win users in a field already overcrowded with good dentifrices. We ask you to try a tube and judge whether or not we have succeeded.

Listerine Tooth Paste contains special and modern cleansing and polishing agents. Dissolved in saliva they reach front and back, and penetrate between the teeth, erasing tartar, tobacco stains, and discolorations. After a few brushings, your teeth assume a new brilliance and luster that you welcome. Your gums feel firm and healthy. Your mouth has a continual sensation of cleanliness. You realize that at last you've found a tooth paste that really *does something* for you.

And remember, for these benefits you are paying about half of what you would ordinarily pay. That we can offer a product of the quality of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, is due to three factors: (1), The ability to buy raw material on a large scale and hence at a lower price. (2), The ability of cutting manufacturing cost by means of modern machinery. (3), The equipment to distribute the finished product at a low price. All these economies are passed on to you in this dentifrice so worthy of the Listerine name. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

AFTER TOOTH BRUSHING, GARGLE WITH LISTERINE TO KILL DECAY GERMS ON TEETH

Hurrell

When Clark Gable first thrilled the customers, he, himself, was called "a second Valentino." But everybody has forgotten that now. He has become Gable, the First

Creighton Chaney—RKO

Freulich

Luis Trenker—UNIVERSAL

that he is all she says he is. He probably is.

The fact still remains that George Brent is going to have a hard row to hoe because he is, or is being made to appear, so very much the same type as Clark Gable, who got there first. (They once acted together on Broadway in "Love, Honor and Betray"—and George had the more important rôle.)

Just recently I was lunching in the Warner commissary with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Upon the walls, completely surrounding us, were ten or twelve new pictures of George Brent, the latest portraits made by a studio photographer. There were pictures of the dark, he-mannish Mr. Brent in every conceivable pose and posture, not to mention expression, that has marked Clark Gable's own newest photographic sittings. Mr. Brent in an old sweat-shirt with his hair slightly towsled Mr. Brent scowling slightly at the camera. Mr. Brent smiling full force into the camera. Mr. Brent in other typically-Gable, three-quarter, full-length and profile views. Except around the eyebrows and ears, George seemed to have much in common with Clark.

Doug., Jr., Saw a Likeness

DOUG, Jr., took one look at the interesting display of Brent *à la* Gable that alternately smiled and glared at us from the walls and inquired the name of the production Mr. Brent was then engaged upon. Someone at the next table answered: "The Rich Are Always with Us."

"Amen," said young Doug. "So are the Gables."

So startling were the resemblances that they made one stop and wonder if the Warner Brothers really mean it when they protest that George is just Mr. Brent and not another you-know-who-I-mean.

Only a moment later, Mr. Brent, himself, walked in—and seemed, to all outward appearances to be an affable, friendly and thoroughly likable young man. Very much, we might say, like another certain affable, friendly and likable young man.

Upon even closer investigation, it turns out that the Brent career has not been unlike the Gable career in many respects. George Brent served a long apprenticeship in stock companies before coming to Hollywood. He has played perhaps every conceivable stock engagement from villains to heroes, both young and old. (Ditto for Gable.) During the first six months of his Warner Brothers contract, he was not particularly noticed by that astute company, and neither was Gable by M-G-M in his early days. But success happened suddenly to George Brent, just as it happened suddenly to Clark Gable (and we can't help believing that Clark's success as a screen type hastened George Brent's recognition when Warner Brothers went a-Gable-hunting).

(*Continued on page 74*)

LOOKING

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST

Ray Jones

Here's to crime! say Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff, with leers in their eyes. Boris is about to chill you in "The Old Dark House," and no telling what Bela will do next. Wonder what's in the beakers?

relationship between Ruth and Paul became as strained as good old lemon juice. During the making of their last picture they barely spoke.

Maybe it is just possible that a star and even her "favorite leading man" can make too many pictures together. Warner Brothers and George Brent take note.

BY the way, did you know that Universal has just taken over Paul Lukas' Paramount contract and that, from now on, he will be at Universal? Universal liked Paul in "Strictly Dishonorable" (as who didn't?), and when they heard that he and the bosses had disagreed, they put in a bid for him. And Paul, like *Barkis*, was willing. His first picture for Universal will be "Zeppelin," opposite Tala Birell, the blonde Roumanian beauty who is the Laemmles' new pride.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S little girl is growing to look more and more like her father, Rudolph Sieber. When she first came to Hollywood many people thought Maria resembled Marlene, but as she continues to grow up, it becomes more and more apparent that the little girl is going to "take after" her father, who cables her every week, asking when she is coming to visit him in Europe. But if the mountain can't go to Mahomet, well, Mahomet can go to the mountain. Which is by way of reporting that Herr Sieber is visiting his family in Hollywood—helping them find a new house that the tourists and crank letter-writers won't know about.

Marlene has gone so far as to arm her chauffeur, to guard the little girl when she goes out to play.

Hurrell

Johnny Weissmuller *should* smile! He has a new contract almost as big and handsome as he is!

It looks more like carpet than sand under Rochelle Hudson's chair, but we'll let that pass—seeing's how the RKO starlet's bathing suit is new and Frenchy

GEORGE BRENT is Ruth Chatterton's "favorite leading man." They say the fair Ruth is so enthused over Warner Brothers' chief competition to Clark Gable that she reads every script with a weather-eye out for a rôle for George.

At the beginning of her Paramount contract, Ruth's "favorite leading man" was Paul Lukas. Remember all the pictures they made together? Everything was hotsy-totsy for the first few pictures and then suddenly the formerly friendly

THEM OVER

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

JUST recently Walter Winchell slyly hinted that this department was 'way off the track in stringing with Gilbert Roland as head man in Norma Talmadge's affections. Walter sort of insinuated that we would be pretty sorry if Norma should ankle up to the altar with Georgie Jessel when they get their mutual divorces.

But just between you and Walter and me, Norma sent back a ream of explanatory messages to Roland all about "this silly New York gossip" and the gist of it was not to believe all you hear, even over the radio.

We're still stringing with Roland. That's our story, and maybe we're stuck with it. On the other hand—maybe not.

Here's to a good sport! say June Clyde and Lucille Browne, over their orange juice. Like the movies, badminton is a great game, they add. They ought to know. Every sundown, after work, they play it

IT LOOKED as though Mrs. Josef von Sternberg, or rather, the *former* Mrs. Josef von Sternberg was all set to drop her alienation-of-affections suit against Marlene Dietrich. The truce lasted about twenty-four hours, when Mrs. von Sternberg announced that the suit would be dropped when, and if, certain letters involved in the suit were published.

The letters in question are said to be one from a European author to Miss Dietrich, another from Miss Dietrich to Mrs. von Sternberg and a third from Mrs. von Sternberg to Miss Dietrich. The contents were not disclosed, but everyone supposes that the author took back statements that he attributed to Marlene—namely, to the effect that she had told him that Josef was to be divorced from his wife so that he would be free to marry *her* (Marlene). From the beginning, La Dietrich has denied making any such statement—denied it emphatically, I might add. And so has her husband, Herr Seiber.

A blonde rival for Janet Gaynor? Cecilia Parker is a new "find" and George O'Brien's new love

Randolph Scott, besides becoming a star in "Lone Cowboy," is learning how to roll his own. His tutor is Will James, famous cowboy-author of the story

GIVE Harrison Carroll credit for the following research work:

Did you know, inquires Mr. Carroll, *that Tallulah Bankhead is named for the famous Tallulah Falls in Georgia? In the Indian language the word Tallulah means "love maiden."*

Wonder if Harrison doesn't know that it was our Tallulah's grandmother who was named after the Falls and that our Tallulah was named after *her?*

Tallulah's next picture, by the way, may see her co-starred with Gary Cooper.

PHILLIPS HOLMES and Paramount must be having some little contract difficulty. At least, Phil's name has been removed from feature billing on the advertisements of "Broken Lullaby" or "The Man I Killed" (take your pick) and there is plenty of talk that his contract will not be renewed in the Fall.

As usual, there are several gossip-reasons. One is that Phil is getting too difficult to handle and wants only "artistic" stories. The other is that Phil hasn't been holding up sufficiently at the box-office to warrant the big increase in salary he is due to receive on his next option.

Lippman

Bette Davis (above) has more promise than any other young actress on the screen. That's the opinion of George Arliss—and George isn't careless with his speech. She has the feminine lead in "The Dark Horse"

MADGE EVANS is wearing a very good-looking diamond engagement ring, and plenty of local newspaper columnists are sure Tom Gallery put it there. But Madge says "No." She further says she has had the diamond ring ever since she was a little girl and that it has no meaning. As soon as Tom's divorce from Zasu Pitts becomes final, we shall see.

THIS month's stork notes:

Florence Vidor Heifetz is awaiting the arrival of "the blessed event".

George and Mary Lou Lewis are also "expecting."

John and Dolores Costello Barrymore may have their second child ("expected in May") by the time you read this.

May McAvoy Cleary's expectation may also be fulfilled by the ditto time.

Dorothy Mackaill Miller is the latest to deny "stork" rumors. (She's going to England to make a film or two.)

CONNIE BENNETT was sitting in her dressing-room the other day when Phil Holmes called her on the telephone. (Phil, you know was supposed to have appeared opposite Connie in "The Truth About Hollywood.")

"Hello, Connie," he said. "Sorry, but I can't start work in the picture next week. I've just broken my leg. I'll be laid up for a month."

Connie gave him all sorts of advice about bone-setting doctors and then called her director to inform him they were minus a leading man, on the verge of production.

The real truth about Hollywood is that it is a pretty topsy-turvy affair.

Lippman

Adrienne Dore won the title of "Miss America" in a bathing suit—and the camera boys are glad it's canoe time again!

SUE CAROL'S friends in Hollywood are all excited about the rumor that Sue and her husband, Nick Stuart, are expecting the stork sometime this Fall. As Sue and Nick aren't in town at this writing, we can't verify this one for you.

IF Lila Lee and director George Hill aren't altar-bound they certainly have succeeded in fooling old Hollywood. Never did two people appear more smitten with each other. They're dreamy-eyed. Gossip has it that Johnny Farrow, Lila's former flame, still cables her from London to come on over and make movies on the other side. The bets are that she won't accept—and George Hill is the best reason.

Sherman Clark

Irene Dunne must be Fannie Hurst's idea of a heroine. After seeing Irene in RKO's "Symphony of Six Million," Universal borrowed her for "Back Street"

YOU think the town wasn't surprised when Ann Harding and Harry Bannister decided to "call it off" and wrote little personal notes to press representatives informing them of divorce plans? Even the most hide-bound cynics were startled out of a gasp at this surprise move from "the happiest couple in Hollywood."

(*Continued on page 65*)

Isn't he cute—and tough? This is how Jimmy Cagney looked when he was training for "Winner Take All." He's a lightweight, but he hits hard!

You Can Read Sylvia Sidney's Secrets in Her Face

Do you know why producers guessed wrong when they thought Sylvia was like Clara Bow—and why she looks so sad—and why men can't often tell how they rate with her? Read her character through Faciology

By Toni Gallant

STUDY the portrait of Sylvia Sidney at the right—one of her favorite portraits, showing her in her favorite mood, a wistful mood. See if you can guess what characteristics are shown by the features marked with letters. Then check your guesses with the chart below the portrait—telling you, feature by feature, what Physiognomy reveals about her character.

It is a well-known fact that Sylvia Sidney was chosen for the screen at face value—and that she was originally intended to take the place of Clara Bow. They do resemble one another in that their faces are both round and agreeable to look at—but, outside of that, the resemblance ceases. Clara Bow and Sylvia Sidney are two totally different types.

The science of Physiognomy could have told that in one glance. It is true that they are both vital in type, but they are extreme opposites when it comes to thought and temperament.

Sylvia Sidney likes sad moods. She clothes them about her like soft veils. But inherently, she is not in the least pessimistic. Far from it. Deep down within herself, there is such a love of life and such vitality, that she is almost a child in her appreciation of things. Not childish—but childlike. She is as new and fresh and naïve as only a child can be. For this reason her performances are a pleasure to behold—she gets such a big "kick" out of them. Acting is like a game to her.

Sylvia Shyer Than Clara

SYLVIA has plenty of the Bow charm, but she is much soberer, and cannot hope to possess that fiery abandon that was so likable in the flamelike "It" girl. But at the same time Clara could never own the shy naïveté that is so naturally Sylvia's.

Intelligence plays a big part in Sylvia Sidney's character. She has the sixth sense. It is revealed in her profile, her eyebrows, her nose and her eyes—that unconscious desire

(*Continued on page 65*)

PHYSIOGNOMICAL FEATURES

A. Face type. Sylvia is a mental-vital combination.

B. Profile—concave. Indicates great love of artistic finish. Thoughts turn much upon herself. She is inherently romantic. She is tolerant, patient, sympathetic, and loves people as people.

C. Coloring and texture. She is sensitive and impressionable.

D. Head formation—upper. She is perfectly normal, though successful. She does not believe in taking chances where an element of foolhardiness exists.

E. Distance from nose to ear. She has a very active interest in all things. There is practically nothing that doesn't get a response from her. Her judgment is good.

F. Forehead (type). She is well-balanced, and possesses ability both to visualize and to reflect. Able to see both sides of a question.

G. Forehead (vertical construction). She has an excellent memory and a fine imagination.

H. Eyebrows. She is lively. Also moody and impressionable. Relation of eyebrow to eye indicates she is not deeply concentrative, but perceives quickly.

I. Eyes—normally wide apart. She is able to regulate her emotions without falling into eccentricities.

J. Eyes (shape). She is natively shrewd. You can't fool her. She may be polite and let you think you have put something over, but she is perfectly aware of what you are doing.

K. Eyes (expression). Sympathetic. Indicate racial, inherent sadness, but this is a mood, rather than an active part of her existence. She can relax and laugh and be a little playgirl just like the rest of them.

L. Nose. Shows she is capable of ardent affection, but is selective in mind. She likes comfort and material wealth. Not too discriminating to be snobbish. She is full of vitality.

M. Mouth and lips. Full and rich with color. Show she is warm-hearted, though demonstrations are tempered by reserve.

N. Lips (set formation). They are a trifle oblique. This means she struggles for self-control at times. The lips are also a trifle drawn down, but from a mood rather than pessimism.

O. Chin and jaws. Her chin is broad and short. She is good-natured, but persevering. Likes to be easygoing.

The Trials of a Hollywood Ex-Wife

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

Wilcox

Pauline Karloff was divorced from Boris Karloff three years ago, when he was unknown. When he suddenly became famous overnight, as the new mystery man of the screen, sensation-hunters thought they could force her to tell them about his past. They thought she would be resentful of his success. She has had to move to escape them

THE names of Clark Gable and Boris Karloff are on everybody's tongue to-day. Overnight, after years of struggle, they have taken the movies by storm. Everybody wants to know what they are like in private life, where they came from, how they got their start. Someone discovers that both men have been divorced. The Press rushes to find the ex-wives—to get *their* stories.

And if the ex-wives claim they have nothing to tell, and object to being asked impertinent questions? They will be forced to tell, they will be persecuted! This is no idle statement. They have already suffered this persecution. For months.

Reporters for sensational newspapers, feature writers for Sunday supplements, not satisfied with the prosaic details handed out by publicity departments, are vying with each other to unearth the most startling stories possible about these suddenly famous Unknowns. They realize that the ex-wives of these men know intimate details about these men—*and they expect ex-wives to tell.*

The lively curiosity of the public demands colorful facts about their favorites, particularly about their pasts. "You Americans!" Valentino once said bitterly, "you set up idols for the fun of tearing them down!"

In the search for color and sensation, everyone who has known the new stars intimately in the unknown past is sought out. But the brunt of the attack falls on the women they have put out of their lives and who, the sensation-hunters argue, must be anxious to get even with them. *If these self-appointed investigators were right, these women would be prosperous to-day.* Thousands of dollars have been offered to them for their stories—and indignantly turned down. And so they have been persecuted, bitterly, cruelly.

Refused Story; Lost Work

JOSEPHINE DILLON GABLE, as a result of refusing a well-known magazine writer a vindictive story about her ex-husband, Clark Gable, has lost many of her voice training pupils—because of statements the writer made about her. Pauline Karloff, ex-wife of Boris, has had her telephone disconnected and has finally been forced to

Does Clark Gable realize how his ex-wife, Josephine Dillon, has been persecuted by reporters because she will not tell, even for a price, the intimate details of their life together? Does Boris Karloff realize what his ex-wife has similarly suffered by remaining silent? No one can realize—until reading this story!

change her address to escape scandal-hunters. Both of these women, almost distraught, half-sick with anxiety, have come to MOVIE CLASSIC as their friend, and have cried out their sense of the injustice of such persecution in almost the same words:

"*I am so unimportant. I ask nothing except to be allowed to earn my living in peace and quiet. I don't know how to deal with such people—they frighten me. If they would only leave me alone . . .*"

As long ago as last autumn, Josephine Dillon Gable told me of the persecution she was enduring. She was desperate to find a way to stop it. She wondered if a story of Clark Gable's fight for fame, during the time they were married, would not satisfy the curiosity about their life together. She told me this story, and it was published in the December, 1931, issue of MOVIE CLASSIC. But its appearance only added fuel to the fire. If she had given a story to MOVIE CLASSIC, why couldn't she give one to them? They could not understand her reticence, did not want to understand it.

Neither of these women has any desire to capitalize on the sudden rise to fame of her ex-mate, or on the name she has a legal right to bear. And neither has any desire to harm, by any unwise word or by any statement to an irresponsible reporter, the men whom they once loved and married. As a consequence, they have been subjected to insults, bullying, threats and actual reprisals. They have been forced to wonder if they could trust even their friends. These ex-wives have had to ask for protection!

Clark Gable had lived in Los Angeles for seven years of struggle before he suddenly found fame. Every shabby side street in that part of Hollywood known as "below the Boulevard" has just such handsome, hopeful and often hungry actors who—once in a while—leave their unpretentious bungalows in make-up and rented tuxedos to play a bit in a society scene. Nobody knows their names, nobody knows how they live. A few gas station employees and garage mechanics (pals of his) knew of Gable's hopes and fears, his habits and his history—and they were the only ones. Except—the woman who was his wife for six of those years of struggle.

So the bloodhounds of the yellow press tracked Josephine Dillon Gable down to the humble little backyard house she had rented, in the shadow of Hollywood's own "Grand Hotel," the Roosevelt. Here she earned a

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Josephine Dillon Gable was divorced from Clark Gable two years ago, after six years of marriage. When he suddenly became the new Great Lover, scandal-seekers sought her out, positive that she would say cutting things about him. She said just the opposite, despite money offers, despite threats. In retaliation, they have injured her

He'd Rather Die Than Eat Meat

George Arliss said that twenty years ago—when a doctor told him he couldn't live without it—and his statement still holds good. In protest against the brutal trapping and slaughter of helpless animals, he gets along—very well, thank you!—as a Vegetarian

By GLADYS HALL

Fryer

Longworth

Twenty years ago, on a train trip across the prairies, Mr. and Mrs. Arliss saw cattle dying by the wholesale, victims of human brutality. From that day hence, they never touched meat again. And they haven't missed it

"WE SHOULD not kill!" says George Arliss. "We have no right to kill to eat. We have no right to kill animals for our own benefit."

Thus speaks "The Man Who Played God." *He* would not kill—or have anyone else kill—in order to clothe himself (or his wife) with furs ripped from the twisted bodies of animals trapped for the purpose. Nor would he countenance, if he could help it, the wearing of feathers torn from the bleeding breasts of birds.

He feels that no woman would be a party to the trapping of wild animals if she could once hear the piteous moans of the trapped creatures as they cry out their pain to the unheeding winds. He could not live happily with himself if he ate meat, remembering, as he does, the agonized eyes of cattle *as they stand in the blood of those who preceded them and await their turn to die at the hands of the slaughterer.* He could not, and he does not, subsist in any way upon the dead bodies of any creatures that have walked the earth.

More than twenty years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Arliss were coming West by train. With, I believe, the late great Minnie Maddern Fiske, herself an ardent member of the various Humane and Anti-Vivisection Societies. Enroute, they noted the herds of cattle along the snow-swept plains, some of the animals nothing but racks of protruding bones, many of them carcasses left there to rot, grim sacrifices on an altar more bloody than that of Baal. The cattle-men, it appeared, found it cheaper to allow the animals to freeze and to starve than to house and feed them during the severe winter. Kindliness—humanity—compassion—what had these benevolent terms to do with *animals?*

Eat Meat? Never again!

MR. AND MRS. ARLISS looked on these dumb, unburied dead and, for the first time, the suffering of these "lesser brethren" came sharply home to them. As sharp as the

(*Continued on page 72*)

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

Acme

Meet Wallace Reid, the 2nd, with his mother. Late star's son, 14, plans screen career

For second time, Joan Bennett cuts wedding cake. The hungry onlooker is hubby, Gene Markey

Acme

Because the world was beginning to call Harry Bannister "Mr. Ann Harding," Hollywood's most famous married pals are walking together no longer. Couple give "love for each other" as believe-it-or-not reason for divorce that stuns even Hollywood. See story on page 28

International

Last month, we showed Lily Damita sailing for Hawaii, and told you Sidney Smith, her broker boy-friend, sailed also. Here they are at Waikiki, "too busy to get married."

Is Greta Nissen the coy bride of Weldon Heyburn, twice over? See story on page 33

Divorce and romance rumors about Joan Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Clark Gable? How silly! Here are all three, arm in arm, at opening of—you guessed it—"It's Tough To Be Famous." (So they say!)

Acme

DIVORCE OF ANN HARDING AND HARRY BANNISTER STUNS MOVIE COLONY

Union Had Been Called "Happiest Marriage In Hollywood"—Couple's Sudden Decision Totally Unexpected Even By Friends

BY LOUISE SYKES

What does Ann plan to do now? She will continue to live in the hilltop home she and Harry built together. Her present screen contract runs until May, 1933

Ball

Autrey

Ann Harding has suddenly become "a woman of mystery" to Hollywood, which never expected her to be divorced

WHEN Ann Harding and Harry Bannister announced that they were parting, Hollywood was stunned. This was one "happy movie marriage" that even Hollywood believed in. Everyone in town studied the notes the couple sent to the press, tried to "read between the lines," to find the real reasons for the divorce.

Ann wrote that because Harry, submerging his own career to hers, had gradually become known as "Mr. Ann Harding," they were divorcing "before this unfortunate situation has a chance to destroy the love and respect we have for each other." Harry wrote that he had had Ann's "love and respect and devotion" during the five and a half years of their marriage, and to preserve this, they were taking "the apparently drastic course" of divorce.

Ever since their arrival in Hollywood three years ago, these two have been exceptions to the Hollywood rules of scandal, divorce and marital unhappiness. Writers rapturously reported Ann's praises of domestic life, her love for her husband and child. Photographers pictured her with her little girl in her arms, pictured Ann and Harry much together. People beamed approvingly, "This is one Hollywood marriage that is different."

Women's clubs, very particular whom they invite to speak to them, sought out Ann Harding continually—as the one actress they could admire with clear consciences. Perhaps no other part of the public, except their personal friends, suffered the shock of dismay of these women's clubs when the divorce plans were released. Their last Hollywood illusion had been taken from them—this seemed to be their attitude. Everywhere a writer goes in Hollywood these days, he is besieged with questions. "What's the lowdown on the Harding-Bannister divorce?" Players talk about little else over lunch tables. Ann's studio, RKO, is still slightly dazed. They had no warning of the divorce plans. The publicity department bewails the fact that they didn't have a chance to break the news "more tactfully."

Ann Harding is bearing herself through these trying days like the soldier's daughter she is. Self-discipline carries her to work every morning, head high. She steadfastly refuses to add anything to the statements she and Harry issued. Ann has made no plans. Harry, of course, is going back to Broadway.

All kinds of theories have been advanced by Hollywood, explaining the sudden break-up of their marriage. The only theory that seems to be ignored is that the simple explanations that Ann and Harry themselves offered might possibly be true.

A typical picture of Ann Harding, Harry Bannister and their daughter, Jane—"one happy family," now broken apart by divorce. Ann will have custody of Jane

RENÉE ADORÉE, CURED OF DANGEROUS ILLNESS, WILL RESUME CAREER

French Star Completely Well, After Seventeen Months In Arizona Sanitarium —Reported To Have Received Offers From Every Studio In Hollywood

By SUE DIBBLE

R. H. Loutz

Renée Adorée, the French girl who fought her way to fame in American movies, has just won a greater fight—in which doctors gave her only a fifty-fifty chance

RENÉE ADORÉE has left the Arizona sanitarium where she has been a patient prisoner for seventeen months. When she entered its doors, even the most optimistic doctors believed that her recovery would be nothing short of a miracle. Yet Renée Adorée, daughter of a French noblewoman and a French circus clown, will soon be back in Hollywood, *completely cured* of one of the most "hopeless" cases of tuberculosis on record.

The story of her fight back to health should give heart and hope to other sufferers. It is a story of absolute obedience. Once known in the film colony as the girl who danced hardest and laughed longest, Renée has lain flat on her back in the sun and open air, concentrating on getting well, for month after month.

"They ask me what I learned about life, lying there week after week, with nothing to do but think," says Lila Lee, who was a neighbor of Renée at the same sanitarium and has returned to the films, likewise cured. "That sounds all right, but it's the bunk. I came out of there just the same as I went in!"

Perhaps so. But Renée Adorée's friends are willing to wager that Renée, when she makes her next picture, will be a greater actress than ever before—because she is a finer woman. The few who have seen her say that her patience, courage, self-control and cheerfulness have been amazing. Wherever the crowd was thickest, that's where Renée used to be. Yet for more than five hundred days and nights, the only faces she saw were those of her nurses, the doctors, and a Hollywood friend who flew down every few weeks. She and Lila had to communicate by notes, not in person.

It is a tribute to the human kindliness of the movies that Renée still is on the payroll at M-G-M (where she became famous in "The Big Parade") and gets her salary check every week. It refutes the cynical saying, "Hollywood hasn't time to remember," that her friends have kept in constant touch with her—and last Christmas sent her a box half as big as her room, crammed with everything that a sick person could enjoy.

Renée was ill for many months before she would give up her work. Doctors tried to persuade her to step out of the cast of "Call of the Flesh," midway of the picture, but she refused to force the studio to remake her scenes. As though the shadow of the disease could be banished by bright lights, she was seen dancing at the gay cafés, in evening gowns that slipped from her thin shoulders. With the same fierce determination and will, she has forced herself to obey the doctors' orders of quiet and rest and motionlessness. And now she will soon be back in Hollywood—the Hollywood where she was once a star, and where she hopes she will be a star again. And why not?

When the news appeared in the newspapers that Renée Adorée had moved from her hospital room to a little cottage of her own where she would complete her recovery, they tell me that *every studio in town offered her a part in a picture!*

M-G-M is laying plans to remake "The Big Parade" and there is a rumor that Renée may be in it. If she is strong enough by that time, what could be more fitting than a comeback in her old rôle?

When Renée was in the sanitarium, weak and ill, Hollywood didn't forget her. Flowers, gifts, letters came to her constantly. And now come screen offers again

AILEEN PRINGLE SEEKS FREEDOM BY MEXICAN MAIL-ORDER DIVORCE

After Eight Years of Separation, Actress Says Final Farewell To Charles Pringle—Denies She Plans To Marry Matt Moore

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

AILEEN PRINGLE, after eight years of separation, has suddenly sued her husband, Charles Pringle, for divorce. She has used the Mexican "mail-order" method also favored by Nancy Carroll, when she divorced John Kirkland.

Eighteen years ago, Aileen wagered that she could make a handsome young Englishman propose to her in two weeks' time. She won the wager and the Englishman—Charles Pringle, son of Sir John Pringle, chief privy counselor of Jamaica. First the War separated them, then motion pictures, which her husband detested. She has not even seen him since 1925, when he made her a two-week visit in Hollywood and refused to let her entertain for him or to go to parties for fear of meeting some of the movie stars he disliked so much.

Aileen explains about her divorce in the most Pringlish way possible.

"It was this way," says she. "My husband and I had a sort of 'gentlemen's agreement' that if either of us wanted to marry someone else, the other would get a divorce but as long as we weren't in love with anyone, we would stay married. I rather liked the idea of being a married woman in Hollywood—it was a sort of anchor to windward, you know. And Charles didn't mind having an absentee wife. So we drifted along for years and years and *years*.

"Then, not long ago, he wrote to tell me that he did want to marry someone else. I believe that's broken off now, but at the moment he found me a decided obstacle to his happiness. So, of course, I promised I'd get a divorce. Only—you know I have a wretched memory—I kept forgetting about it. I'd remember it at night, just as I was dropping off to sleep, but the next day it would slip my mind again. I made memorandums, 'Get a divorce to-day,' and lost them. It was a perfect shame, the way I neglected that divorce!

"You see, the main reason I'd never bothered to get unmarried was all the trouble it took—and the cold-bloodedness of 'telling the judge,' and all that. Then, fortunately, I read about the new mail-order divorces one can get in Mexico, without moving a step out of one's comfortable home, or waiting more than a few days for it. I called up my lawyer and asked him if they were really all right. 'Just as good as a Reno or Paris divorce, so long as both parties want them.' So he sent me the papers, I mailed them to Mr. Pringle, we both signed and they're off to Mexico now. And in a few days, when the postman brings the mail, I'll have my divorce."

Aileen denies that she and Matt Moore are going to be married. Matt lives a block or two away, and may be found at the Pringle home almost any evening, "when neither of us has anything really amusing to do," says Aileen, with devastating frankness.

"I've known Matt for twelve years," she explains. "We're such old friends that I can call on him when I haven't any other escort, and he can dine at my house when his cook is out. We're just good pals."

Aileen explains that she had promised her husband to get a divorce, but kept "forgetting" about it—until she read about Mexican divorces

When the news broke that Aileen Pringle was getting a divorce, Hollywood wondered if she and Matt Moore (right) weren't plotting a wedding. They have been pals for twelve years, and there is something very domestic about the way Matt makes himself at home at Aileen's house, say friends

WAS GRETA NISSEN WED TWICE TO WELDON HEYBURN?

Hollywood Believes Norwegian Beauty and Alabama Athlete Eloped Three Months Before Recent Marriage—Renting Agent Had Sought House For Them

BY JACK GRANT

WAS the marriage of Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn at Tia Juana, Mexico, on March 30 the second wedding ceremony for this couple? Hollywood believed them secretly married some three months before the publicity ceremony. And Hollywood's belief was based on some fairly logical deductions.

The "secret marriage" rumors started when a renting agent, representing "Mr. and Mrs. Weldon Heyburn," negotiated for beach houses. The activities of this agent focused the spotlight on the couple as the latest who might have "put over" an elopement. Investigation revealed other circumstantial evidence.

Early in February, Greta and Weldon were vacationing in Agua Caliente at the same time. Then, shortly after their return to the Fox studio, Heyburn was spotted gazing raptly at a new portrait of Greta. A publicity man, standing near him, said something to the effect that she was "a swell number."

"She certainly is a wonderful girl," Heyburn agreed, still in his reverie. "We were married a few days ago."

"What! Where? When?" demanded the startled publicity man. Heyburn gulped, said something about "joking," and rushed from the room. The publicity man, however, was not satisfied. He had another member of the staff telephone Greta's apartment and ask for "Mrs. Heyburn." The maid expressed no surprise at the name, and after a momentary wait, Greta came to the 'phone.

Greta and Heyburn, however, denied being secretly married. Both refused to discuss the matter, although Heyburn did say there were a few little things to be settled before the wedding bells would ring out. He declined to say what those few little things might be.

There were rumors that Heyburn had been married before and divorced, but, as in the case of Gloria Swanson, the divorce had not yet become final at the time of the alleged secret marriage. At the Tia Juana ceremony, however, each said it was his first marriage. Again, there were rumors that the Tia Juana ceremony was performed as the result of a studio order. No scandal had ever touched the name of Greta Nissen and there had been considerable talk concerning her purported "secret marriage."

This romance with Heyburn is the only really serious love affair with which Greta has, to our knowledge, ever been identified in Hollywood. They met when she played Heyburn's mistress in "The Silent Witness," his first picture. Subsequently, the tall, blonde Norwegian beauty and the athletic young Alabaman were constantly together. Wedding bells for the two were inevitable. But did they ring out once or twice, that is the question?

Though beautiful and blonde, Greta Nissen had been the victim of few romance rumors until she met Weldon Heyburn. Then she was rumored secretly married

Greta and Weldon flew to Tia Juana to be married

CLAIRE WINDSOR WILL FIGHT $100,000 "LOVE THIEF" SUIT

Former Screen Favorite Does Not Intend To Settle Alienation-of-Affections Case Out Of Court—Hollywood Friends Rush To Actress' Defense

BY JOAN DICKEY

CLAIRE WINDSOR, glamourous blonde star of silent-picture fame, has just been sued for $100,000 by one Mrs. Marion Read, who alleges that Claire alienated the affections of the plaintiff's husband, Alfred C. Read, Jr., 29-year-old stock broker. And one hundred and forty movie celebrities have come forward to offer aid to Claire as character witnesses.

"Time after time, my friends have been unjustly accused, and I suppose it's my turn now," says Claire, who is currently displaying her blondeness opposite Al Jolson in "Wunder Bar" on the Los Angeles stage. "But when your life is an open book, a thing so utterly absurd as this hurts. Why, I have seen Mr. Read only five or six times in my life!"

Pfaffe

Acme

Claire Windsor (above) says she will "fight to a finish" the $100,000 alienation-of-affections suit filed against her by Mrs. Marion Read (right). Latter is also suing husband, Alfred Read, Jr., for divorce, charging cruelty

Claire says she is "going to fight this thing to a finish, because it's high time to stop this abuse of people in the public eye." She, herself, has been in the public eye at least a dozen years—and this is the first love lawsuit that has ever been brought against her. Naturally, however, there have been romance rumors connected with her name.

Hollywood remembers the hours that Buddy Rogers, in his moon-calf days, used to spend at Claire's little bungalow—and the interviews he used to give out about his adoration of her. That was five years ago, but even as recently as last year, rumor had Buddy calling up Claire across a continent — with a resultant 'phone bill of seventy dollars a week.

A year or so ago, romance rumors linked Claire with Philip Plant, ex-husband of Constance Bennett

Then, a year or two ago, stories drifted back to Hollywood of the devotion of the young multi-millionaire, Philip Plant, who once was the husband of another screen blonde, Constance Bennett. She was aboard the Plant yacht when it collided with another ship, and was rescued. She first told rescuers she was "Mrs. John Smith," but later admitted her identity, denying any wedding plans, however.

Visiting artists and critics used to pick out Claire Windsor as "the most beautiful screen star." She still is radiantly lovely. It is a remarkable tribute to her that in twelve years in the full glare of the spotlight, there is such a small file of sensational newspaper clippings about her.

"It is my experience," says Oscar Cummins, Hollywood lawyer, "that sooner or later every beautiful young actress is exposed to the dangers of such a lawsuit as has been brought against Claire Windsor, no matter how blamelessly she lives."

Claire intends to fight to lessen that danger!

Besides testifying in the present suit—if it ever comes to trial—Claire may have to testify in the suit recently brought against Philip Plant by the captain of the boat which was damaged when Philip's yacht collided with it.

Another screen beauty recently sued for alienation of affections is Marlene Dietrich who also said she would "fight to the finish" the allegations of Riza von Sternberg former wife of director Josef von Sternberg Mrs. von Sternberg has just dropped her suit, before it could come to trial. Marlene had her husband, Rudolph Sieber, backing her fight. Claire Windsor has a goodly portion of Hollywood backing *her* fight.

MIRIAM HOPKINS

When is good old Paramount going to get around to starring Georgia's most famous daughter? There's a rumor that they're waiting until they capture the only living moviegoer who isn't Hopkins-conscious. Since she's something revolutionary in heroines, she is a charmer in Red Russia in "The World and the Flesh"

Fryer

ANN DVORAK

Ann is the biggest little discovery since Dietrich—and a brunette, you'll notice. She is only 19, the daughter of Ann Lehr (once a star, herself), the bride of Leslie Fenton, and the pride of Warner Brothers. "Scarface" was her first film—and she stole it. She has stolen four more since. Here's a tip: Watch her in "Competition"!

Gaston Longet

ANN HARDING

There used to be a song with the line, "I picked o lemon in the gorden of love"—but Ann isn't singing it. She is picking oronges. Also, she soys thot she loves Harry Bonnister too much to heor him colled "Mr. Ann Hording"—thus their divorce. The title of her next picture—"Just a Woman"—may explain her explonotion

THE NEW GREAT LOVE TEAM

James Dunn and Sally Eilers aren't near-sighted—they're just a couple of good lookers who can register romance even in close-ups this close. Gaynor and Farrell are their only rivals—and it keeps the Fox studio busy writing co-starring stories for both twosomes. The next for Jimmy and Sally is now in preparation

Confessions of a GIGOLO

George Raft, the most talked-about actor in Hollywood and the sensation of "Dancers in the Dark" and "Scarface," will startle you as Valentino did. And there's a reason. Twelve years ago, he and Rudy were dancing for profit in the same New York café, with women hunting for romance!

By
ROBERT DONALDSON

THE shade of *The Sheik* has reached from the grave to bring movie fame to slick, varnish-haired George Raft—not as a Latin lover, but as a gangster. Nor is it the shade of Valentino at the height of his picture fame, but of Valentino, the gigolo. George Raft and Valentino were gigolos together in New York in the days before Rudy was discovered and won fame in "The Four Horsemen."

Nearly thirteen years ago, that was. Valentino's star has risen and tragically fallen since then. George Raft's is just rising. Strangely enough, the two look amazingly alike, although Raft in no way capitalized on this in getting into pictures. The principal difference is that Valentino was somewhat taller.

Suave and sleek, Raft plays the bodyguard of that bloody character, *Scarface*, in the embattled Hughes picture of the same name. His death scene is one of the finest pieces of celluloid acting Hollywood has ever witnessed.

Oddly enough, people who have known George in New York whisper that at one time he played this rôle of bodyguard to a famous gangster in real life, and was seen about Broadway resorts, keeping always as close to him as his own shadow.

As the dapper and deadly underworld sheik in "Dancers in the Dark," he came close to stealing the picture from Miriam Hopkins and Jack Oakie. People left the theatre asking each other who he was. He has also appeared in "Quick Millions" and "Hush Money," the latter being his first film.

Raft was born in New York City, on 41st Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues. His mother was Italian, his father German. When in his teens, he became a professional boxer, and fought for two years in the flyweight class, at 112

(*Continued on page 66*)

Did you know that only a decade ago women paid George Raft to dance with them in New York's smartest cafés? And that he taught the Charleston to the Prince of Wales? His gigolo days are over now—and he's on his way to movie fame and fortune

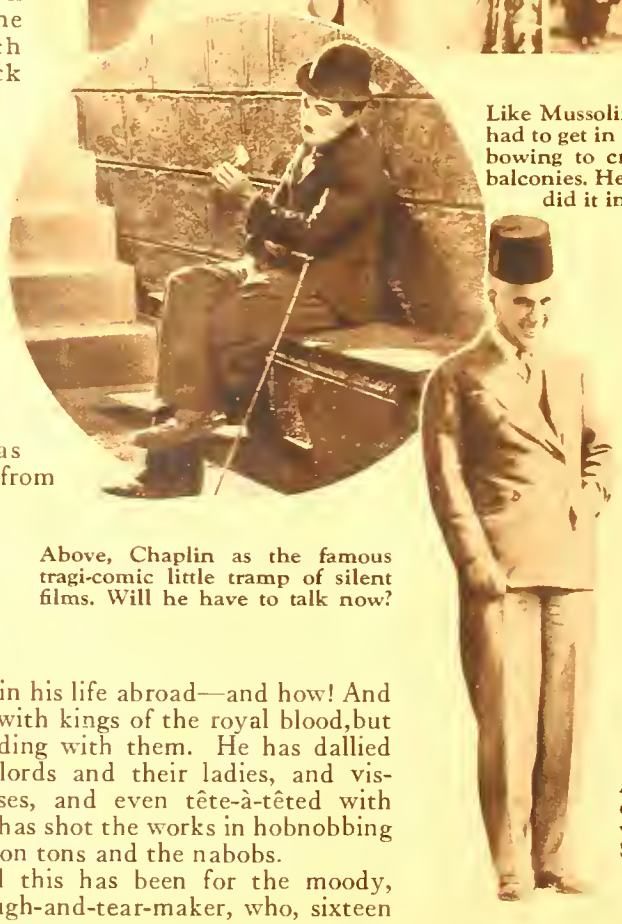
Has CHAPLIN Stayed Abroad Too Long?

By EDWIN SCHALLERT

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is returning to Hollywood about the first of June, and—"It's about time!" exclaim his friends, who are often his severest critics. "The king of the movies has been playing around with European nobility so long that people are forgetting about him. He has become a playboy, a gadabout. But he'd better show up pretty soon where he works, or he won't be king much longer. He'll be a back number."

Chaplin went abroad for four months and he has stayed a full fourteen. He has been fêted like a king. No doubt about that. He has been acclaimed and applauded by the populace of London, Paris, Berlin and points between, while Mussolini-like he has bowed to the mob from second-story balconies. He has skied about St. Moritz and has frolicked in the sunny waters of Nice, Monte Carlo, Biarritz and their environs.

Like Mussolini, Chaplin had to get in the habit of bowing to crowds from balconies. Here's how he did it in Paris



Above, Chaplin as the famous tragi-comic little tramp of silent films. Will he have to talk now?

Women have figured in his life abroad—and how! And he has not only talked with kings of the royal blood, but has also gone promenading with them. He has dallied with prime ministers, lords and their ladies, and viscounts and viscountesses, and even tête-à-têted with Mahatma Gandhi. He has shot the works in hobnobbing with the idle rich, the bon tons and the nabobs.

A great triumph, all this has been for the moody, baggy-pantsed little laugh-and-tear-maker, who, sixteen to eighteen years ago, was a nobody on his native heath. His greatest triumph, indeed—far overshadowing the one that he enjoyed on his previous trip abroad ten years ago! However, what of it? Has it been worth all the time he has given to it?

There won't be any rose-strewn pathways to greet his return to filmdom. The fatted calf will not be slaughtered to make a holiday for the returning prodigal. The film colony—that is, the vast new film colony brought in by the talkies — will probably just passingly say: "Oh yes, Chaplin's back," and then turn to other and more pressing affairs.

"He'll Have to Talk, or Else"

IT seems amazing, but the myth of the Chaplin greatness, so far as Hollywood is concerned, has blown up higher than a kite in the past twelve months. One can scarcely stir up interest in his fame or his fate among the present population. Most of the new inhabitants paid scant attention to the screen in the old days. The fact that the silent films had kings and queens, and that they were really celebrated, means nothing. Motion picture history began, so far as they can see, when the screen began to talk.

There is no long train of reporters, either, mak-

Appropriately enough, one of the places Chaplin visited was the land of Sphinx. He changed his derby for a fez

Associated Press

When Chaplin visited Berlin, this is how the enthusiastic populace "mobbed" him. You'll find him in the center, white-haired, with derby in the air. And only a year ago, even Hollywood was almost as excited about him as this! Right, as he looked during one of his few quiet moments in Paris

When he went away, the word "genius" was ringing in Charlie's ears. Now, only a year later, if he listens carefully, he'll hear Hollywood whispering that he's "a back number." How times do change—and how Charlie, himself, may have to change!

ing a trek to the comedian's quaint red-brick studio on La Brea Avenue, for news about him. Even when he was away, in former days, there was a perpetual parade of writers to the studio. They banged the doors in the hope of getting a glimpse of the place where Charlie worked, or touching his shoes or seeing his tattered comedy wardrobe, or the cane that he carried so swaggeringly. "Mecca," the Chaplin studio was called in the old days, and everybody sought to go there sometime to cleanse his soul in the place where screen art truly flourished.

"Just a back number"—that's the insistent refrain. "Charlie can't go on making silent pictures. He'll never make a go of a second one. The novelty of 'City Lights' put it over, but a fat chance he'll have to follow that up!"

The irony is that the last laugh may be Charlie's. After all, he is laughing now financially at the crazy, topsy-turvy movie city. The only picture that has made any really big money in many moons is "City Lights," and that's because of its international distribution.

The returns on "City Lights" will be between three and four million dollars. If "Cimarron," the biggest talker of the past year, gathers in two million dollars, it will be a wonder. Chaplin, grossed approximately half that amount on the New York and London runs of his picture alone, and there's no end to what he has made elsewhere.

The comedian will certainly be personally richer by more than a million dollars as a result of his exploit in the silents, exclusive of what may be deducted for income tax, and go for alimony, if that is to be charged off.

The Chaplin fame registers in all foreign countries. He set forth on his tour in February, 1931, sailing on the *Mauretania*. He was lionized in England, sat at the same table with the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Sutherland, week-ended with Lord and Lady Astor at their country place in Plymouth, was guest of the Duke of Westminister for boar-hunting in Normandy, had tea with Lloyd George in the House of Com-

(*Continued on page 67*)

Does a Mother-Complex Threaten Swanson Career?

Gloria, thrilled by new motherhood, is in a mood to leave the screen and devote her life to her children, say her friends—and point to evidence supporting their claim!

"GLORIA Swanson will never have a baby!"

Wallace Beery told me this during a heart-to-heart talk, years ago. He spoke wistfully, for he had recently divorced the budding star and one of his grounds—along with "desertion" — had been that his wife did not want children.

Barely twenty, athirst for an exciting life and burning with a determination to win film fame, Gloria felt no urge for motherhood then. *But now, twelve years later, a mother-complex is threatening Gloria Swanson's career!*

"I am going to have another baby!" she cried excitedly to the London press last February. "Isn't it wonderful?"

It was the cry of a woman who cannot imagine a greater thrill than motherhood.

She has developed a veritable passion for children and has expressed a desire for a large family. The question arises: Does this desire mean that Gloria now would rather be a mother than a screen star? Her friends think it does—and would not be surprised if Gloria should soon leave the screen. Particularly since the baby born to her and Michael Farmer in London on April 5 was a girl—when she had been hoping for a boy, "so I could name it Michael"!

During the intervening years since she and Wallace Beery went their separate ways, Gloria has touched every point in a woman's experience. She has won world fame such as few other women have attained. She has triumphed spectacularly—and she has been near failure. She has made fortunes—and she has been in debt almost a million dollars. She has married and been divorced, she has had a daughter and has adopted a son. Yet, just before she left for Europe in December with her new husband, Michael Farmer, Gloria told a friend that no fame or fortune or any other experience had ever given her the sheer joy that she felt when she knew she was to have another baby. She had never longed for anything more.

Pities Childless Women

"I AM thrilled to tears," she said, "and I find myself looking at other women who have not known motherhood, with a feeling of pity. I would gladly sacrifice everything I have ever gained, rather than relinquish this precious hope."

Though the coming baby was a secret that Hollywood wasn't sure it knew, she talked freely about it to intimate friends. Indeed, she would scarcely talk about anything else. She urged her bachelor-girl acquaintances to marry as quickly as possible in order to share her joy in bringing a child into the world. "If you don't hurry up," she warned them, as of the most terrible tragedy conceivable, "it may be too late for you to have any children of your own at all!"

Despite four marriages and three divorces before her thirty-second birthday (which, by the way, she celebrated on March 27 in Paris), Gloria firmly believes in marriage, believes it should be the foundation of every woman's life.

By MAUDE CHEATHAM

(*Continued on page 68*)

Dyar

RANDOLPH SCOTT

Gory Cooper, fr[illegible]no, played "The Virginion." And now Rondolph Sc[illegible]/irginio, is in Montono to ploy "Lone Cowboy"—o big [illegible] o newcomer, even a hondsome, he-mon, smiling one [illegible]lph. But he looks as if he could corry stardom os eos[illegible]ddle, doesn't he? You'll soon see!

Longworth

QUIET, PLEASE!

Even when the sound camera is momentarily idle, Paul Lukas isn't. Look around the shadows on the set, and you'll find him over by the wall, munching an apple, and saying his lines for his next scene. When this was snapped, he was playing in "Thunder Below," with Tallulah Bankhead. But now he is a Universal star

STARS AT WORK!

When a player is m
cept those the play
the slightest noise.
clicked his shutter c
Tallulah, tending t

Ray Jones

SIDNEY MAY BE TINY, BUT HOW SHE LOVES THE BRINY!

Sidney Fox—considering she's only five feet tall and a good-sized wave would bowl her over—can be very, very soulful about the seashore. Especially when she's dressed for it, as she is here. Universal is trying to find a story to fit her just as well—and then make her a star!

Richee

LUPE VELEZ

Here's looking ot you (ond vamping you!) for the lost time in o long time. Lupe thinks "The Broken Wing" wos her lost picture for mony o moon. She's now the hit of Ziegfeld's musicol comedy, "Hot-Cho!", ond it's likely to run for months. But you never con tell obout Lupe. She might chonge her mind pronto!

The lost you heord of Corinne, she was retiring FROM the screen —and now you see her retiring ON the screen, ond just os beautiful os ever. She didn't go obrood lost yeor just for fun. She went for voice lessons, too, ond to be with her husbond, Walter Morosco. And here she is, in his new production, "Lily Christine"

CORINNE GRIFFITH

By LOUISE RICE

No man will ever *tame* JOAN CRAWFORD, her Handwriting says

Louise Rice, who is world-famous for her ability to read character from handwriting, tells you how she KNOWS! And she adds some other new discoveries about Joan!

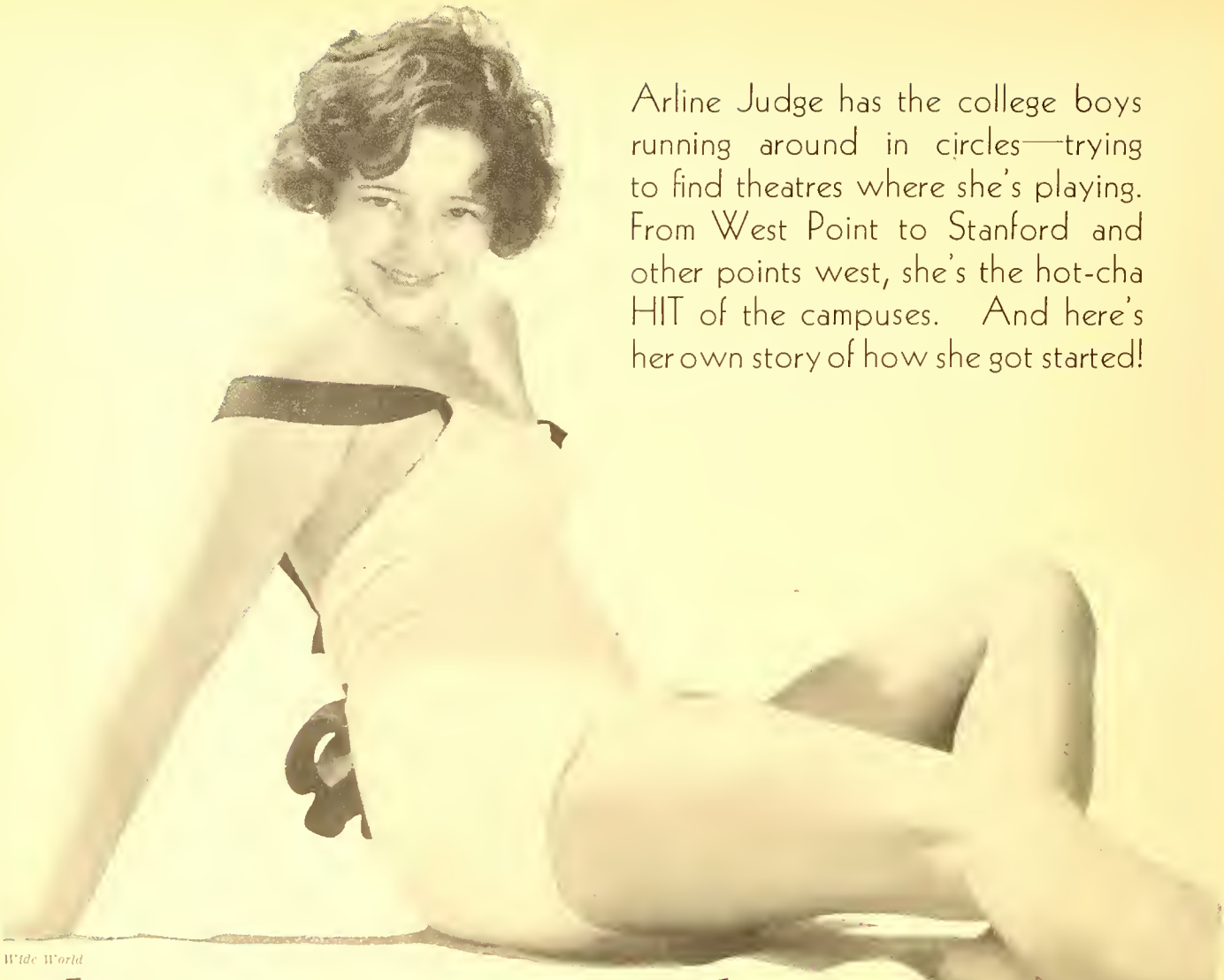
TAKE a look at that zigzag underscore beneath Joan Crawford's signature—it looks just like a streak of lightning. Well, this explains to me some of the reasons for the great popularity that this star has gained. Such an underscore is always the sign of some brilliance and shows a marked degree of power and personal magnetism, which is an important asset for anyone who is in the public eye.

Napoleon, who almost conquered the world, used this type of underscore constantly and so did Zola, the great French author. We all know that they must have had brilliant personalities in order to be as irresistible to both men and women as they were, for Zola was an ugly-looking man and Napoleon had atrocious manners. But Joan Crawford has the added attraction of being beautiful, as well as brilliant, which makes her irresistible in more ways than one. So watch your step when she looks particularly charming and demure, as that pretty hair of hers covers more than some-

(*Continued on page 70*)

ANALYZE YOUR OWN HANDWRITING

Louise Rice has perfected a chart known as a Grapho-scope, which enables you to analyze your own handwriting. It will reveal your proper vocation. Also analyzes love and congenial friendships. Get one to-day! Send your name and address to Louise Rice, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.



Wide World

Arline Judge has the college boys running around in circles—trying to find theatres where she's playing. From West Point to Stanford and other points west, she's the hot-cha HIT of the campuses. And here's her own story of how she got started!

Three Long Cheers for Arline Judge

By DORIS JANEWAY

HERE you have Arline Judge: Five-feet-nothing-at-all, nineteen years old, curves like the bronze statuette on a lamp, skin the color of pale molasses, a saucy haircut, a sensuous, throbbing little voice and the trademark of her lipstick on the tips of her cigarettes. She looks like *Peter Pan* with sex-appeal. She is, to put it mildly, hot-cha (as Jimmy Durante and the college boys would say). And maybe you think RKO isn't grooming her for stardom!

Not since Sue Carol has any movie girl come along to play so much havoc in undergraduate circles, as Arline. They write her: "*You're a hon-ey, honey*," and, "*when I step out to Hollywood, how about stepping out to the Cocoanut Grove with me?*" That Arline, in private life, is very much Mrs. Wesley Ruggles has made little or no difference in the date bids. But then, "College boys never were strong on reading marriage certificates." She has a million bids, a million of 'em.

She's used to being the college boys' delight. Long before the movies ever happened to her in "Are These Our Children?", she was causing her own parents plenty of excitement in wondering, "Is This Our Child?" She had her first collegiate date at the advanced age of fifteen. There was a chaperon, of course, supplied by the polite girls' school she attended. And from then on, her life was a gay round of proms and hops and—once in a while—near-romance.

"I guess I was lucky," says Arline from under the brim of a black hat that almost completely obscures one brown eye, leaving only a single orb to observe me and the RKO lunchroom activities. "I 'prommed' and 'hopped' it from Annapolis to West Point without ever running into the popular idea of the gin-soaked collegian. Most of the boys I met were just right—not too nice, and not too naughty. I can't get cynical about 'em."

(*Continued on page 64*)

"I was a careless wife — till a beauty expert warned me"

More than 20,000 experts odvise one way to o youthful skin; daily use of Palmolive — only world-known soap mode of olive ond palm oils.

"CARELESS wives! Neglect and indifference spoil their youthful freshness. They take chances with love, with happiness. . . . Unnecessary chances, since the right beauty care is so simple." So one beauty expert voices what many experts believe.

* * *

Simple! Yes! Over 20,000 beauty experts outline a daily skin treatment. . . and every one has specified Palmolive Soap. Palmolive —because of the generous amount of olive oil put into every cake—because this priceless beauty ingredient makes it more than a soap . . . actually a beauty treatment, in itself! With your hands work a lather of Palmolive and warm water into the skin of face and throat. Rinse . . . first with warm water, then with cool. Feel the fresh radiance of your skin.

The Rejuvenoting Beauty Both

Shave a cake of Palmolive. Add 4 cups of water. Heat till the soap is completely dissolved. Pour this rich liquid into your tub. Massage the body with lather from another cake of Palmolive. Rinse! Then, you'll want to go places, do things.

Careless wives, take heed! Let expert counsel warn you, now, today: keep your skin young, vital, radiant by observing the simple beauty treatments outlined here.

Retail Price
10c

"An irritated skin means you are using the wrong kind of soap. You should use Palmolive, which is made of vegetable oils. It keeps skin free of irritation, leaves the complexion refreshed and beautiful."

—Vincent of Paris
Distinguished Beauty Specialist

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Is 29 an

Photograph by Russell Ball, 1931

Screen Stars know the Secret of *keeping* Youthful Charm

TWENTY-NINE—nearing thirty! Is that an age to dread? The screen stars say no! They keep youthful loveliness through the years.

"I'm 29," says Anita Stewart, "but I don't dread my next birthday a bit! Nowadays it's possible for a woman to grow even *more* charming as the years go by—if she is willing to take sensible care of her complexion!"

"I'm 29," says Esther Ralston. "No one need fear birthdays. We on the screen, of course, *must* keep youthful charm and a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary!"

How, you wonder, *do* these beau-

ESTHER RALSTON, the lovely star who owns Esther's Beauty Salon in Hollywood. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary" she says. "That's why I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

LUX

age to Dread?

tiful stars keep their skin so youthfully lovely?

"Since I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I never worry about my skin," says Anita Stewart.

"For years I've used Lux Toilet Soap," says Esther Ralston. "And my complexion is younger-looking than ever!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of Hollywood's 694 important actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. It is so gentle, so beautifully *white*—as no soap less pure and carefully made could be! Because the stars' preference is so well known, the big film studios have made it their *official* soap.

Surely *your* skin should have this safe sure care! Buy several cakes and begin today to guard complexion beauty as the famous stars do!

ANITA STEWART, charming screen favorite, says: "From the day I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I've never worried about my skin. With this nice white soap I keep it smooth and clear—so easily!"

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, 1931

Toilet Soap—10¢

Roland Young LOVES TWO WOMEN

And Tells Why

BY HALE HORTON

THIS is the story of the world's most unusual triangle the story of an actor who actually loves his mother-in-law. A mother-in-law, especially in Hollywood, is usually either a joke or a Tartar. Anyway, she isn't supposed to be anything human. When a marriage hits the rocks, she usually gets the blame. When the young couple are extra happy, she doesn't get any of the credit. She's something to be put up with, not esteemed. But here's the exception you've always wanted to meet. And found right in the wilds of Hollywood, at that!

The mother-in-law is Clare Kummer, charming woman, mother and playwright while the man is none other than Roland Young, renowned stage and screen actor, whimsical story-teller, sophisticated world-traveler, valued dinner guest, gold-fish fancier and possessor of the world's most fantastic conglomeration of penguins.

He not only loves his mother-in-law, but, to quote the fellow himself, "If it weren't for Clare Kummer, my career very likely would never have amounted to a damn!"

Rather a definite statement, don't you think? But then Roland Young, in spite of his whimsical nature, is a definite sort of a person, an Englishman with definite ideas, a man who can make up his mind in a split second and who knows precisely what he wants, in either business or pleasure. Young admits, however, that he was not so positive a person before meeting the woman who was to be his mother-in-law. In numerous little ways, she helped even to build his character.

In considering Roland Young himself, first remember that you've seen him in a dozen and a half pictures, notably in "The Squaw Man," "New Moon," "Annabelle's Affairs," "The Prodigal," "Pagan Lady," "The Guardsman," "A Woman Commands," "Lovers Courageous," "One Hour With You" and "This Is the Night." And furthermore, you were quietly enthusiastic over the whimsical high comedy so peculiarly his.

Did you ever hear of an actor's loving his mother-in-law? But Roland Young, pointing to Clare Kummer, famous playwright, says she's different. They were pals for fourteen years before he married her little girl, Marjorie (right)—and Clare made Roland what he is to-day!

This son of Keith Young, famous English hospital architect, was born in London on November 11, 1887, and he has been at peace with the world ever since. Before going to the University of London, he received a preliminary education at Sherbourne in Dorsetshire. "A very old school," says Roland. "Alfred the Great went there, and all that sort of thing. The studies in my particular schoolhouse were Thirteenth Century monks' cells, built below the level of the ground. But, as a matter of fact, this monastery life wasn't half-bad, as they served ale every afternoon. Although," he adds, "you couldn't catch a buzz on seventeen mugs of the stuff."

Even though Roland was a delicate child, he lived away from home between the ages of eight and eighteen. "But this had its compensations," he believes. "My being away at boarding school thwarted my older brothers and sisters

(Continued on page 58)

"Well, then, why don't you try it, too?"

"I like to be original—but do you know why I started using Colgate's? I'll tell you. I was talking to my dentist about toothpastes being good for this and that . . . He said, 'Jean, do you know what a toothpaste is for? A toothpaste is to clean teeth—just that and nothing more.' And he said no toothpaste can do it better than Colgate's. Since I pay my dentist for advice, I'm going to take it. Besides I like its flavor! And maybe you think the price of a quarter doesn't appeal to me nowadays."

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Roland Young Loves Two Women And Tells Why

(Continued from page 56)

in their great ambition to boss me around."

In 1910 Keith Young decided that his son, like himself, should become an English hospital architect; and if not that, at least a diplomat or a banker. Roland, however, preferred a cold to any career but acting, so he caught one, and, indeed, became so ill he was unable to speak. Sympathetically, his father quizzed him concerning his career, but this parental sympathy elicited nothing but heart-rending groans. In fact, when his father mentioned the banking business, Roland emitted a whole series of groans and paled perceptibly. It was only after his father had finally said, "Well, my boy, you might as well become an actor," that Roland gave out a happy grunt, and they do say the speed of his recovery was miraculous.

She Changed His Luck

AFTER a year at the Tree Dramatic School in London (this was after his 'Varsity days), he was given a part in "Find the Woman." Then he played stock in the English provinces, returning to London with "Improper Peter." So successful was he in this endeavor that he was given a chance in "Hindle Wakes," with which play he went to New York, and *after* which play he was dogged by a pack of bad luck, mitigated only when he met his future mother-in-law, Clare Kummer.

Now a successful movie actor, Roland Young owns a charming Beverly Hills home in which he lives with his mother-in-law, his wife, Marjorie, a Russian wolf hound "of the Romanoff line," and a black alley-cat called "Unex"—"short for unexpected," he explains. And an unbelievable collection of penguins. He owns a penguin from every port in the world, penguins of all descriptions. Penguins of ivory, wood, gold, silver and bronze. Penguins of china, blown-glass and steel. Penguins with their hats on, and in automobiles. Wood blocks, oils and water-colors of penguins. Families of penguins, bachelor penguins and young maiden penguins, demurely blushing. And this in spite of the fact that Young is known as a gold-fish fancier and insists that his life's ambition is to become a salmon! Besides the penguins, his hobbies are writing whimsical poems "not for children," and drawing caricatures of his friends and himself.

"I hate to think what would have happened to my life if it hadn't been for Clare Kummer. She molded me from a haphazard actor into a successful man." (For it was Clare Kummer who helped Roland exploit his flair for whimsy by weaving plays around it.) "Plays," he insists, "in which I simply couldn't fail!

His Wife Was Then Ten

"IT was in 1912 that I first made her acquaintance. Just before the closing of 'Hindle Wakes.' My wife, who was ten years old at the time, brought her mother backstage and introduced us and invited me to visit her mother's apartment. From then on a great friendship existed between Clare and myself, and still does, even though she now is my mother-in-law. I married her daughter Marjorie in 1926 (after a fourteen-year courtship!). Incidentally, during the wedding ceremony, which was performed on the vine-covered back porch of Clare's summer cottage at Narragansett Bay, a grasshopper caused considerable confusion by jumping down the front of the blouse of one of the maids-of-honor, making it imperative for her to leave at once.

"But to get back to Clare: For some time after the premature death of 'Hindle Wakes,' I found myself at a low ebb. I had rehearsed six months, worked ten days and got paid for five—afterwards going with the Washington players in *great* affluence at twenty dollars a week. As a matter of fact, it was possible to live on it then—and, what's more, to drink on it, too. There were plenty of places to get a good cocktail for fifteen cents. Fancy that, if you will!

"However, it was about this time that Clare gave me a splendid boost. In order that I might do something worth while, this dear woman wrote me a one-act play. It was put on at a banquet; and while I went up in my lines pretty badly, as I recall, Clare was very pleasant about it.

"Before writing that play, my mother-in-law already had composed two songs—'Dearie' and 'Egypt'—not to mention an enchanting musical comedy called 'Noah's Ark.' No, let's see, that's not the name. Ah-h-h," he grunted after a moment of thought, "now I have it! It concerned Noah's Ark and was called 'Rainy Day.' The one-act play wasn't musical, though. Just tropical. But it must have been beautifully written for it caused something very charming to happen to me. It was the well-known turning point.

Again She Came to Rescue

"ON the strength of this play Arthur Hopkins, the producer, called me in for a part and inquired as to what salary I wanted. I took a deep breath and mentioned a salary which, to my ears, sounded most fantastic. I asked for a hundred dollars a week—whereupon he suggested that I leave the salary to him until after the show opened in New Haven. At which time Arthur again called me in and said that he had decided not to give me a hundred a week, but a hundred and fifty instead!

"Soon after this, however, I again seemed on the verge of proving a bust as an actor, and once more my mother-in-law came to the rescue." This time Clare Kummer rescued him with a play rather aptly titled "The Rescuing Angel," as well as a musical comedy called "Good Gracious Annabelle" and such plays as "Rollo's Wild Oat," "A Successful Calamity" and "Pomeroy's Past." So it was that Roland Young became a definite success.

From the first moment Clare Kummer met him she was the true motivating force of his life. What's more, he admits it. And he is deeply grateful.

"For everything I am or own in the world to-day, I am directly indebted to Clare," Young tells you with the utmost sincerity. "When I was nothing but a shiftless and mediocre actor, she comforted me, shooed away the blue devils, urged me on and encouraged me with words, as well as with the more material assistance of her plays. She gave me the opportunity of achieving a reasonably solid success on both stage and screen. Because of her, I am earning the money with which to gratify my rather odd whims, the money to run my home, to buy practically anything in the world that I want. And last, but not least, she gave me my wife, Marjorie, whom I love with my very life—so is it any wonder that I love my mother-in-law?"

Did You Know That . . . Englisb producers have been cabling Roland Young: "Please come bome. All will be forgiven if you do a couple of pictures in England" and tbat Roland cabled back, "Maybe I will"?

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This year's smartest frocks come in washable linens and cottons and silks. Lux keeps them fresh, unfaded, lovely as new all season through.

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"So nowadays we're not taking chances with the ordinary soaps.* We wash *everything* nice the *safe* way—with gentle, mild Lux suds."

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Three Long Cheers For Arline Judge

(*Continued from page 52*)

When Her Fun Began

COLLEGE life hit Arline when she was "going on sixteen" after a comparatively mild childhood spent in Bridgeport, Connecticut. At the aforementioned age, Arline's parents entered her in the Ursuline Academy, a finishing school in New York City. And then the fun began.

"It was during the football season and a schoolmate of mine knew some of the boys at West Point who were in town to cheer on their team against Notre Dame. I had had a date with a nice little fellow from my home-town to attend the big event, but two days before the game he was stricken with the measles and had to return home. It nearly broke me up. Not that I cared so much for him—but I hated to miss the game. My girl-friend kept telling me to stop crying. She said she would fix up a blind date with a West Point cadet who was a friend of her friend.

"I'll never forget the emotions of that first blind date. Any girl who has ever had one (and who hasn't?) knows what I'm talking about. You set out for the meeting one degree short of a nervous breakdown, wondering what you are going to draw in your Surprise Package. You harbor a pathetic hope that the Unseen Number will turn out to be a cross between your favorite movie actor and Bing Crosby, but you've a lowdown hunch he will be simple-minded and near-sighted.

"When the boys called for us the day of the game, I had to force myself to keep from walking into the room with my eyes shut (to ward off the blow as long as possible). But accidents will happen, even when it comes to blind dates. There stood my Big Moment, the best-looking boy I have ever seen. His name was, and is, Hugh Warner Stevenson. For two years I was madly in love with him.

And She Says She Was "True"!

"WE WROTE each other daily after that first meeting. I lost all interest in school. I would ditch any class any time to hop up to West Point to see my secret sorrow. What letters we wrote! I still have his. Wonder if he has mine?

"Though I was really true to the Army," laughs Arline, "I couldn't help being interested in other collegians. Once, when Hugh and I had a little quarrel, I accepted an invitation to a prom dance at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia. It was Dick Franklin who asked me (my mother's favorite among my beaux), but it was Jack Thorington who nearly cut out Hugh in my affections. What a number *he* was, and what a wonderful time we had together. Incidentally, I've had several letters from him since the release of 'Are These Our Children?' recalling the good times we had together and wishing me well in my marriage and my career."

I ask Arline if Thorington was a football player. They are supposed to wreak so much havoc among the fair co-eds. But she shakes her towsled head.

"I never went in much for football players. Most of them bend backward with conceit—and then they can't date a girl very much. Training and all that sort of thing. They have to be in bed at ten o'clock—and little Arline was usually just getting going good at that time. I did, however, have one week-end date at West Point with 'Red' Cagle. He was a nice, quiet kid—and I don't think he was particularly interested in me, or any other girl.

"You remember, it later came out that Red had been secretly married for some time and it caused an awful fuss when it was discovered. 'Red' and I spent our entire time at the week-end dance consuming innumerable dishes of ice cream and trying to stir up a little mutually interesting conversation. I never saw him after that except on the football field. And what a player he was!

So She Became an Actress

"I GUESS I just about put the finishing touches on my *own* finishing school career, when I decided to ditch my first year finals and go up to West Point to see my beloved Hugh graduated. I had a whole book of round-trip tickets to West Point—and exactly twenty-five cents in my pocket. It was a glorious day—Hugh looked wonderful in his cadet uniform and I was so proud of him.

"Immediately after the exercises, he had to catch a train for home and I remember we clung to each other on the platform, swearing eternal devotion. I suppose I cried—I know I felt terribly dramatic. It was then that I made up my mind I was not going back to school—ever. I was too upset. I was going on the stage or something, where I could forget our 'cruel' separation.

"Kids are funny," Arline philosophized, "Hugh was no more than out of sight than I began to smile at another cute cadet I knew, Roger Moore. We chatted flirtatiously a couple of moments and Cadet Moore said he was driving back to New York. He asked if I wanted to ride along in his Ford.

"We stopped along the way and I sent my mother a wire that I was not going back to school and begged her not to be worried. I told her I knew the parents of several of the girls I had met at school and I was sure I could stay with one of my friends at her home until I could get started on the stage. Sure enough, I did make my home for a week or two with the family of one of my friends.

Her Mother Couldn't Object

"MOTHER sent me money and wrote that she knew I was not serious about my schooling and that I might as well try my luck at the stage if I thought I had an opportunity.

"While I had been attending Ursuline Academy, I had been taking dancing lessons from Jack Donahue. When I put my ambitions before him, he said he thought I had a chance to make a go of it on the stage. He got me a short vaudeville contract, a two-months stock engagement, and it was through his influence that I finally landed back on Broadway in Ruth Selwyn's 'Nine-Fifteen Revue.' Harry Carroll saw the show and, when it closed, offered me a job in his Revue. We were on the road for three months.

"When I returned to Broadway, I did a specialty number in 'The Second Little Show' and I guess somebody important from RKO must have seen, and liked, my little number because I was offered a contract to come to Hollywood.

"Yes, it makes me a little dizzy to think how quickly things have happened to me. Just three short years ago, I was hopping to college proms and suffering through schoolgirl infatuations. Wesley" (surely you know by now that Wesley means Arline's husband and director) "gets an awful kick out of looking at my collection of fraternity pins and rings and so forth. He says I was too fickle to have been so popular. If he had been one of the collegians he swears he would have shot me! I'm glad I didn't marry a collegian—as cute as they are, they are so *hot-cha!*"

You, too, Arline. . . .

You Can Read Sylvia Sidney's Secrets in Her Face

(Continued from page 21)

to put into her performance a finished, unbreakable artistic value.

Sympathy, too, plays a big rôle in her make-up. It is that almost tragic feeling for people—the Hebraic heritage of pity for humanity's little tribulations and struggles—that gives reality to her portrayals.

The shape of her head reveals that she is a perfectly normal, well-balanced person, so far as success is concerned. She doesn't overrate it and it won't turn her head. She is too level-headed for that.

Lively When She Wants to Be

FROM the physical standpoint, her lips, eyes and nostrils reveal that she is very vital in temperament. She could, in chosen company, laugh and play and carry on in the most abandoned manner. She could be very human and amusing. But she couldn't be that way with everybody nor could she be that way all of the time, even with friends. She has too much repression for that, but she is not a snob by any means.

Looking at the set of her lips, I would say that at times she has a tendency to get a bit unnerved, and has to struggle for self-control. This little tendency is invariably revealed by a slightly oblique mouth. But she is persevering and always comes through all right. I would say she had the makings of a sterling little friend and would be a good sticker through trouble. She may not as yet have had to put this trait to use, but when the time comes, I know she will be that way.

From the nose, nostrils and lips I should further say that she is capable of ardent affection—very ardent and very adoring, but it will be hard to make her show it at first.

Sylvia Sidney is a real "find," so far as motion pictures are concerned. She is just the girl suited to pick up the mantle of tradition for an excellent, artistic, sympathetic performance. She is a little Sarah Bernhardt in the making.

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 22)

WONDER if things are as "rifty" between Johnny Weismuller (*Tarzan, the Ape Man*, to you) and his wife, Bobbe Arnst, as Hollywood is making out? The chief source of suspicion lies in the fact that Bobbe swore off professional work and promised Johnny she wouldn't do any more dancing after their marriage. Johnny didn't want her to dance any more.

Now that Bobbe is strutting her stuff in a local night-club, the folks are wondering if Johnny doesn't care now?

THE marriage of Joan Bennett to Gene Markey broke all records for speed. The actual ceremony by Judge Lewis Works was over in such a short blink of the eye that many of the guests didn't realize it had begun, until it was over. Even sister Constance, the matron of honor, was so surprised she nearly forgot to dash up and kiss the bride. Connie's ceremony when she married the Marquis took much longer. At Connie's wedding the ceremony took so long that Joan, as one of the attendants, made several false starts to be the first to kiss her sister, only to discover that "it" wasn't over yet.

Several hundred people attended Joan's marriage, at least half of them being press

(Continued on page 76)

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Confessions of a Gigolo

(*Continued from page 41*)

pounds. Later he took up professional dancing and as he was a good-looking young chap, with a touch of Latin romance about him, he soon heard of an opening in the gigolo business.

Where He Met Valentino

"THEY didn't call us gigolos in those days," explains Raft. "The word was later brought in from France. We were known as 'dance entertainers.'

"I was a gigolo at various places in New York, but principally Murray's, Churchill's, and Rector's. It was a very popular thing for unescorted women to drop in at some fashionable place in the afternoon for tea, or a few drinks. There was good music, and the house furnished the dancers.

"I first met Valentino at Rector's—only he was known as Guglielmi then. Affairs were conducted quite properly. The hostess was Peggy Howard. She had charge of us. Each of us wore a white button on the right lapel to show that we were house dancers, and weren't outsiders promoting around among the women—which wasn't permitted.

"The café was divided off into stands, such as waiters have. Each gigolo was supposed to look after the ladies at a certain number of tables—that is, unless there were girls that you knew, and had danced with before, in which case it was all right to go to other tables and ask them to dance.

"We were paid two dollars an afternoon by the management, so, of course, we depended for our principal income on tips. The average gigolo earned between seventy-five and one hundred dollars a week, unless he was lucky and had some middle-aged wealthy dame fall for him, in which case he could expect much higher tips while the crush lasted.

"Valentino took care of the tables next to mine. He was reserved, probably because he then had a pronounced accent. To tell you the truth, we weren't as popular as some of the other boys in the place. The vogue for Latin types hadn't started yet, and most of the women were going for the light-haired boys. We often used to wish we didn't have such a 'foreign' look!

He and Rudy Learned About Women

"YOU learn a lot about women, being a gigolo. Of course, it was principally a business with us. We were always on the lookout for older women, as they generally had more money and tipped us more liberally for our services, and also, if they liked us, would invite us out on parties for the evening as their dance partners, and, of course, that meant a good-sized piece of change.

"We ducked the younger women when we could, as they didn't mean much in a financial way. About all they'd ever do would be to fall in love and that interferes with a gigolo's business. Some of these girls were débutantes, some were fast-stepping show girls, some were high-class street girls—it was pretty hard to tell them apart.

"They were the type who wouldn't get in until dawn, and then would get up about noon. Having nothing to do until after dark, they would come to Rector's or one of the other places, eat breakfast about two, and dance or sip their drinks the rest of the afternoon until it was time to go home and dress for the evening.

"Such girls usually just had pocket money, about enough to pay their bill at Rector's and give a small tip, and, of course, had other engagements for the evening. The older women were usually the ones who were glad to have a good-looking escort for some gay party. It was very flattering to them, and most of them, too, were good scouts.

"*The principal worry of a gigolo is preventing women from falling in love with him.* You'd be surprised, the number of girls and women of good standing who will get a great crush, really serious, on some professional dancer whom they've only met a few times, and about whom they know absolutely nothing. You have to put a stop to it quickly, but diplomatically, or it gets to be an awful nuisance.

Both Had to Dodge Marriage

"VALENTINO, or any of us, could have been married a dozen times to anybody from débutantes in the Social Register to middle-aged heiresses who were lonely. The women we liked best were those who sought us out strictly because we liked to dance. One of my favorite clients was a woman who weighed all of two hundred and twenty-five pounds. She used to come in twice a week and I'd dance three or four times with her, and she always gave me ten dollars. Both of us knew it was worth it."

After some months Raft gave up the gigolo business for a vaudeville offer to dance with Joe Frisco. He developed a famous "broken-leg" eccentric dance, and appeared for years in night-clubs, and in vaudeville. Then he went abroad and danced his eccentric dance in the capitals of Europe. Eventually he located at the Florida Club, one of London's exclusive spots for the night-blooming nobility.

The club was a hangout for the Prince of Wales, who likes to dance, and it was here that Raft taught the Prince how to do the Charleston and the Black Bottom.

"The Prince is a pretty good scout," he says, "and likes to play around. He also likes to know all of the latest dances, even if he can't dance them in public.

"This was in 1927, and the Charleston was going strong. One afternoon the Prince was there with a party, and asked me to show him the steps. He was very intrigued, and came into the club twice a week thereafter to take lessons, and seemed to get a great kick out of it. It seemed funny to see royalty cutting up in the steps of the Charleston!

"Of course, I wouldn't take anything for my services—it isn't done in England—so the Prince presented me with a cigarette lighter with his name engraved on it."

Was to Be Rudy's "Brother"

IT was Valentino, the gigolo, graduated to be the world's greatest lover, who suggested Hollywood to Raft.

"I was frequently mistaken for Rudy in night-clubs. I saw quite a bit of him during his last visit to New York. He went to night-clubs every night, and was often seen at Tex Guinan's 300 Club, and the Playground, where I worked. One 'Celebrity Night' at the Playground, Valentino was my guest. He made me a proposition.

"'Come to Hollywood, George,' he said, 'and I'll start you in the movies. I can use you in my next picture, playing the rôle of my brother, and I'm sure with that start you'll go over.'

"It has been said that I was to be Valentino's stand-in and double, but this is not true. Look at the difference in our height! I agreed to go back to Hollywood with him. However, he was taken to the hospital and died a few days later, so I gave the Hollywood idea no further thought."

Raft is a typical product of New York, a

(*Continued on page 73*)

Chaplin usually prefers blondes, but Floriselle Constantinesco, Roumanian brunette, caught his eye

Has Chaplin Stayed Abroad Too Long?

(*Continued from page 43*)

mons, sojourned with Winston Churchill at his home, was the guest of Sir Philip Sassoon at an art exhibition and there met the sedate Lady Oxford, was introduced to the King of Belgium, was entertained in the South of France by Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Gould. The whole thing sounds like a Blue Book or an Almanach de Gotha. Only Gandhi and a British judge "took him down" during all this holidaying. Gandhi, living in a strange world of dates, goat's milk and meditation, averred that he had never seen a Chaplin picture, while the judge criticized Charlie pointedly for his behavior in a courtroom.

Chaplin's entrance into London was magnificent—a perfect piece of showmanship. A British publication remarked of it, "He descended on London at a time when it was not clogged with Ascot and Ranelagh, and royal garden parties and public school and university cricket matches and the like." He therefore occupied the center of the stage.

And here is where romance entered. For it was at a party that Sari Maritza, who is now in Hollywood under contract to Paramount, appeared on the scene as the lady of the hour.

In Southern France there was the more prolonged episode of May Reeves, really Mitzi Muller, that gained much public attention. She was seen with Charlie at Nice, Juan-les-Pins and Biarritz. She was nominated for a screen career. Charlie, whimsically, introduced her by the surname Reeves, because it was that of his studio manager, Alfred Reeves, and indicated that as "May Reeves" she would make her début.

Only recently it has been discovered that there is another lady, who also contemplates Hollywood as her goal sometime in August. This is Floriselle Constantinesco, a Roumanian, daughter of very rich parents, whom Charlie met in Vienna, and who was tested under his supervision.

Miss Constantinesco suffers a handicap in her name, which would never fit in any set of bright lights yet contrived. So, consequently, she and the comedian debated the matter of changing it.

"Why don't you make it Chaplin?" he queried, but the young lady wouldn't take him seriously.

Miss Constantinesco is only eighteen years of age. Proof, this incident, that Charlie is still charmed by ingenuous youth—by

(*Continued on page 69*)

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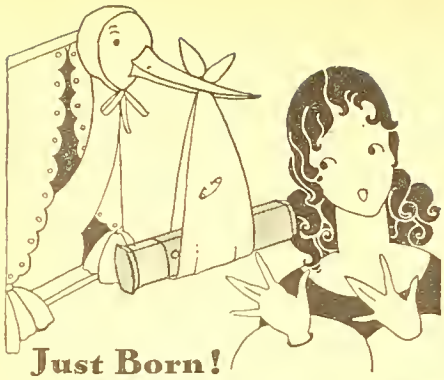

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Does a Mother-Complex Threaten Swanson Career?

(*Continued from page 44*)

Perhaps her yearning for affection has led her into romances that never developed into real companionships, somehow. Then, too, Gloria, ever surrounded by a flame of excitement and leading a vivid screen life, may have found it difficult to adjust herself to the routine of marriage.

"The only reason why I should ever think of marrying again," she once told a friend, "would be to have more children." Now, in the handsome young Briton, Michael Farmer, her fourth husband, she feels she has found her true mate. Gloria's gorgeous sense of humor is matched by his Irish wit; their agile minds complement each other; they look upon life in much the same way and, best of all, he, too, wishes a family, adores the ready-made one he has married, and is jubilant over the new baby.

The Kind of Mother She Is

ALREADY, Gloria Swanson has proved herself the perfect mother. She has fought to keep the children from the public and she has never permitted a picture of them to reach the papers. So well has she drilled this into her daughter's mind that, when group pictures are being taken at the beach or at a children's party, little Gloria turns her head so as to be out of the camera's focus, or hides her face in her hands.

This is, I believe, the first story to tell of the inside life of the Swanson household, which is Gloria's own life more than all her publicized, photographed work and play.

Gloria II, now eleven, whose father is Herbert Somborn, Gloria Swanson's second husband, and nine-year-old Joseph, the adopted son, are two of the best-reared children in Beverly Hills. Perhaps because she missed so much in her own childhood, Gloria is making special efforts to give them every advantage. In her home on Crescent Drive, set amid spacious gardens, they are surrounded by every influence that builds character and gives cultural background.

They are unspoiled, democratic, well-poised and have charming manners—children to be proud of. When, before going to Europe, their mother told them about the new baby who would be coming, both were wild with joy and little Gloria said, "Wouldn't it be fun to have *twins!*"

Neither Gloria II nor Joseph has any desire to go into pictures. This is well, for Gloria would never give her consent. They may select any other career except that of acting. On this she is very positive.

Boy Is NOT Her Child

THE little girl plays the piano beautifully, and is studying harmony and also the harp, showing an unusual aptitude in music that may blossom into definite talent. Both children love to read, especially Joseph, who is buried in a book most of the time, sea and adventure stories being his favorites. Otherwise, he displays no particular talent yet, unless it is for boats. On his last birthday, he received a whole fleet of small sea craft and knows the mechanism and history of each by heart.

Naturally, Gloria Swanson has been the target for much talk—the price of fame. While she is never indifferent to unkind comments, she shrinks from criticism, but has learned to hide the hurt and keep her head up.

She tells this story on herself. One day in New York, soon after she adopted Joseph, a group of friends were chatting in her dressing-room when she said, "Let a woman be talked about once and she's always talked about. I guess the only thing I haven't been accused of is being Joseph's mother." At this point, Lois Wilson laughed, saying, "Why, Gloria, don't you know that a great many people think he *is* your own baby?"

While she has always said that she wished he were, Joseph is not Gloria Swanson's child. This is a definite assertion. She made four pictures the year he was born, and was at the studio nearly every day.

Soon after her divorce from Herbert Somborn, when she thought she would never marry again, Gloria felt that her daughter needed a playmate and decided to adopt a child to grow up with her own. Though very busy at the time making pictures, she began her search for a suitable child. Finally, word came that a three-months-old boy, fulfilling her strict requirements, had been found and it was arranged for her to see the baby.

In relating the experience, to a friend later, Gloria said, "It was just like me not to pick out a curly-headed cherub, but to find Joseph—such a homely, scrawny little thing. When he looked up at me, I felt he *needed* me. It would be fun to bring him into splendid health, to see him develop into a fine, handsome, wonderful son! And it has been!"

Both Children Treated Alike

GLORIA has never shown the least partiality between the children and her will, it is said, divides her property equally between the two. Now that there is a third child, her estate will be divided three ways.

When little Gloria was about two, Gloria Swanson secured Miss Simonson as governess for her daughter. She is a capable, charming, motherly woman and the children love her devotedly. She has full charge over them, is their constant companion, and her word is their law. "Sime," as they affectionately call her, is the dominant influence in their lives.

Gloria is the lovely, perfumed goddess whom the children worship. She brings to them her sweetest side, is always cheerful, always merry and chummy. When she is worried or unhappy she keeps away from them. Gloria often includes them in gay larks, such as the time last summer, following dinner with a few intimate friends, when it was suddenly decided to stage an impromptu fashion show. Gloria II joined the others in dolling up in her mother's choicest finery and parading before the amused judge, Gene Markey. After the awarding of a flock of silly prizes, the party went to the kitchen to make fudge and raid the refrigerator. Imagine the bright page this will add to Gloria's memories! After all, children do not treasure the sacrifices and noble deeds of their parents as they do some bit of fun, some happy frolic that places them all on the same level.

Gloria and Joseph have attended the Beverly Hills public school on Rexford Drive, though at present they are at school in Switzerland. Miss Simonson and Ray, the trusted chauffeur, see that they arrive and return safely. The children also regularly attend Sunday School.

There is a private theatre in the Swanson home and Gloria often secures pictures she wishes the children to see. She makes this an event, letting them invite their young friends to dinner before viewing the film. "The Millionaire" and "Skippy" have been among the chosen few. Seldom does she permit them to see her own pictures—

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Has Chaplin Stayed Abroad Too Long?

(Continued from page 67)

eighteen-year-olds! Lita Grey, you remember, was little more than a schoolgirl when he married her.

Likened Him to Christ

AT the Chaplin studio, a dozen or more tomes containing clippings attest the enormity of his conquests socially, artistically and, incidentally, perhaps amorously in Europe. But the most striking thing that they reveal is the fact that he was interviewed by Emil Ludwig, the author and biographer of "Napoleon," "Bismarck," etc., who compared Charlie with Christ. In order of world-importance and genius for swaying men's imaginations, Ludwig listed Christ, Chaplin and Gandhi.

Rapturously, Ludwig exclaimed, "What is the fame of Gandhi, compared with him who has shaken the world as only the figure of Christ has done before him? There is no one yet who has sustained such world-wide fame, and yet remained so simple and unaffected." I don't think there has ever been a greater tribute paid to Chaplin.

What star of the films has ever gained so much for his enterprise? The spotlight was continuously focused on Chaplin abroad, even though it flashes on him only intermittently at home. He never missed a chance to "sell" his picture to his international audience. That Charlie went to Europe, and that he remained away so long, for any other reason than "selling" the picture is gravely doubted in Hollywood, though it is willingly granted that he is a great "play-time Charlie." Beside him, even Barnum was a rank amateur as a ballyhooer.

Don't fool yourself that this little comedian doesn't know the value of publicity. From the old, old days he has always managed to get plenty of it.

The expedients he used in the beginning were very simple—such as performing comedy stunts on the old "million-dollar rug" (now long forgotten) at the Alexandria Hotel, his "dallying"—that's the word he himself once used to me to describe it—with beauteous damosels of the movies. He has always aimed to be a romantic figure.

Now he goes after the "big stuff." It's kings, queens and aces with Charlie. And meanwhile, how the profits roll up!

Charlie found out in Europe that he could even get along without a press-agent. So Carlyle Robinson, who has worked in that capacity for him for many years, came home.

But now the headliner has his biggest battle right ahead of him. He'll have to convince the movie folk themselves that he's still a kingpin. He'll probably have to make some hard-headed theatre men believe that he can still go on making silent pictures. And he'll *have to keep in the spotlight* here as he has abroad.

The "dope" in Hollywood is that Charlie will start in, as soon as he returns, to make a feature for release next January. Sounds funny, that positiveness—for anyone who knows Charlie's glacial slowness in producing films—but it is more or less official. There still seems to be money in those Chaplin productions, even if the exhibitors demand that the next be some sort of talkie.

Charlie will have his own way about all this, though, as he always does. And it's more than likely to be the shrewd way. He can still perhaps outsmart the smartest. They may joke about his genius, his moods, his headline getting—but they can't deny Charlie is a good business man to date.

His European trip hasn't been mere monkeyshines. Monkeyshines went into it—plenty, but it has also been a smart and profitable adventure.

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No man will ever tame Joan Crawford, her Handwriting says

(*Continued from page 51*)

thing on which to put her new Paris hat.

Although her personality shows both charm and brilliance, there is a sound underlying element in her character that also gives her practical ability. Take another look at her signature and notice her full, round letter "J"—and the way in which her first and last name are tied together—and the open-looped "d" in her last name, which swings backward with a graceful flourish until it almost joins her unusual underscore.

Can Hide Her Emotions

THESE show self-confidence and assure us that she is not afraid to tackle hard work when its necessary to do so. They also tell me that she has physical vitality and enthusiasm, so that she has no trouble in finding a great deal of enjoyment in her work—even though she may not show this enjoyment on the surface. Joan would make a good poker player, as she can keep her thoughts to herself and not bat an eyelash if she chooses, no matter what she may be feeling underneath. You can see this in her small "o's" and "a's," which are almost all tightly closed and somewhat angular. This is true despite her capital "D" in "Dear," which is a trifle open, and despite the forward angle of her handwriting, which shows that she is also frank and sincere and *can* show her emotions easily.

All these characteristics of her handwriting of which I have spoken, taken in conjunction with the fairly wide and even spaces between her words, show me that she has the ability of cool and deliberate thought—probably unsuspected by the average male with whom she comes in contact. Men will be apt to judge her by her charm entirely and will not expect her to have much braininess. But in reality her mind is accurate and logical, and she knows how to enhance her real power and brilliance by displaying it cautiously, rather than in a too spectacular manner, which would scare off people or make them envious of her.

She, herself, may not be conscious of her reason for this cautiousness, as it is more or less an instinctive reserve, caused by a certain self-analysis, which makes her want to think firstly and act secondly. Notice that her "t" crossings are about in the middle of the letter and not 'way up at the top, which is where you would be apt to find them in a handwriting so full of motion and rhythm. Look at your own handwriting or that of your friends and see if this is not true in most cases. You movie addicts who have seen her in various pictures in which she portrays "flaming youth" may wonder at what I am telling you, but I assure you this is true and not a press-agent's story.

What Proves She's Moody

WITH all this caution and self-analysis, you will find that she can be temperamental at times, even to tantrums, and is not always easy to handle. At such times she is apt to forget her caution and probably says things which she deeply regrets afterwards, or else bottles up these bitter feelings until she is about ready to bite a nail in two. Notice that there are six different kinds of "t" crossings in this short specimen of her handwriting, and a slight downward pull to the word "handwriting," and a long, graceful dash after the word "Rice." Yet the majority of her handwriting runs slightly upward. When you find these combinations, you will always find some moodiness, although it is not a very dominant quality in Joan's nature.

The truth of the matter is that she is changeable by temperament, but logical mentally—and, this makes her somewhat difficult for the casual observer to understand. Some perfectly innocent little thing will strike her in the wrong way, and then come the fireworks. But her mood is apt to go as quickly as it comes.

Fortunately, she has a sense of humor and can laugh at many things that might make other women cry and tear their hair. Thus she is able to be amused by her mistakes, when the first bitterness has worn off, and to forget the hurt to her pride, and forgive it, too, when it concerns herself alone. But if you hurt anyone for whom she really cares, watch out—for that she will never forgive and forget, and for such people she will fight.

And that brings us to her love nature and the intimate personal side of her character which, after all, is just as important as the mental side and much more interesting to some of us, I dare say. This young woman may marry once or a dozen times during her life—which should be long, barring accidents, as she has excellent physical vitality—but no man will ever possess more of her than she chooses to give.

Yet there is plenty of affection and emotion shown in her handwriting, and she can give royally when she cares to do so. Notice the first high stroke of her capital "M" in "Miss," and you will see a spirit of defiance which shows independence and dislike of being possessed too greatly, even by those who are first in her affections. On this account, it is easier for her to play at love than to give herself freely and fully, and people may think her indifferent when she is really quite the contrary.

Be careful not to try to take anything away from her which she feels is *hers*—unless she *offers* it to you first. And that applies not only to her possessions, but to those whom she loves, as well. She can fight *for her rights* when necessary and will dislike people who take too freely of her time or her possessions without *asking*.

Her Ideal of a Husband

SHE is fond of good times and spending money, although I would not call her recklessly extravagant. She will not want anything that is elaborate or fussy, as her tastes are simple and her judgment good. I doubt that she has much patience when it comes to trying on dozens of gowns, if she has to stand very long to be fitted, in spite of her love of attractive clothes.

Her ideal of a husband is a man who is nice-looking, but he must not be a "pretty" man or without spunk. For she likes to be dominated to some extent, even though she may fight against it and be very independent. What woman doesn't? The man who can hold her love the longest will be firm, but not too dictatorial and "bossy," and will understand her reserve, as well as her loving nature.

Thus we have Joan Crawford, as shown by her handwriting. (And handwriting tells the truth about us all, no matter how we may try to hide or disguise ourselves to the world in general.) Life should always be interesting to her, as she has so much charm and talent and the strength to fight for what she wants to gain. She should be careful not to be too tensely personal in her reactions and to use her talents along the serious, as well as the lighter, lines of pictures. For she has only begun to develop her real stage personality and ability, in spite of the success that she has already found.

Does a Mother-Complex Threaten Swanson Career?

(continued from page 68)

"Indiscreet" being an exception and did they greet the hilarious ice cream sequence with glee!

Gloria II and Her Father

BETWEEN little Gloria and her father, Herbert Somborn, there is a strong affection. Somborn, owner of the fashionable Brown Derby cafés, delights in giving his daughter festive luncheons, with Sime, Joseph and a few of her girl-friends as guests. Lunchers at the Brown Derby often see them tête-à-tête in a booth. Then there are happy week-ends at his beach home.

Gloria II is a blonde edition of her mother—sweet, gentle, with bubbling humor, and is affectionate and responsive. Once, while watching her, Somborn turned to a friend with tears in his eyes, exclaiming, "That's the sweetest thing God ever made."

He had planned to give little Gloria a big Christmas party at his Malibu place, but her mother wired for Miss Simonson and the children to meet her at once in New York as they were sailing for Europe. Somborn and his daughter had a mournful dinner together the night she left, he drove her to the station, and the two clung to each other until the final moment, both heart-broken at the parting.

From the first, however, both Gloria II and Joseph took to Michael Farmer, and solemnly advised their mother to marry him. But up to the time they left for Europe, they continued to address him formally as "Mr. Farmer."

They liked the Marquis de la Falaise, their mother's third husband, and called him "Sunny Jim." But they *adored* Gene Markey, who a year ago seemed slated to become the Marquis' successor. He played with them, taught little Gloria new dance steps, talked boats by the hour with Joseph; altogether, they were very chummy.

Now, the Marquis and Gene Markey are brothers-in-law, having married the Bennett sisters, Constance and Joan. One wonders if they ever cast surreptitious glances at each other when Gloria Swanson's name is mentioned. But this is Hollywood. All of its drama does not reach the screen.

Signs of Farewell Plans

FRIENDS of Gloria Swanson believe that when she leaves the screen, she will live in Europe—she loves it over there—and devote her time to music. And whether or not she is planning to leave the screen very soon, there is every indication that she is planning a long stay abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Farmer have leased a luxurious home in Farm Street, Mayfair, London—and are planning to stay there through the summer, at least. Gloria, like Corinne Griffith, may make a picture for a British film company, and she may not. But in any case, she will remain abroad for several months.

Moreover, the older children, along with Miss Simonson, are living at the Villa Suvretta at St. Moritz, Switzerland, and going to school there. They are getting acclimated to Europe. And Gloria's newest child (whose name is Michele Bridget) is already a British citizen, like her father—not American-born, like her mother. Isn't it strange that Gloria should want her child born abroad if she were planning to bring up the child here, where the little girl would have to be naturalized to become a citizen?

In short, is Gloria getting ready to say farewell to Hollywood—and all that it has stood for in her life?

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Color of my hair:

He'd Rather Die Than Eat Meat

(*Continued from page 26*)

ribs of the poor creatures knifing their ribs and flanks. So this, they thought, *this* is what goes on that Man may eat his steak, his roast beef, his veal?

On that day, then and there, Mr. and Mrs. Arliss said, almost in unison, "We shall never eat meat again!"

They never have. On that day they stopped eating the flesh of animals and never have they touched it or had it upon their table since.

Mrs. Arliss says, quaintly, "*I shall never eat anything I can pat.*" A quaint comment, but also a poignant one. For there is something about that simple statement that carries with it the implication of cannibalism. You become aware that someone has killed —for you to eat—a creature that once could answer to touch and call. You are eating a *friend*. To murder a living thing, whose capacity for suffering neither you nor I can presume to gauge—well, it's something most of us have never thought much about.

We say, if we say or think anything about it at all, that we *need* meat in order to live. But Mr. Arliss, very much alive and signally vital and more famous than ever, after twenty meatless years, says quietly, "*Do we?*"

It was at first predicted by members of his immediate family that a wasting away, followed by an early death, would be Mr. Arliss' meatless fate. The fact that George Bernard Shaw, that bristling literary giant, and Eustace Miles, the Herculean athlete, were vegetarians did not seem to ease their minds. And, just in the beginning, Mr. Arliss did feel a trifle nervous, himself. He consulted an eminent specialist. The E.S. discovered that his patient had foresworn meat. He said portentously, "Oh, but, my dear *fellow . . .*"

The Health "Risk" He Took

HE MORE than implied that he really could not be responsible for Mr. Arliss, if Mr. Arliss did not go back to his prime ribs. It meant, to put it bluntly, Death or Meat. And it took Mr. Arliss, with visions of those prairie slaughter houses before his mind's eye, less than an hour to decide—on Death. That was twenty years ago. Need I go on? In the words of the title of his latest picture, his decision seems to have been "A Successful Calamity."

Mr. Arliss is not a fanatic. He does not label himself a Vegetarian. He eats eggs and he also eats fish on occasions. He salves his conscience on this last count by the belief that fish do not have as much feeling as the animal world. Nor would Mrs. Arliss particularly care to pat a fish! He admits, tolerantly and moderately, that there are circumstances which are drastic enough to call for the killing of certain animals. If a horde of rabbits, for instance, invade and consume a farmer's corn-bins, something certainly has to be done about it. Or if a marauding, starved tiger or two invite themselves into a native African village and devour several infants, those tigers should be put to death, of course.

No, Mr. Arliss does not mount a soap-box and become militant. He appeals only to the humanities. It is *unnecessary death to animals* that he deplores. He quotes William Beebe, the noted naturalist, explorer and animal "critic," who once said that he believes a man could go to sleep in any forest, in any part of the world, and be unmolested. Provided that he did not, himself, molest.

Can't Man Kill Humanely?

MR. ARLISS asks, merely—humanity. He does ask that. He asks, very specially, *mercy in the method of killing*. He would wish that men did not kill to eat, nor kill to adorn their women-folk with the pelts of once-living things. He deplores the frightful methods of the slaughter houses. He asks if you—or you—or you have ever *seen* animals being driven to their deaths. He wants to know whether you have ever seen, with your own eyes, the hideous knowledge of impending slaughter that glares from theirs. He says, simply, sternly, "Of *course*, they know!"

He says, in discussing the right or wrong of killing for food, that he is frequently met with the argument that this slaughter is what Nature intended—that all animals prey, the one upon the other. But we—we are above the animal kingdom. We are, we claim, superior. We are differentiated by intelligence and emotions. What better way of showing this differentiation than by NOT killing in order to eat? What valid excuse have we left, since it has been clearly and definitely proved by vegetarians that man can live at least as well without meat as with it?

Even more emphatically does Mr. Arliss feel about the so-called scientific need for vivisection—surgical experimentation on other living creatures. This casual murder and mutilation of countless animals has been going on, he reminded me, for two or three thousand years. Where has it led? What, precisely, have we gained from it? What has it proved? What is the sum total of all this bloody pain and conscious, fearful death? Time and again, he told me, valuable discoveries are claimed by vivisection and time and again these same discoveries are eventually admitted by the medical profession to be useless—or worse. In fact, according to Mr. Arliss, the scientist has found it difficult to prove that *any* important discovery has ever been made through the medium or agency of vivisection of animals.

He's Against Vaccinations

MR. ARLISS most definitely does NOT believe in serums and anti-toxins and vaccines—grown in the bodies of living animals. He does not believe in shooting the foul stuffs into healthy human organisms on the remote chance that these healthy organisms may, at some future date, become infected with smallpox or diphtheria or typhoid. And once you have begun, he asks, where are you to stop? After being inoculated with serums for everything from measles to the pox, you might reasonably expire of spinal meningitis or some other infection of the central nervous system.

Mr. Arliss believes that generally improved sanitation and hygienic conditions are responsible for the decreases in disease and the elimination of nationwide plagues.

He believes, this Man Who Played God, that if animals had never been used for experimentation and that if the same amount of time and thought and money had been expended upon a sane study of the human body, itself, we should be far more advanced to-day in the knowledge of human diseases. And even assuming that certain researches involving vivisection have proved valuable, Mr. Arliss denies our right to cause such untold suffering for our own ends. Who is to say, who even *dares* to say, that several million beasts must suffer that Man may be saved?

"We should not kill!" says George Arliss.

But if it must take Man generations more to become sensitized to slaughter, then, at the best and least, this very charming man asks that we kill kindly, swiftly, mercifully, with a minimum of suffering for those living things who die that we—that we—well, *what?*

George Raft doesn't want many more gangster rôles. He'd like a chance at a romantic rôle—and believes there's a reason why he could play it

Confessions of a Gigolo

(Continued from page 66)

Broadwayite who knows his way around, sophisticated, wise, smooth, soft-spoken without being particularly well-educated, but never bored with life. His face is mask-like, but his eyes are amazingly expressive.

"In the gigolo game you meet everyone from society people and royalty to gangsters and racketeers," he says. "I danced at many private parties for millionaires, including a party that Schuyler Parsons, one of the bluebloods, gave for the Prince of Sweden. Yes, I've met gangsters, too, many of the big shots. They like to hang around the cafés."

Doesn't Try to Act

HE CAME to Hollywood by accident. Texas Guinan asked him about a year ago to go to Chicago with her show. He went, but after a couple of days left it, and decided to go to California on a trip.

"It was just a vacation, and the day before I was to leave for New York I was eating in the Brown Derby, looking over the movie people. Rowland Brown sent over and asked to meet me. He said I was the type he wanted for his picture, 'Quick Millions.' I told him I hadn't appeared in pictures, but would take the part, and if after a couple of days he didn't like me, I wouldn't expect any pay. But everything went all right, and I've been in pictures ever since.

"I had never done any dramatic work before—only dancing. I don't try to act, and I think I do my best work when they leave me alone, so I can be natural."

He lives quietly in an inconspicuous apartment with another New Yorker named "Tony," a typical Dese, Dose and Dem boy. If you call George on the telephone, you get Tony. Whether he is bodyguard, secretary or merely a friend, one doesn't quite know.

It is to be recalled that the Great God Gable got his start to fame in a gangster rôle. Raft hopes to do the same.

"But I don't want to become identified as a gangster type. What would I like to play? Well, perhaps I shouldn't say it, but I think I can play lover rôles.

"You see, I have plenty of experience. I used to be a gigolo."

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Who are the New Gables of the Screen?

(*Continued from page 19*)

Got His Start Like Gable

AFTER several very modest rôles, George Brent is being introduced to the public in support of three big women stars, Barbara Stanwyck, with whom he appears in "So Big," Ruth Chatterton in "The Rich Are Always with Us" and with Constance Bennett in a picture not yet announced. Gable, you remember, burst upon the public in support of Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo!

Beyond this point their biographies swerve. George Brent was born in Dublin, Ireland, the son of a Dublin newspaperman and the descendant of a long line of Irishmen who served with the British army. His ancestry is evidenced in his build; he is tall, with the straight back and build of the cavalryman.

He attended public school and the National University in Dublin, playing football and taking part in the school dramatics. He got his stage start at the famous Abbey Theatre in Dublin. After a bit of vagabonding, he came to America at the age of twenty and entered upon a stage career here via various stock companies. He has played more than three hundred parts and has owned six companies of his own. And just after he had finally landed on Broadway, his eyes (strained by his studying so many rôles) went back on him; after a delicate operation, he was told to get out in the open air for a few months. Like Gable, he had had movie ambitions for a long time. He headed for California—and here he is, all set for you to hail or argue over in comparison to Gable.

Heyburn Even Has Cleft Chin

THE Fox company has a little Gable in their fold in the person (and appearance) of Weldon Heyburn, who fits all the virility requirements in being tall, dark and even slightly dimpled! Believe it or not, but Heyburn (who recently broke into the newspapers by marrying Greta Nissen) is so much like Gable in his carriage and bearing that Charlie Farrell took him to a Hollywood party and introduced him as "Clark Gable." And, what's more, the folks fell for Charlie's gag. Add to this the fact that a well-known woman writer, crossing the Fox lot, saw Mr. Heyburn and immediately demanded to know if Clark Gable had been borrowed from M-G-M for a Fox picture. This should give you a fair slant of how well Fox has succeeded in uncovering a dimpled menace.

Like Gable and Brent, Heyburn also came from what is rapidly developing into a gold mine for Gables—the American stock companies. His greatest success was in a road tour in "What Price Glory?," in which he played the rôle of *Sergeant Quirt*, made famous on the screen by Edmund Lowe. Heyburn is twenty-six, American, educated at the University of Alabama and George Washington University, a champion diver and a "romantic heavy." (The Gable touch again.) You have seen him in "The Silent Witness," "While Paris Sleeps," "The Gay Caballero," "Disorderly Conduct" and "Careless Lady." His parts are getting bigger and better all the time.

Bruce Cabot and Chaney's Son

RKO is doing itself proud by having two screen candidates roughly described as "somewhat the same type as Gable." Bruce Cabot and Creighton Chaney, son of the late Lon Chaney, are the lucky gentlemen.

Considering Bruce Cabot first, we find that, like Gable, Brent and Heyburn—yes, he also comes from stock engagements to the screen. His last stage engagement was with the Goodman Theatre in Chicago—at which time his name was Jacques de Bujac. Though he was born in Carlsbad, New Mexico, thus automatically becoming an American citizen, he is of French descent. He was educated in the schools of Carlsbad, New York and Paris. What's more, he is the son of a wealthy New Mexico attorney and what's even more, he is listed in the Blue Book of Baltimore. De Bujac became interested in the stage during his school years, and in the movies during his final appearances with the Goodman Stock company. He came out to Hollywood and talking pictures just on a chance, not a contract, managed to get a test with RKO and was promptly signed. Such luck can be traced only to one thing—Bruce Cabot (no longer Jacques de Bujac) must be decidedly a Gable type. He gets his screen start in "The Roadhouse Murder."

On the other hand, RKO's new pride and joy, Creighton Chaney, manages to be a distinctive runner-up on the other Gables in that he has never appeared either in stock or in the movies previous to his new contract. He is a strapping, handsome boy, whose only resemblance to Gable is in a mutual "he-mannishness." Creighton looks more as his father, Lon Chaney, looked ten years ago.

At the beginning, when Creighton decided to follow in his father's footsteps, studios were after him with contracts, providing he would permit himself to be billed as "Lon Chaney, Jr." This the independent young man refused to do. He not only reminded them that "there was only one Lon Chaney," but pointed out that he wanted to succeed on his own individual merits or not at all. RKO was the first studio to see things his way, and signed him to a contract. He will be known as Creighton Chaney; the "Lon Chaney, Jr.," idea is definitely out. You'll get your first glimpse of him in the Dolores Del Rio picture, "Bird of Paradise."

The studio announces that young Chaney is not promised featured or starring rôles, but will be given ample opportunity to demonstrate his own way as an actor. In spite of this, however, there are rumors that two associate producers are quietly mapping ambitious parts for the young man in coming productions, parts somewhat along the Gable lines.

Univeral's Big Discovery

FROM over the hills at Universal, they are calling your attention to Luis Trenker, appearing with Tala Birell in "The Doomed Battalion." Mr. Trenker is an Austrian, a celebrated figure both as an actor and a producer in European film circles, and he happened to come to Hollywood as follows:

"Uncle" Carl Laemmle was touring Europe with a weather eye turned toward European film productions, when his attention was directed to a spectacular production called "Mountains In Flame," dealing with warfare in the Alps. Mr. Laemmle saw this film, literally had his breath swept away by the daring and magnitude of some of its scenes, and bought the American rights to the film. The guiding spirit behind this thrilling production—its author, producer and star—was Luis Trenker. So impressed was Mr. Laemmle by his performance that he asked him to come to America for the English version of the picture (now called "The Doomed Battalion"). Trenker, a dark heavy-set man of unusually forceful appearance, gladly accepted, and is co-featured with Tala Birell.

His background is extremely interesting. Though college-bred, he preferred the life

A second new he-man at Universal is Russell Hopton—built along the Gable lines, and due for Gable-size rôles

of the great outdoors and was, for years, a tourist's guide in the Alps. During the War, he was in command of a company stationed in the "flaming mountains" and it was this experience that formed the basis of his screen story.

Several years after the War, he was engaged by a foreign motion picture company to act as their guide for the Alpine sequences. During the production of the film, the director became impatient with the leading man, who was giving a very bad performance, and in desperation offered to give Trenker an opportunity in the rôle. He made good, became vitally interested in the acting profession and abandoned his tourist activities to take on a film career. He has been outstanding in European film circles ever since.

Universal has Trenker signed for only this one production—but from what we casually overheard on the "U" lot just the other day, we have a hunch that he will remain for others. The magic phrase pronounced upon Mr. Trenker was none other than this:

"He doesn't look like Clark Gable, and he's older—but he could play the same type of rôle!"

Hopton Just Discovered

BUT Trenker isn't the only new hope at Universal. The Laemmles also "point with pride" to Russell Hopton, who has been appearing before the cameras since "Call of the Flesh," but is just being discovered. He is thirty (a year younger than Gable), tall, with the same sort of broad he-man smile and broad he-man shoulders.

Russell is the son of a wealthy New York family, whose father wanted him to become a lawyer. Instead, he went to agricultural school (he-mannish, even then), and when the War came along, faked his age and joined the Navy. After the War, he sold film for Universal, proved himself a good salesman, and decided to turn actor.

He got his screen start by becoming a prop boy at United Artists. That was in 1925. Eventually, he worked up to be an assistant director under D. W. Griffith on "Drums of Love" and "The Battle of the Sexes." Then came a chance to act with some stock companies—and that's where he got his poise, as did Gable. He has done something like

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fifteen pictures, at seven different studios. His latest is "Radio Patrol." His next will be "Shanghai Interlude." He's headed for some big rôles—Gable-size rôles.

And Don't Forget These Boys

CONSIDERING the hullabaloo they made about the discovery of Marlene Dietrich (and rightly, too!), the boys at Paramount are showing amazing self-restraint about their newest "find," Randolph Scott. They aren't even hinting that he's "another Gable." For one thing, he's blond; for another thing, he resembles Gary Cooper more than he does Gable. He's a young Virginian, smooth, looks like an outdoor type, and has a smile you can't resist. And when a connoisseur like Mrs. Vincent Astor comes right out in public and says that Randolph is the handsomest man in Hollywood, he's obviously a real "find"!

Moreover, like Gable and Brent and most of the other big-time newcomers, he hails from stock companies. And, after only two minor screen rôles (in "Sky Bride" and "A Successful Calamity"), he is to be starred in a series of outdoor, he-man stories by Will James, famous cowboy-author, the first of which is "Lone Cowboy." Sort of holding back on the heavy publicity, maybe Paramount is hoping to spring a surprise on the public—the way Gable, himself, was sprung. And maybe steal some of the Gable thunder. Time will tell!

And then, of course, don't forget Johnny Weissmuller—who proved, in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," that he has the greatest physique in the movies, and also proved himself an actor. After a personal appearance tour, he will be back in Hollywood to make a sequel to the picture.

Heaven forbid such a thing!—but if, by any chance, something should suddenly cut short or interrupt the blazing Gable career, even his own studio, M-G-M, thus has "another Gable" right on hand!

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 65)

representatives. Probably Joan remembered all the criticism that attended Connie's wedding when the press boys stood outside the house in the cold. The younger Bennett didn't repeat on that error. The "representatives" almost outnumbered the guests.

The wedding took place at the Town House and a small army of people had collected outside to see what there was to be seen. Constance Bennett and Marion Davies got enormous "hands" as they dashed through the crowd and, later on, both Joan and Connie tossed their bouquets down to the onlookers.

Joan wore a white suit trimmed in white fox (in honor of her studio?), with a small white velvet turban. Her bouquet was of white orchids and lilies of the valley.

YEP, they keep coming, those "inside" stories on "Grand Hotel"—even though the picture is now released. Here is another to add to your long list:

Before John Barrymore started to work on the picture, and before he had met Garbo, he had his mind pretty well made up that he wasn't going to like her. He had a hunch Greta would be "backing him up" into the camera so that only his neck would show, and performing any number of other professional tricks—all to the disadvantage of Mr. John Barrymore. The first day of shooting, he marched out on the set in a highly belligerent manner, a sort of *I-dare-you-to-get-fresh-with-me-I've known-all-the-tricks-before-you-ever - heard-of - a - camera* attitude.

He looked about the set . . . and there was no Garbo. "Humph," he thought, "late!"

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Ten minutes went by and still no Garbo. Suddenly a prop boy dashed up to him breathlessly. "Oh, are you here, Mr. Barrymore?" he gasped. "Miss Garbo has been standing over by the entrance, waiting for you to come in. I'll tell her you are here." And before the surprised John could get his breath, the great Garbo was standing beside him. "Mr. John Barrymore," she said throatily, catching his hand impulsively in hers, "this is such a great honor that I should ever work with you that I waited . . . to be the first to greet you on this set. Please believe that this is the greatest honor of my career."

Back-up! After that, they both spent their time begging the other to "take" a little more of the camera.

A BIG, burly cop told the Judge he would "like to take that young lady over his knee and give her a good spanking." The girl in question was none other than Noel Francis, who gets hot in a blonde way for Warner Brothers' productions.

Well, it turns out that Noel can also get very hot when tagged for speeding by a traffic officer. The good gentleman told the court that Noel "sassed" him something "awful" and that nothing short of a spanking could settle their account.

The court refused and Noel exit-ed—giggling.

JUNE COLLYER and Mary Brian have become the best of friends, and recently when they were both in New York, they saw a great deal of one another.

There was a time when June and Mary weren't so clubby. That was back in the old days when Buddy Rogers was America's Beau and Buddy just couldn't seem to make up his mind whom *he* was beau-ing . . . June or Mary. The girls seemed to have some little difficulty recognizing each other when they passed on the Paramount lot.

But what with June very much settled down as Mrs. Stuart Erwin and Mary romantically interested in Ken Murray (with whom she has been appearing in vaudeville), there is no reason why the girls shouldn't be friends—and they are. Wonder if it's true that they attended an afternoon performance of Buddy's show ("Hot-Cha!") together while they were in New York?

WHAT a flock of marriages lately! On top of the Ann Dvorak-Leslie Fenton elopement comes Betty Bronson's marriage. She is now legally Mrs. Ludwig Lauerhaus, which is an awful lot of name for such a little girl as Betty.

"Peter Pan" Bronson met Lauerhaus while visiting her brother three years ago at Oxford. Lauerhaus, at that time a student at Heidelberg University, met her in London and they became secretly engaged.

The youngsters were married in Santa Barbara, California, and after a short honeymoon spent at Asheville, N. C., the home of the groom, they will return to Hollywood, where Betty will resume her screen work.

MOST of the gossips are pretty well sold on the idea that Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn were secretly married before the ceremony that took place recently in Tia Juana. Some of Hollywood's most high-powered newspaper reporters have been scouting around to the outlying Gretna Greens looking over the marriage license files.

The most popular story is that the pair were married aboard Heyburn's boat during the time his father first was in Hollywood on a "little visit." Heyburn's full name, by the way, is Weldon Heyburn Franks.

(*Continued on page 82*)

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You'll be amazed to see how lasting this make-up is—how smooth and fresh your complexion remains from morning until night!

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The Trials of a Hollywood Ex-Wife

(Continued from page 25)

living by teaching hopeful youngsters to move and speak correctly, as she had once taught Clark. (That was how they met.) One of the best dramatic coaches in Hollywood, she did not have the money to advertise or move into an imposing "studio." She asked no help from anyone. For two years she had not seen, or heard from, her ex-husband.

Josephine Dillon, herself, is a graduate of Stanford University, and reflects culture and good breeding. But she was a woman alone and poor and therefore (thought the sensation-gatherers) easily dealt with. The studio biography of Clark Gable made dull reading; the man himself, though pleasant and charming, was "bad copy." So the sob sisters, the headline-hunters, the correspondents for the sensation syndicates set out to get "the lowdown" about Clark Gable from his ex-wife.

They got exactly nothing.

Tried to Play on Her Emotions

THE story of Josephine Dillon's persecution by yellow journalism is almost incredible. In a civilized community, with policemen pacing the Boulevard not a hundred feet away, she was threatened and browbeaten, terrified and insulted. In her inexperience, she trustingly admitted these wolves in writers' clothing into her plain, prim, clean little living room. But her gentle answers to their questions, her mild little reminiscences of hours of hard work with Clark Gable, and her generous praise of him were not what they were looking for, not what they wanted.

They tried devious and diabolically clever ways to get their stories. Some of them—of the feminine gender—sympathized with her disarmingly, a process known as "taking down their back hair." Others tried to trap her into statements that would lend sensational color to their articles. One seasoned newspaper man, who had exhausted every trick in his repertoire to get her to reveal some of the secrets of her married life, decided to arouse her anger against Clark. He whirled on her suddenly.

"Look at yourself!" he shouted. "A poor, miserable woman, living in this wretched shack, while he has a fine apartment! Look at your shabby clothes! *Look at your shoes!*" He pointed a scornful finger. "How do you feel when he rides by in a limousine? Why, I'll bet you haven't the price of a square meal in the house this minute!"

But for all her quiet voice and ladylike ways, Josephine Dillon is a clever woman. "Oh, I'm not so poor I can't buy a ticket to see a Clark Gable picture!" she answered, smiling.

Mostly, however, they tried bullying. They threatened her. They told her that they would find ways to take away her pupils, unless she gave them "hot" stories. When she said with dignity that she had no complaints to make against Mr. Gable, that she had only kind things to say of him, praise for his persistence and determination to succeed, and admiration for his work on the screen, one man sneered in her face.

How She Was Threatened

"LISTEN, you can't tamper with a reporter this way!" he snarled. "You can't make a fool of me! You know you weren't his first wife, don't you? Why don't you admit it? Who was his first wife? Where is she now? Tell me, do you hear me?"

"I know only one thing," she answered. "*I* was Clark Gable's wife."

His face was actually red with anger. "If you don't talk, you are going to be sorry! Has he a son? The public wants to hear everything about Gable. Give me something worth reading—*has he a son?*"

She stood her ground. "All I can tell you," she said, "is that *I* have never had a son."

As he left, baffled, he shouted back at her, "You'll be sorry for holding out on me. Read my article and see how I am going to treat you. Maybe next time you'll talk." When, several weeks later, she did read the article he had written, she discovered that he had made damaging insinuations about her teaching ability—so damaging that she lost several pupils on account of it.

A woman who had been a lifelong friend and had known her during her six years of marriage called her up one day and asked permission to write an article about her methods of voice training, signing her name to it. Unsuspectingly, she consented, and thought no more about it, until a month or two later the same woman came to see her.

"The magazine wouldn't take the article," she told her. "They said it was too dangerous."

"Dangerous!" said Josephine, shocked. "Why, what do you mean? What did you write? You told me it was to be about my teaching methods."

"Yes, of course I did," admitted her friend, coolly. "But they wanted inside gossip about your marriage, and *I needed the money*—"

Had to Ask Studio's Help

WITHOUT friends to trust, without protection, or money to hire lawyers, she at last turned for help to the studio where Clark Gable was working.

"There was a writer for a newspaper syndicate who came to me," she relates. "He didn't ask for a story. He had a story already—had obtained it in New York. All he wanted was for me to admit that his story was true. I denied it, over and over. He was so violent that I was terrified. He went away, and came back the next evening—late. I told him again that his story wasn't true. Finally, he looked at me. 'Miss Dillon', he asked, 'your father was a lawyer, wasn't he?' I said, 'Yes.' He looked at me bitterly and said, 'I thought so. Because you are the most artful dodger I've ever met. But how long do you think you can get away with it?'

"After he had left, I couldn't sleep. The next day, I went to the studio and told them they must protect me. I told them that I had never said anything unkind about Clark and that I never intended to do so. But I couldn't stand this persecution any longer. Since then they have dealt with the people who came to interview me."

But even this plan did not spare her.

In the March 12 issue of a national weekly appeared a purported "close-up" of Clark Gable by a writer of some reputation. In it were cruel references to Josephine Dillon. Her ability as a stage teacher was subtly, cuttingly doubted. "You probably remember your elocution teacher in high school," the author sneered. Fun was poked at her methods, and credit for Clark's training was flatly denied her in these words: "If anyone made Clark Gable a good actor, it wasn't Josephine Dillon."

Josephine's Costly "Mistake"

THOUSANDS read this, but none knew of the telephone conversation that preceded it. One evening the writer of that "close-up" called Josephine Dillon on the telephone and asked for her story of Clark Gable.

"You will have to see the studio," she told the writer. "I'm not giving out any stories on Clark."

The author argued and urged her, ending finally with a veiled threat. "I am a well-known writer," she said. "*I think you are making a mistake not to talk to me.*"

Later, reading the writer's story, Josephine Dillon saw the consequences of her "mistake"—consequences that struck at her very means of livelihood, her teaching.

After "Frankenstein" had set the public to talking about the new mystery man of the screen, Boris Karloff, Josephine Dillon Gable had a caller one day—a young and pretty woman whose card bore the name, "Pauline Karloff." She told her that she was a dancer, an artist, and the ex-wife of the new screen star.

"Reporters are after me to tell them sensational stories about Boris," she said. "I knew that you must have been bothered the same way—so I came to ask you what I should do to stop them."

No motion picture scene that movie-star Gable or movie-star Karloff is ever asked to make can be more dramatic than that meeting of these ex-wives in Josephine Dillon's plain little living room. There they sat, two women who had known and still knew the pinch of poverty, discussing earnestly how to protect the men they had married—and lost.

Wouldn't Talk About Boris

PAULINE KARLOFF'S story of persecution by the prying yellow press is very similar to Josephine Dillon's. Ever since "Frankenstein" was released, she has been besieged by sensation-mongers, on the trail of a startling story of her life as Mrs. Karloff (or, to be entirely correct, as Mrs. William Henry Pratt). She, too, had an intimate friend come to her and beg her for a story. When she refused to give her one, the friend became defiant.

"After all, I've got enough already to make a good article," she said. "You know the things you've told me. And you know how hard up I am!"

"I'm hard up, too," said Pauline, "but not hard up enough for that. If you dare to print one word I've ever told you, I'll sue you for libel!"

Ever since her divorce from Karloff three years ago, his ex-wife has supported herself precariously by painting charming and fantastic women in the modern manner and renting her pictures to studios for modernistic settings in films. There have been times—she laughs a little mirthlessly—when she literally did not know where her next meal was coming from. But when one of the largest Sunday newspapers in the country recently offered her five hundred dollars, and then increased the offer to one thousand, for a personally signed story about Boris Karloff, she refused.

"As an artist, I wish success to a fellow artist," she says. "But why must they drag me into this? I have been out of his life for three years. When we meet on the Boulevard, we don't speak."

Boris Karloff had lived in Hollywood *twenty years* before his ghastly, unforgettable characterization of the *Monster* in "Frankenstein" aroused any public curiosity about him. And yet so completely are the struggling unknowns submerged and lost in Hollywood's teeming life that there are few who know what manner of man he was in those years of struggle. His ex-wife was, perhaps, the only one who really knew. So she is being threatened, persecuted by sensation-hunters—who are trying to make her tell.

Sudden success on the screen may mean caviar and pheasant for the tables of the new stars, but it often means taking the very bread away from their generous ex-wives *who refuse to tell.* Josephine Dillon Gable and Pauline Karloff will tell anybody THIS!

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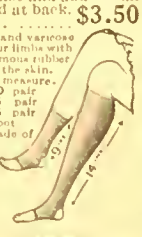

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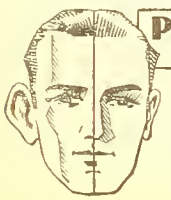

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Our Hollywood Neighbors

(*Continued from page 12*)

HO-HUM, you should be glad you're not a movie star. Just look at all the trouble Joan Crawford had during the making of "Letty Lynton." One of her evening dresses was so tight across the er-ah, equator, that she couldn't sit down at all. Some special contraption had to be designed, called "the reclining board." Joan just leaned against it, and it could be lowered half way to the floor. It didn't look comfortable and it wasn't.

DURING the same picture Joan's dressing room bungalow figured in a most amazing disappearing act. The floors of one of the M-G-M stages can be lowered to the basement, and, one day, the lowering process was used rather unexpectedly. Down went the floor, Joan's bungalow, her personal maid and all.

Probably Joan would still be looking for the bungalow, a gift from Doug Jr., but it happened that the maid had good lungs.

No wonder that Joan announced that she was going away for a two weeks vacation after *that* picture was completed. She *needed* a rest.

THE best economy story of the month concerns the independent producer, trying to make pictures on a very slim shoestring of credit. A stuttering comedian had been engaged for a rôle, and all seemed to be going well until the executive walked on the set. He watched the antics of the stutterer for a very short time, and then he began to fidget.

"Stop," he yelled to the director. "Have that comic play his rôle straight. The stuttering uses too much film."

NO DOUBT about it—the one thing Hollywood doesn't want is privacy. Of course that was all nicely proved long ago when Malibu Beach became the favorite summering place for the stars. Additional proof is furnished in the report that the far-famed Embassy Club will close.

It was all to be very high flown, very exclusive and awfully swanky, this club. Only members could lunch and dine there. It started well. The stars flocked there at first, and the tables were always filled. Then it became apparent that something was lacking. What was it? Ah, yes, there were no admiring visitors from Dubuque, and no one came up and requested autographs. Attendance began to drop off, and the Embassy-ites began to show up at the Brown Derby, open to anyone who had the price of a luncheon.

The Derby is now the current hot spot along the Hollywood rialto. It's crowded with fame every noontime, and if you're lucky you can step on George Bancroft's pet corn, and get a good close-up of Loretta Young.

But is it private and exclusive? A secret whispered at one table circles the café in less time than it takes Doug Fairbanks, the elder, to jump over a grand piano.

ALTHOUGH it is an old story now, the Ann Harding and Harry Bannister announcement that a divorce was in the offing proved to be the biggest bombshell of the year. Everyone was stunned. Those two had been regarded as the screen's most ideally happy married couple. After the first excitement had died down a bit, it was very amusing to see the good folk, who can't bear to be left out of it, trying to explain that they knew it all along.

The Boulevard gossips will forgive Harry and Ann for getting a divorce, but never, never for denying them the privilege of a lot of preliminary scandal-mongering.

From the brilliant and stately era of John Drew down to the present scintillating and brittle period of Noel Coward the leading actors, playwrights and novelists have always felt the lure of THE ALGONQUIN.

The Players *and the* Christmas Dinner

This story sounds as if O. Henry made it up but it happens to be true. A struggling young couple of players came to stay at THE ALGONQUIN. They were "resting" at the time and paying their room rent was a major test in economics. Dallying with THE ALGONQUIN menus was out of the question. They were compelled to import their daily quota of calories from neighboring delicatessens. By this kind of dietetics they were able to pay their rent, preserve their lithe figures and keep their heads up. On Christmas Eve the plucky couple journeyed forth for the usual sliced ham, rye bread and pickles. When they had guiltily smuggled this feast to their room they 'phoned for a pot of coffee. After the banquet was over they sent for the check. The knock came. The waiter entered.

"The check, please," said the husband airily.

"Check?" echoed the waiter. "There is no check. Don't you know that Mr. Case plays host to everyone in the hotel on Christmas Eve? You ought to see the dinner *some* of the guests are eating tonight."

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See Page 51 in this Issue

SOMEHOW, with the well organized publicity staffs turning out such ratts of copy, in the larger studios, Hollywood writers are prone to lose sight of those smaller, independent producing organizations, tucked away down the side-streets. Here are stars, vanished from the larger studios, going merrily along, making pictures, and receiving nice, fat pay checks for their work.

I didn't know, for instance, that Clara Kimball Young has made four pictures during the last six months, and that King Baggot keeps busy, constantly, in these studios.

ON THE roster of these independent companies appear such names as Harry Myers, Henry S. Walthall, James Murray, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, Sue Carol, Tom Moore, Rex Bell, Aileen Pringle, Blanche Mehaffey, Doris Hill, Alberta Vaughan and though last in this list, not the least, Creighton Hale.

Wampas Baby Stars of years gone by, denied more conspicuous careers, keep busy as heroines for Tom Tyler, Bob Steele, Yakima Canutt, and other stalwart gentlemen of the wild and woolly west. Good western heroines are not so easy to find. They must know how to ride, and they must put up with the discomfort of location camps.

There is still plenty of romance to be found along Poverty Row. Only, it isn't Poverty Row any longer. The independents are reaping a golden harvest this year while major studios are wondering what to do with all of their theatres.

WHILE I'm on the subject of leading ladies in western pictures, one occasional actress who married plenty of money, gave quite a shock to a well-known cowboy star.

The lady didn't need the cash, but she hadn't worked lately. Then, too, she just loved the smell of greasepaint. A trifle condescendingly, it is true, she consented to be leading woman in an opera of the cow country.

A distant location was selected, and the lady arrived in her imported limousine, and with a liveried chauffeur in attendance. She wore a Paris frock and some $50,000 in jewelry. To make the whole thing even more difficult for the western star, an honest-to-gosh cowboy, she decided an off-screen romance would pass away the dull hours.

When it came time to take portraits of the two for lobby displays she arrived in the gallery, arrayed in a very peek-a-boo negligee, ready for some scorching love clinches.

It had to be explained gently and diplomatically that the horse would have to be somewhere in the picture, too, and that somehow negligees and horses would look funny together.

She isn't making westerns any more, but [illegible] laughing about that

[illegible] hat: Greta Garbo, [illegible], and Tallulah Bankhead at the Kreutzberg [illegible] Los Angeles; Wallace Beery used to carry water to the circus elephants; Ernest Torrence is a concert pianist of unusual ability; Neil Hamilton was the Arrow Collar boy; Ruth Chatterton is directing Husband Ralph Forbes and Rose Hobart in a stage play; Harpo Marx rides a bicycle around the Paramount lot; Parfait a la George Arliss is a gooey delicacy at a neighboring Hollywood soda fountain, and that Maurice Chevalier probably has the most stupendous collection of expensive shirts in this country if not perhaps in the entire world.

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Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 77*)

THE première of "The Wet Parade" began like all other "first nights" at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. There were motor cars, searchlights, beautiful women in beautiful clothes, and the usual enthusiastic crowd.

But at the intermission the festivities took on the form of a public debating society. The *pro* and *con* arguments about this picture swept the audience into a frenzy of praise or stark criticism that exploded orally at intermission. Sid Grauman had erected a small bar in the courtyard where cheese and near beer were being dished out to the throats made dry by argument.

Saw Marlene Dietrich in the milling crowd, looking startlingly beautiful in a white evening wrap trimmed with white fox. She was talking enthusiastically to an unknown gentleman—but Josef von Sternberg was not far away.

Fay Wray looked like a modern *Juliet* with a small sequin cap of blue making an effective contrast to her long auburn bob.

Maureen O'Sullivan was with Russell Gleason.

Billy Bakewell escorted Polly Ann Young, pretty sister of Loretta.

CONNIE BENNETT has been having fun going to the dentist's. That's almost a believe-it-or-not-note for Ripley.

But it just happens that when Connie is at the dentist's, she is never bothered by studio or telephone calls. After her pesky wisdom tooth is treated, Connie sits in the reception room, snatching a few moments of rest by looking through the magazines and enjoying an uninterrupted moment or two. Connie says she will almost be sorry when her tooth is well.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., gave Joan Crawford a beautiful diamond pin for a birthday present. It is a very gorgeous affair and Joan is crazy about it—but it is a lot of worry. She's always putting it down somewhere and forgetting to pick it up again.

The other day she left it on top of her make-up kit while she stepped before the cameras to do a scene. When she came back, the pin wasn't there. Joan was nearly frantic. All work was knocked off while the company searched.

Finally it was discovered that the pin had been returned to the "prop" department. One of the boys on the set had been instructed to return all the "fake" jewelry on the set to the studio wardrobe department. He had mistaken Joan's real pin for one she had been using in the picture.

Yes, they found it—and now Joan is very, very careful.

THE big social event of the month was not the biggest party, or even the most be-lighted "first night." No, it seems that Aimee Semple McPherson Hutton and Walter Huston staged a debate in Aimee's temple on the subject of prohibition—Aimee taking the *pro* side and Walter the *con*. Question: "Is Prohibition A Success?"

Almost all the stars from the M-G-M lot turned out in a body. Some evil-minded newspaper men thought the debate was a publicity gag in conjunction with the current "Wet Parade"—but publicity gag, or not, the event attracted a stunning crowd.

Clark Gable and Bob Montgomery and Wally Beery seemed to be having the time of their lives. The audience voted dry. Which proves, say some, that the persuasive Aimee ought to be in the movies.

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If she doesn't do something to get those soft gums firm and healthy, there may come a day, and soon, when she'll be afraid to *smile!*

Think this over: gums need stimulation—they need work. But the foods of this day and age allow them to sit idle. Gradually they lose their firmness. The walls weaken. There's a trace of "pink" on your tooth brush.

And "pink tooth brush" tends to make the teeth "foggy"—ugly. It often leads to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. (Sometimes even to the dread but far less frequent pyorrhea!) And it can threaten the *soundness* of your teeth.

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with HELEN HAYES and FREDRIC MARCH
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All Star Cast

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"THE SONG of the EAGLE"
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in **"HORSE FEATHERS"**

•

MAURICE CHEVALIER
in
"LOVE ME TONIGHT"
with Jeanette MacDonald.
Directed by Rouben Mamoulian

•

"THE SONG OF SONGS"
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"THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"

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"NOT MARRIED"
with MIRIAM HOPKINS

•

"BLOOD AND SAND"
with
TALLULAH BANKHEAD
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•

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with Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March *Directed by* Rouben Mamoulian

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THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 2 No. 6 AUGUST, 1932

GARBO—

Her Story From Beginning To End

In this issue, you will read one of the most fascinating Garbo stories of all—the story of how she has crashed into the headlines ever since that day in July, 1925, when she first arrived in Hollywood, awkward and unknown. She has done few sensational things—yet she has attracted more headlines than any two other stars!

You will read not only what Garbo's life has been like, what pictures she has made, and what "romances" and battles she has had, but also of the legends that have been built around her—by HEADLINES.

Hollywood suspects that Garbo has never really intended to return to Sweden to stay—and this story reveals how many times, before this, it has been rumored she would end her career!

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DOROTHY CALHOUN, Western Editor

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LAURENCE REID, Editor

HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

MOVIE CLASSIC *is published monthly at 350 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter July 20, 1931 at the P. O. Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.*
Copyright 1932 by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Single copy 10c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $1.00 a year. Canada $2.50. Foreign Countries, $2.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President and Publisher, William S. Petit, Vice President, Robert E. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.

MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month

BETWEEN OURSELVES

JOHN BARRYMORE at last has his wish—a boy. But this time, before the baby arrived, John was superstitious. When Dolores Ethel Mae was born, he stated that he was hoping for an heir. This time, however, when reporters asked him if he wanted a boy, he replied, "Oh, I don't mind if it's a girl. We're going to have lots of boys!"

SPEAKING about happy events, you'll find a story back on page 22 about Margaret Livingston and Paul Whiteman and how he has reduced under her tutelage. And in this story, Margaret coyly scoffs at the suggestion that she and Paul are rehearsing Mother Goose rhymes. Wonder if Margaret's superstitious, too? For a friend of hers tells us that Santa Claus may leave an heir at the home of the Whiteman's this year. . . .

AND speaking about the Barrymores, John is about to play with Lionel again. More than that—he's also going to play, in the same picture, with their sister, Ethel (sometimes called "The Grand Duchess of Broadway"). That's a lot of Barrymore for one picture. The film is going to be "Rasputin," based on the life of Russia's "mad monk," who, it is said, was murdered because he was trying to rule the Russias through the Czarina, whose religious counselor he was. Sounds like a rôle made to order for Lionel.

IF I hear aright, the detectives guarding Marlene Dietrich and her little girl carry sub-machine guns. Some of the natives see irony in the appearance of such weapons on the streets of Hollywood, which has made the world conscious of such weapons, through a hundred gangster pictures.

JOAN BENNETT is thinking of changing her name to Jonah Bennett. Not more than a few months had passed since her recovery from a serious hip injury, when she turned her ankle, going down some steps—and the doctor ordered crutches again. Once more her career is temporarily halted.

ANOTHER Joan—Joan Blondell—has been having difficulties of a different sort. Blondie, as perhaps you didn't know, is naturally a brunette, with chestnut brown tresses. Tired of the blondeness she had acquired, Joan decided to change back. But something went wrong. The dye turned her hair that deep purple you see on the shady sides of hills at sundown. Joan had it trimmed almost to her scalp, and ordered a wig. But you'll see her with her own hair again very shortly.

CLOSING her play in Chicago and being served with papers in an alienation-of-affections suit by her husband's former wife, Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur sailed for a vacation in Europe. On their return, Helen will rush to Hollywood to be the heroine in "A Farewell to Arms," opposite Gary Cooper, who looked up the locale of the story on his recent trip abroad. And then she is likely to make "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," the play about Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, which Katharine Cornell did on the stage. Katharine wouldn't do it for the movies. Now that Helen Hayes and Ethel Barrymore and Lynn Fontanne have all succumbed to the call of Hollywood, Katharine looks a bit silly in her refusal to face the cameras.

AN independent producer had what he thought was a brilliant idea. He had noted several girls about town who looked enough like Garbo to be her doubles. It was his idea to make a picture, kidding the one Garbo, and hinting that life was just a bowl of Garbos, or something of the sort. But the Hays office (to which movie scripts have to be submitted) sat on the idea. Mark up one for the Hays office, before I forget it!

A COUPLE of interesting screen stories that are coming along are two criminal themes. One is "20,000 Years in Sing Sing" (a great title), based on the recent autobiography of Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing. George Brent, who's still likely to give Clark Gable an awful run, will play the principal rôle. And the second story is the one that is bringing Paul Muni back to Hollywood. (Why can't they keep that lad there, anyway?) It is "I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang." They're going to have a job, getting that one in electric lights. I'm only hoping they don't shorten it to "Chain Gangster."

ALL the producers are getting big-hearted—loaning their big stars to other studios. (They used to guard their stars jealously.) Joan Crawford has gone from M-G-M to United Artists for "Rain." And Billie Dove has been loaned vice versa to play with Marion Davies in "Good Time Girl." Clark Gable is at Paramount to co-star with Miriam Hopkins in "No Bed of Her Own," and in exchange Paramount is loaning Fredric March to M-G-M to play opposite Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through." Paramount is borrowing Barbara Stanwyck from Columbia for "Riddle Me This," with Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen. M-G-M is borrowing Helen Twelvetrees from RKO for "Without Shame," before she temporarily "retires" to await a visit from the long-legged bird.

THIS last story, "Without Shame," shows how the studios are watching the newspapers for their scenario plots these days. It is based on an actual case which happened in Philadelphia a few months ago. The brother of a young society girl killed her fiancé—and the girl took the stand against her brother. About the only sensational case of recent months that hasn't broken into the movies is the Lindbergh case. And it is rumored that one company has complete newsreel files of that case, just in case the Powers That Be ever decide the whole story can be told on the screen. The Powers have so far suppressed it. Mark up another one for the Hays office, Oscar!

IF the Democrats get into the White House next March, the movie star you'll see there most often is Will Rogers. *Now* which way are you going to vote?

IT may please you to hear that Lilian Harvey, the Garboesque, light-hearted, singing heroine of the German-made picture, "Congress Dances," has been signed by Fox, and will arrive on this side in the autumn to play in the novel Noel Coward musical, "Bitter Sweet." This girl has an unusual history. Born in England and raised in England, she has made herself famous exclusively in German pictures. When she arrives, she may give Jeanette MacDonald some competition. Jeanette hasn't had any since Grace Moore went back to New York.

DID you see the D. W. Griffith sermon about Prohibition, "The Struggle"? If so, did you happen to notice the heroine? Her name was Zita Johann, and she is one of Broadway's most dynamic personalities. She is now making her second picture—"Tiger Shark," with Edward G. Robinson and Richard Arlen. If it gives her a chance, she'll be dramatic and well worth watching. She's as unusual along tragedy lines, as Lyda Roberti is along comedy lines. And is likely to go just as far.

WHEN Darryl Zanuck, production manager of Warner Brothers, went abroad to show George Arliss some scripts and have him pick his next story, Hollywood thought it a bit unusual. Stars usually go to producers, not vice versa. But Señor Zanuck had something up his sleeve. He looked up Emil Jannings, after seeing George Arliss and George's restful country place. And, sure enough, there's a rumor again that Jannings will soon be back in Hollywood. But I'll have to see him before *I* believe it.

Larry Reid

JANET GAYNOR

CHARLES FARRELL

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Directed by William K. Howard

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Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, Movie Classic gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page

$20.00 Letter

Let Her Go On Being Herself

LET me record some paragraphs of enthusiastic praise, and a word or two of caution, in connection with the young lady whom I hereby nominate to succeed in a few years to Garbo's exalted position. I mean none other than the dark-haired sensation, Ann Dvorak.

Ladies and gentlemen, here is a girl who is *different.* Surfeited with pseudo-sophisticates, anemic blondes, the Inscrutable Swede, and the drahmahtic Crawford, I hail the advent of Miss Dvorak with delight. It seems that this girl has everything necessary to carry her to the heights—definite and intense ability, beauty of face and form, a flexible, pleasing voice, and an atmosphere of Individuality. Right here is where my few words of admonition come in.

Please, Miss Dvorak, and pul-lease, Miss Dvorak's bosses, don't let's have any imitations of Shearer or Crawford or Garbo or anyone. Ann Dvorak is gorgeous and pulse-stirring as Ann Dvorak. Let her stay that way. And for the love of heaven, let her stay brunette.

Don't swamp this girl with shoddy, vapid, sensational pictures. Put her in the best stories with good support, and there will be a lot of private quaking being done in some prominent dressing-rooms. Here's to Success, Ann—and here's looking at you!

J. S. Hook, Washington, D. C.

$10.00 Letter

Leslie's A Born Actor

WHEN Leslie Howard appeared in "Devotion," with Ann Harding, I sat back in my seat and fairly purred. Here was an answer to the movie fan's prayer. Who else could have changed a trite story with a time-worn plot into an intriguing little love story? In his love making there is a certain subtlety that is refreshing; it isn't all a handful of honey or a flash of blue flame, but a clever combination of the two. A witty remark is made with perhaps just the quirk of an eyebrow or a twinkle of humor deep in the eyes. Leslie Howard has enough of a sincere sense of humor to refrain from hanging a placard around his neck which reads "I am being funny—please laugh." Neither is he all perfect profile and dimples. He is a born actor with a pleasing voice and a winning smile and the natural charm of a born gentleman. Oh, Mr. Producer, now that he has returned to the screen, don't let Leslie Howard slip through your fingers again before we've seen the heights he can reach with a real part in a real picture.

Mrs. J. Warren,
Port Deposit, Md.

$5.00 Letter

Newsreels Always Interesting and Entertaining

WHAT gives me the greatest thrill in the movies? The newsreels! Have you ever noticed the human interest, the drama, there can be in a few brief flashes speeding across the screen? Have you seen the tragedy, the comedy, the beauty, the squalor, the courage, the terror, the wonder, and world-weariness caught by the camera in those transient scenes of real life?

Flashes of the recent war in China revealed aspects of the situation there that the newspaper stories simply could not approach, in poignancy especially, if they used all the words in the dictionary. They brought the actual horror and danger of war almost into your own back yard!

Feature pictures are disappointing sometimes, but the newsreels, and their sisters, the travel shorts, never have failed me yet.

So here's to those modern magic carpets, hitherto unhonored and unsung, that are carrying us 'round and 'round the world on more exciting adventures than any Arabian genii ever provided!

Hazel M. Williams, Kincaid, Sask., Can.

A Superb Production

IT has been a month, perhaps longer, since I've had the pleasure of seeing "Alias the Doctor," starring Richard Barthelmess and Marian Marsh, and yet the memory of that unpretentious, plain and simple, but cleverly presented story, lingers on like the scent of a rare perfume. One of the last scenes has stamped that production as one of the finest of the current year.

The "supposed" medic, having succeeded in obtaining permission to operate on his "adopted" mother, proceeds to do so. The "operating" scene follows: a scene as unusual as it is gripping. In contradistinction to the previous scene, words are at a premium—the onlooking doctors are the only ones to speak, and that is brief and hardly above a whisper. The prevailing silence creates an atmosphere of deep suspense . . . impending danger . . . eager anticipation . . . hopeful expectation. It is tense . . . gripping . . . stirring. The death-like silence is broken only by the heavy breathing of the patient . . . dull . . . harsh . . . monotonous. The operation continues, the medic manipulating the shining instruments with dexterity.

The scene runs the gamut of emotions, and yet, *not a word is spoken.* Here is acting well done; here is atmosphere that is real; here is directing that is artistic, capable and efficient. A scene that has few rivals; it is human . . . touching . . .sincere . . . throbbing with life . . . succeeding in its purpose . . . holding the attention of the audience until the very end.

AloisWillis, Erie, Pa.

Lionel Barrymore Deserves To Be Starred

NEW stars are being constantly introduced to the public. A featured player steals a scene—and becomes a star overnight. Most of them are worthy of it. The

(*Continued on page 65*)

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world — through Movie Classic—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, Movie Classic, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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A METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER SCREAMIE!

TICKER TALK

HOLLYWOOD QUOTATIONS

BY
MARK DOWLING

JACK DEMPSEY: "IF EVERYTHING WORKS OUT ALL RIGHT, LINA AND I MAY GET MARRIED LATER ON" ..... LINA BASQUETTE: "I LIVE MY OWN LIFE AND I WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO"..... TEDDY HAYES: "LINA IS TOO GOOD FOR HIM--HE'S JUST A MUG"..... DIETRICH KIDNAPPING NOTE: "IF YOU DON'T PAY, YOUR LITTLE GIRL WILL BE JUST A LOVING MEMORY"..... M-G-M: "GRETA GARBO? SHE'S PACKING!"..... JAMES CAGNEY: "IF I CAN'T WORK FOR A SALARY NEAR WHAT I'M WORTH..... I DON'T WANT TO WORK!"..... SALLY EILERS: "HOOT AND I DECIDED TO TRY IT ALL OVER AGAIN"..... GLORIA SWANSON: "I AM ANXIOUS TO PRODUCE A FILM IN ENGLAND TO GET ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL ATMOSPHERE"..... MARGARET LIVINGSTON: "I AM WRITING A BOOK ABOUT HOW I MADE PAUL WHITEMAN REDUCE"..... CONSTANCE BENNETT: "I DON'T PLAN RETIREMENT FOR AT LEAST TWO YEARS!"..... ROBERT WOOLSEY: "I WISH IT UNDERSTOOD WHEELER AND I NEVER REALLY FORMED A TEAM AT ANY TIME"..... HARRY BANNISTER: "THERE IS A POSSIBILITY WE MAY REMARRY"..... GEORGE JESSEL: "NORMA TALMADGE AND I ARE FORCED TO MAKE A DENIAL OF OUR ENGAGEMENT UNTIL ACTION IS TAKEN REGARDING A DIVORCE" ..... LOWELL SHERMAN: "MY WIFE CALLED ME VILE NAMES AFTER POINTING OUT THAT I WAS A HAM ACTOR"..... ALICE WHITE'S FIANCÉ: "I FEEL MUCH THE SAME AS HARRY BANNISTER FELT ABOUT ANN HARDING"..... FILM PRODUCER CHRISTIE: "I JUST BORROWED THIS ROLLS-ROYCE--I HAVEN'T A DIME!"..... ANITA PAGE: "I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY KEEP PAYING ME A GOOD SALARY WITHOUT GIVING ME A GOOD RÔLE"..... GARY COOPER: "LUPE VELEZ IS DEFINITELY OUT OF MY LIFE--WE DIDN'T EVEN SPEAK IN NEW YORK"..... RICHARD ARLEN: "MY YACHT DID NOT SINK--IT WAS JUST A NEWSPAPER STORY--AND A ROWBOAT!"..... DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.: "I HAVE BEEN FLYING TO SEE JOAN THREE TIMES A WEEK WHILE SHE'S BEEN ON LOCATION" ..... JACK GILBERT: "I AM GOING TO BE MARRIED TO VIRGINIA BRUCE THE DAY AFTER MY DIVORCE FROM INA CLAIRE BECOMES FINAL!"..... CLARK GABLE: "I'M SPENDING MY TIME MEASURING LOTS AND PLANNING HOUSE-SITES..... DOES THAT LOOK LIKE DIVORCE?"..... HARRISON CARROLL: "SOME FOLKS IN HOLLYWOOD WON'T TAKE SIDES IN THE LOWELL SHERMAN-HELENE COSTELLO DIVORCE ROW UNTIL THEY SEE WHO GETS THE LIBRARY!"

"We never discussed the picture business much at home and I never thought of going in it until after father died. I guess we thought one actor in the family was enough," says Creighton Chaney, Lon's son, who broke into headlines when he refused to cash in on his father's fame by taking the name of Lon, Jr.

"I don't know whether my ideas on picture work agree with Dad's or not. You see I was brought up not to disagree with him," he adds.

A clean-cut college boy type, with an athletic build, Creighton says he "wrestles, plays golf, tennis, rides horseback, and plays handball. I like all of them.

"I learned a lesson from golf. I started out to play without taking any lessons—being such a big ox, I expected to hit the ball as far as anyone. I did well at first and then got into a rut and couldn't improve.

"Now I know every beginner should start in with an open mind and take all the advice he can get—that's what I want to do in pictures. I'm going to be a success—even if it's only as a prop boy!"

Very he-man as to his ideas on girls, Creighton says, "A girl should be a pal—be able to do whatever you can—maybe not so well. A charming hostess—and conversationalist—and also know when to keep quiet. And a good loser."

A large order, perhaps—but Creighton's six feet two inches tall and seems destined for success. Already they've compared him to Gable. And the girls around town are practising up on their sports!

"I haven't found Hollywood to be at all like the place we pictured in 'Once in a Lifetime'," says Aline MacMahon, who played the wisecracking voice teacher in the clever play which poked fun at the movie capital. "Studios are just as efficient and businesslike as factories. They even check up on the number of hair nets I use!

"Although I have played in 'Five-Star Final' and 'The Mouthpiece' for Warners, I haven't signed a contract. You see, I like to go back to New York between pictures to visit my husband, Clarence Stein.

"Now that they are going to make 'Once in a Lifetime' as a talking picture, I'd love to do my former rôle," she adds. And she *will* play it.

Her voice is low and soft, very different in type from the biting sarcastic voice you hear on the screen. She has blue eyes, brown hair, and a gentle, but rather determined manner.

Asked by the studio to fill in a publicity sheet and answer the question, "What do you think of domesticity?" she answered, "It's a good life. I think of it often."

As for other hobbies, she says, "Outdoor sports? . . . I like to ride on the tops of buses . . . and play bridge . . . and collect old china and Oriental jewelry . . . and read biographies and Ernest Hemingway and Colette . . . I don't cook . . . I haven't any pets . . . I like to paint in my spare time . . . and my present ambition—well—I'd like to go on being a good actress!"

Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

By MARQUIS BUSBY

CECIL B. DeMILLE, the fella that put sex appeal in the American bathrooms, is returning to the directorial field after a long, long vacation. For his comeback production he has selected a play with "a message" to the world, which seems to me to be taking in a lot of territory. It's "The Sign of the Cross," all about the ha-cha-cha doings in ancient Rome when Nero invited the boys and girls over for a good, snappy orgy.

C. B. seems to think that Rome of that day was not unlike the world of to-day. In other words, we are riding for a fall, and if we aren't careful some modern Nero is going to set fire to us and fiddle away while we burn.

All very nice, but while he deplores materialistic tendencies, I'll bet C. B. recalls how well his other religious pictures fared at the box office.

"Ten Commandments" grossed $5,000,000, and Paramount has just taken it out of the vaults and put it back to work in "Forgotten Commandments." I want to tell you that the opening of the Red Sea still has plenty of pepper. Even "The King of Kings," less highly regarded, is now in its third million, even if it did get barred in China because it was propaganda.

Miehle

Joan Crawford (center) is now playing one of the biggest rôles of her career and one of the biggest in modern drama as *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain." But she's also in a tough spot—for she'll have to try to outshine the late Jeanne Eagels (left) in the stage version, and Gloria Swanson (right) in the silent screen version

TALLULAH BANKHEAD was somewhat surprised the other morning to hear that she had been sitting in people's laps down at Gary Cooper's party the night before.

It didn't take much sleuthing to find that the coy, young lap-sitter had been Toluea, the pet chimpanzee which Gary brought from darkest Africa. Anyway, the Paramount publicity department *says* the critter's name is Toluea. When Gary talks to it, it *sounds* like he says Tallulah. Everyone thinks it's a great joke except La Bankhead. She tries to be a good sport—and can take it, but who in Sam Hill wants to have a monkey for a namesake?

While I'm still on the subject of the exotically fascinating Miss Bankhead, the rumors still fly about that she is pining away because Gary is "so cold." She has admitted, so they say, that she regards the tall Montanan as the most attractive man on the screen.

So far the situation remains "as was," with Gary being seen places with the Countess Frasso.

And, after all, Gary has a Tallulah right in his home. There is such a thing as an embarrassment of riches.

IN spite of the fact that he was kept pretty busy giving five shows a day, judging marble tournaments, being made honorary member of fire departments and being guarded by four private detectives, no more, no less, Jackie Cooper found time for one good deed at least during his recent personal appearance tour.

One day, while he was appearing in Detroit, a very dusty and very tired small boy presented himself at the stage door and pleaded to see his idol.

He told Jackie that he had walked fourteen miles to see him, but he didn't have the money to buy a ticket. Jackie not only bought the ticket but treated him to dinner afterward. When the young fan had stowed away an enormous quantity of beefsteak and mashed potatoes Jackie gave him the busfare home, and money to bring his father, mother and sister to the show the next day.

You can say what you want about Garbo to this fan, but he'll fight at the drop of a hat if one word is breathed against the fair name of Cooper.

The day Jackie was taken to see—and be seen by—the editor of this magazine in New York, Jackie was peeved. What he wanted to see, he said, was the Five and Ten.

(*Continued on page 74*)

After a hot, dirty train ride

TAKE A BATH FROM THE BOTTLE

REFRESHES . . COOLS . . DEODORIZES

Tuck a bottle of Listerine in your hand bag when you travel. You'll be glad you did before the trip is over. With no other aid than Listerine, you can be fresh, dainty, and clean. Here are a few of Listerine's good points.

When you are hot and dusty, and a bath isn't convenient on the train, or can't be had at a crowded hotel, a rub-down with Listerine is the next best thing. It cleanses the skin, relaxes tired muscles, and refreshes you surprisingly. And, best of all, removes perspiration and other body odors. Listerine instantly gets rid of odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours.

Other toilet uses

Diluted three to one with water, Listerine makes an excellent eye wash.

A little of it used in connection with the shampoo cools and cleanses the scalp, and "sets" the hair.

Makes breath sweet

Employed as a mouth wash, Listerine cleanses the mouth, gets rid of unpleasant taste, and leaves your breath sweet and wholesome. It is the sure remedy for halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Lastly, should an accident occur while traveling, Listerine used full strength will combat infection until you can get medical attention. Because Listerine, while safe and pleasant to use, kills germs in the fastest time.

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LISTERINE CHECKS BODY ODORS ENDS HALITOSIS

JUL 26 1932

THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC

Every blonde sensation is supposed to have a love-life — but Bette wishes people would get hers straight. So we asked her to tell the story, herself — and she did

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

LET'S STRAIGHTEN OUT BETTE DAVIS' LOVE-LIFE!

EVERY actress must have a love-life. That's the first law of Hollywood, and if any young blonde dares to defy it and is a little shy about discussing hers, a love-life will be provided for her by someone with an imagination. So it was with Bette Davis, the girl who reminds everyone, even the Warner Brothers, of Connie Bennett.

Her "love-life" was a good story, but no one ever thought of asking Bette about it, until MOVIE CLASSIC's sleuths got busy on the case. If that hadn't happened, the true story about Bette and her loves might never have come to light.

Everyone should know by this time that Bette left her native Boston, burning with the ambition to act, and enrolled in John Murray Anderson's dramatic school in New York. Before she got her first stage engagement, Bette is supposed to have met one of the young bond salesmen who abound in New York — or used to, in those inflated days. And because she was young and had the most startling blue eyes in the world, they became engaged.

But then came a part with the Provincetown Players, and Bette was suddenly making more money than her struggling young salesman. So this Rover Boy drew himself up to his full height and refused to marry the gal until she was making a smaller salary than his.

He didn't have long to wait. The play closed, and the Davis career seemed to be at a standstill, so our young hero again consented to set the date for the wedding. But before the trousseau was assembled, Bette got her big chance — the rôle of *Hedvig* in the revival of Ibsen's "The Wild Duck." The bridegroom had received a raise by that time, but it wasn't enough. Bette's pay-check topped his once more, and all bets were off.

(*Continued on page 66*)

GABLE DENIES DIVORCE RUMORS

"Absurd!" says Clark, and explains why—so that you can't doubt him. Moreover, he tells you just how he has changed in this past year—and how he hasn't changed. He reveals how he figures his success and what his future plans are. In short, he TELLS ALL in this amazingly frank interview!

By GLADYS HALL

. . . as a doctor in "Strange Interlude"

Clark Gable has given few interviews lately, as you may have noticed. For one thing, he has been too busy; for another thing, he doesn't talk except when he has something to say. This interview, therefore, is in the nature of a "scoop." He is getting some things off his chest that he hasn't said before. He is absolutely frank.—Editor.

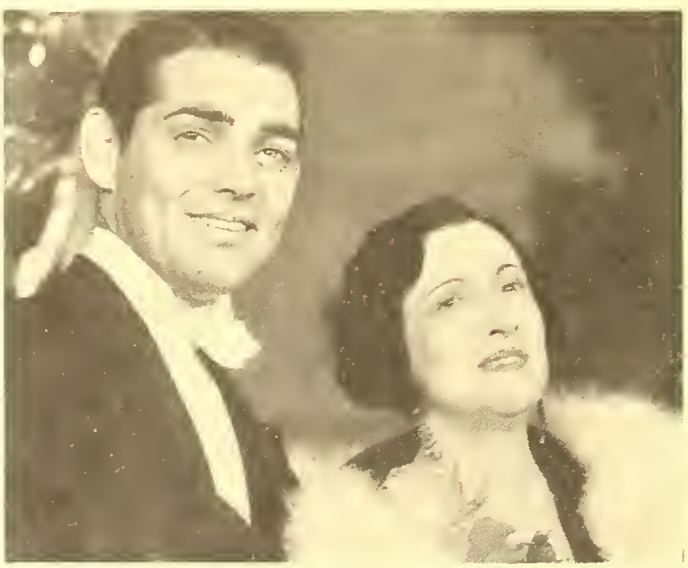
"THE divorce rumors about Mrs. Gable and me are absurd!" says Clark Gable. "They are really funny. Hollywood can never break my marriage. I say that positively. It is impossible. I certainly have *not* changed, so far as my personal life is concerned. I still want what I wanted a year ago. I still want the things that are most important to me—my wife, my family. They are all that mattered to me then—*and they are all that matter to me now.*"

This is Clark Gable's answer to those who say that a divorce is impending between his wife and himself. This is his answer to those who claim that he is no longer the Clark Gable he was a year ago. This is the upshot of a frank, straight-from-the-shoulder talk I have just had with him.

And if this man isn't a square-shooter, happily married, and totally unspoiled, then I belong in an institution for the blind. For I believe every word he said to me. I believe his honest, unwavering gray eyes. I believe that he tells the straightforward truth, and nothing else. I don't believe that he is capable of beating about the bush, of evading, of fictionizing. I believe that, *off the screen*, he is no actor at all. That's why men like him.

I asked him if he thought he had changed. I asked him what this year of fevered fame had done to him.

And he said, honestly, "Of course, I have changed. Bound to—a little. But I believe it is only a little—and in little ways. Some of the changes have been forced on me.



Clark Gable says: "Mrs. Gable doesn't have to thank me for sticking around, you know. If anything, she deserves credit for sticking around with *me*. I often wonder how anyone as dumb as I am ever had the sense—and good luck—to marry the woman I did"

Things He Can't Do Now

"FOR instance, I can no longer prowl up and down Hollywood Boulevard, the way I used to. I'm known, naturally. Also naturally, people stare. It makes me uncomfortable. I liked being unknown better than I like being known, at times like those. My freedom is curtailed. I have to stay away from public places unless I want to feel like an ass, which I don't.

"Fortunately for me, I like to stay away from most public places. I dislike big parties. I dislike

Hurrell

Clark says: "There are thousands of better actors than I am. There are, God knows, thousands of men who are better-looking. I just happened to have *something*—I don't know what it is, and neither do you . . ."

. . . as a gangster in "A Free Soul"

. . . as a minister in "Polly of the Circus"

. . . as a flier in "Hell Divers"

mixing with strangers. I never go to big parties and never give them. We go, Mrs. Gable and I, to see our friends, of course—Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the Beerys, one or two others. I still like to fool around in the garden, digging, planting things. I still prefer to take long rides in my car, play tennis, and ride horseback better than any other things I might do.

"I've changed in one other respect—very drastically. A year ago, when you first talked to me, I didn't want a home. I didn't want *things*. Now I do. I'm going to build a home, a place I can be proud of, a place the family will enjoy. Naturally, I've come to feel that I want to see some of the fruits of all this. I never get a kick out of doing things for myself alone. I can't watch *myself* alone enjoying things. A home will be for all of us.

"And I've changed in one other particular—*I know, now, what it is all about.*"

And that, I'm telling you, *is* a change. Because, just one year ago, Clark *didn't* know what it was all about. He told me so. His exact words were, "I don't know what to think—I don't know what it's all about—I'm just an actor with a job, that's all—"

Now he does know. That sudden flare of fame, put on too hastily like some gaudy coat, ill-adjusted, fits him now. He has shrugged his shoulders into place in it. He knows how to wear it, what goods it is made of, where the seams rub, how he looks in it . . .

How He Has Kept His Balance

HE said, "If, as you are nice enough to say, I have kept my balance—and why not? it's probably because I've always had the faculty of distinguishing between sincerity and insincerity. I can tell in two minutes whether the person I'm talking to is telling me the truth or handing me a line. Most of 'em are insincere. That doesn't flatter me.

(Continued on page 62)

Hurrell

"Pretty soft," grins Leila Hyams, who doesn't mind working, these dog days, under conditions like these. She's Jean Harlow's blonde rival in "Red-Headed Woman"—and to look at Leila, you'd think the job was an easy one

LOOKING

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST

Left, Walter Winchell (seated) signs a contract with Carl Laemmle, Jr., to star in "Okay, America," but later had to call it off, other contracts interfering

JANET Gaynor is the latest to assume the mantle of the Garbo-mystery rôle. Little Janet has gone "mum" with a vengeance. When she arrived back from Europe, she set down a few laws that fairly took away the breath of the publicity department:

She has refused to give out any "quoted" information about herself. She will not pose for fashion pictures. She does not desire to be grouped in "symposium" stories (those stories which also contain anecdotes of other stars). In short, Janet is getting quite as exclusive as Garbo ever was.

When will these boys and girls ever wake up to the fact that only Garbo can pull a "Garbo"? In anyone else the same tactics are slightly ridiculous. There is nothing mysterious about Janet and even her determined silence can't make it so.

She is a sweet, lovable, little girl who can gain nothing by hiding the fact from the public!

Longet

Guess where Kitty Kelly is! That's what everyone has been doing since "Girl Crazy." When this was taken, she was in her glass-enclosed shower—before going East on vacation

THIS month's prayer: "Please, Will Hays, or somebody, deliver us from any more pictures in which Jimmy Dunn breaks down and cries . . . James Cagney boots the heroine . . . and George Arliss grunts!"

DOUGLAS Fairbanks, Sr., and William Collier, Sr. are the headliners in the best Hollywood story of the month:

Doug had been invited to attend the Masquers Club and give the boys a little talk on the glories of life in the South Seas or something like that. Now, Doug has never been much of a public speaker. He's enthusiastic—but inclined to ramble. In fact, he rambled so much that ear-witnesses to the speech insist that not two of Doug's sentences had any connection whatsoever. After fifteen minutes of hop-skip-and-jump, Doug took his seat.

Bullock

"Ho-hum," says Jean Harlow, the ex-bathing girl who became the platinum blonde and now seldom gets a chance to sun herself in a bathing suit. She's resting after a hard day's work in a red wig in "Red-Headed Woman"

THEM OVER

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Toastmaster Collier got to his feet.

"Douglas," he said, slowly, smilingly, "that was a very good speech. Very good, indeed. It would have been even better if it had been made in English."

COLUMNIST Harrison Carroll comes in a good second for witty remarks with his observation on the Helene Costello-Lowell Sherman divorce suit in which Lowell charged his wife read indecent books. Says Mr. Carroll:

"Some folks in Hollywood won't take sides in the Lowell Sherman-Helene Costello divorce row until they see who gets the library."

JOE Brown can step right up and take the grand prize with stories about "my operation." Joe can rightly say: "Have you heard about my *operations?*" The Warner Brothers' comedian recently underwent three operations at the same time.

He was first relieved of his tonsils and his appendix. And while they had Joe on the table they decided to remove a piece of bone from his leg.

For some time the comedian has been suffering from severe pains in the back. Surgeons believe the various operations will relieve that old trouble.

Joe's next picture has the intriguing title "You Said a Mouthful."

Here's looking at you (maybe)! Recognize your old friend, Ben Turpin? Recently very ill, the famous comic is facing the cameras again in "Million-Dollar Legs"

Richee

As Paul Revere didn't say, "The British are comely." But, then, Paul never saw Adrianne Allen—who makes her American début as The Other Woman in "Merrily We Go to Hell"

KAY Francis was all set to hop off with Ruth Chatterton for a two months' vacation in Europe. Which should stop any talk of rivalry between the two sophisticated charmers of Warner Brothers.

But at the last minute Kay couldn't make the trip. Picture work interfered, so Ruth made plans for sailing alone. Ralph Forbes will not accompany her, which will probably start those divorce rumors all over again.

But Ruth says she doesn't mind. Let them talk!

NEVER did a romance so sneak up on Hollywood and take it unawares as the engagement of Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert. (You can read more about it on pages 42 and 43.) When the story broke in the papers that the lovely, blonde Bruce girl would become the bride of John Gilbert as soon as his divorce from Ina Claire became final, the whole town gasped, "*Well!*"

Some time after August 15th is the date set for the wedding. It is Virginia's first trip to the altar, and Jack's fourth. A little Southern girl, non-professional, was the first and briefest Mrs. John Gilbert; Leatrice Joy (mother of Gilbert's young daughter) the second; Ina Claire, the third. Virginia, the expected-to-be Mrs. Gilbert, the Fourth, evens the score as to the type John prefers. Two brunettes and two blondes!

Fryer

That's no hokum about George Brent's being a he-man. Here he is—on vacation, mind you—playing woodchopper in a mountain camp. Yet his (and Ruth Chatterton's) next is called "Children of Pleasure"!

A YEAR or so ago Virginia Bruce was trying to get a foothold in the movies through "extra" work. She was one of the show girls in Eddie Cantor's movie production of "Whoopee." I remember I talked with Virginia one day in the publicity department of the United Artists Studio. At that time she was quite blue about her movie prospects. She remarked that everybody encouraged her . . . and nobody did anything about it.

Ziegfeld took her East for his extravaganza, "Smiles" in which she was quite a hit. But Virginia couldn't forget the lure of the movies. Her second attempt was far more successful. M-G-M signed her on a contract and she was loaned to Warner Brothers and Paramount for very good rôles.

She is a tall blonde who looks a great deal like Jane Novak (remember Jane of the Bill Hart pictures?). Her manner is languid and drowsy. John Gilbert loves to sit at the feet of his lady-love and murmur, "Beautiful, beautiful."

Ball

Helen Twelvetrees has not only changed her haircut, but is changing studios briefly for "Without Shame." RKO loaned her to M-G-M for the rôle of the girl whose brother kills her suitor—a story based on a recent murder case. Then she'll retire for a Blessed Event

A GREAT many people believe that the news of John's new serious romance must have been a great shock to Ina Claire. It is true that they are separated. But those who know Ina well believe that she has never fallen out of love with Gilbert. Just before the announcement of his coming wedding, Ina had wired Jack, inviting him to play the rôle opposite her in a New York stage production this Fall.

ALICE White is back in Hollywood after a long and successful vaudeville tour . . . which naturally means that her devoted fiancé, Cy Bartlett, is also in town. These two have been "going together" for four years, but Cy's first words to reporters were: "No wedding bells for a while yet. I know what Harry Bannister meant when he said he couldn't stand to be known as 'Mr. Ann Harding' any longer. I love Alice too much to ruin our happiness by becoming known as 'Mr. Alice White.' Until I am actually established on my own, I don't want to drag Alice or myself through a similarly humiliating situation as the Harding-Bannister affair."

Alice has taken a very grand house on a Hollywood hill. There is a strong possibility that she may sign for a series of pictures with Columbia. The deal is on the fire.

The toothsome twosome at the right are Arthur Pierson and Joan Marsh, who are both a swimming team and a love team in "Bachelor's Affairs." Producers have an idea that the young stage actor may do a Jimmy Dunn in films, and Joan does like the type. Hasn't she been stepping out with Jimmy, himself?

Ray Jones

Here's one star who can wear a $35,000 wrap and still draw more attention than the chinchilla. She's Tala Birell, the Roumanian exotic, and the fur may fly in "Zeppelin," which will be her second American picture

MARY Pickford hasn't made a picture in many months. There is plenty of gossip among the gossip-columnists that "Mary has seen her best days." Yet it isn't for the privilege of looking at some of the newer, more "popular" players that the large crowd gathers outside the Brown Derby almost every day now. The word has gone around that Queen Mary (just try to unseat her with the public!) is lunching there almost daily. The crowd starts forming at an early hour in the hope of catching Mary and her party as they enter . . . and they stay late to see her as she comes out.

Just the other day, Constance Talmadge shared honors from the sidewalk gallery with Mary. The folks hadn't forgotten Connie and gave her a royal welcome. It is the first, or second, time Connie has ever lunched at the Brown Derby and she was as thrilled as any fan.

Douglas Fairbanks and the Countess Frasso were in the Pickford group that day. Gary Cooper joined them later. Ah there, Gary!

Loretta Young, looking pretty, but a little tired, lunched with her mother and sisters.

Lois Wilson was spotted standing in line, waiting for a table.

DID you know that they almost roped Marie Dressler in on that muchly criticized "imitation of Garbo" gag Will Rogers and Wally Beery pulled at the première of "Grand Hotel?" But Marie was too smart for them. She said she was "too ill" to attend. Marie knows her movies . . . and her Hollywood.

PEGGY Shannon and her husband, Allan Davis, dropped in the other night for a little session of cards. Strictly speaking, Peggy and Allan are separated, but in spite of that he is her most devoted dinner-and-dancing partner. They see each other almost daily.

Allan is quite a good-looking fellow with years of vaudeville experience behind him. Wonder why some producer doesn't give him a chance?

[illegible]er is a very gen-
[illegible]ve never heard
her refer to a[illegible] star except
in the most compli[illegible]rms (and
that's more than we can say [illegible] lot
of the others).

The other day Norma was present in a group in which another star was being severely put on the pan. It was the opinion of the luncheon ladies that the girl they referred to was neither beautiful nor talented.

"Then all the more power to her." spoke up Norma. "If she can reach stardom in the movies without either beauty or talent—then she must be a genius!" That just about ended the discussion.

DEAR Jackie Cooper: It's a good thing you hurried back to Hollywood. A freckle-faced kid, named Mickey Rooney, is running wild right up your alley. A word to the wise is sufficient . . .

DID Jack Dempsey "steal" Lina Basquette's affections away from Teddy Hayes, the Manassa Mauler's former trainer?

Jack says he didn't and the very idea seems to make him

(*Continued on page 65*)

Ray Jones

There's just one bad feature about being a cowboy star—you usually have to hire someone to pull off your boots. But Tom Mix, dat old antique collector, has found a contraption (right) to hold his boot while he yanks. He has just finished his fourth talkie, "My Pal, the King"

Now you can see (left) what Lola Lane has to put up with in her married life, what with Lew Ayres her husband! After jealously guarding their private life since September 15, 1931, they are at last allowing the world a glimpse of Young Love At Home. Lew may get the rôle intended for Winchell in "Okay, America"

Headline Career of GARBO 1925-1932

GRETA GARBO—in person a tall, severely slender girl who wears mannish clothes; on the screen, the most glamourous figure that moviegoers have ever known—has had more written about her than any other two individuals in Hollywood.

This, despite the fact that she is reticent and shy, had little to say in the days when she was first carving her career and, since January, 1928—four and a half years ago—hasn't given an interview to a reporter or magazine writer of any description.

Pick up any periodical devoted to news of motion pictures, and you will find something about Garbo—photograph or story—emblazoned on its pages. It is estimated that Garbo has made more magazine "cover lines" than any other four stars in the business.

Above, Greta Garbo in "Anna Christie," which drew crowds in January, 1930, with ad catchline, "Garbo TALKS!" Right, in her first American picture, "The Torrent" (February, 1926)

What have writers managed to say about her when she hasn't said a word for so long, herself? You will find that she has been discussed from every possible angle—hair, eyes, teeth, diet, figure, health, silence, mystery, love-life, no love-life, sun-baths, art, work, temperament, temper, homelife, accent. Only Greta knows what hasn't been printed about her.

If you want to get an idea of what the Garbo publicity—unsolicited, heaped upon her gratis—has all been about up to now, read her headline history:

May, 1925—Mauritz Stiller, famous Swedish film director, and Greta Garbo, Swedish film star unknown on this side, arrive in New York after ten-day trip from Gothenberg. Miss Garbo, known as "the Norma Shearer of Sweden," and Director Stiller have been placed under contract to M-G-M. Reported that her salary will be four hundred dollars a week.

July 15, 1925—Famous Swedish director, Mauritz Stiller, and his protégée, Greta Garbo, arrive in Hollywood. Crowd at station surprised at her youth, plumpness and freckles.

February, 1926—Swedish newcomer makes American film début opposite Ricardo Cortez in Ibañez story, "The Torrent." Surprises by being a sensation. Critic writes: "Probably the most important feature of the film is . . . Greta Garbo, a pretty, wistful, and intensely feminine young person, who suggests a composite picture of a dozen of our best-known stars. Making her début in the film, she registers a complete success. She is not so much an actress as she is endowed with individuality and magnetism."

February 25, 1926—Greta Garbo and Marceline Day, screen actresses, cited to appear in Santa Monica police court to answer speeding charges.

International

Garbo has twice been rumored engaged to Wilhelm Soerensen (above)

April 30, 1926—Sister of Greta Garbo, film actress, dies in Sweden.

May, 1926—Story titled "The Mysterious Stranger" appears in film magazine. It is about Greta Garbo.

July 16, 1926—Greta Garbo given place of honor at M-G-M luncheon to

COMPILED
By
MURIEL
BABCOCK

Right, Garbo as a platinum blonde—in the early scenes of "As You Desire Me," her last picture on her $7,500-a-week contract with M-G-M. Again critics acclaimed her

Left, the very latest portrait of Garbo—taken just before her contract with M-G-M ended on June first. Studio gave her a traveling bag, but bank closing delayed her departure for Sweden

Below, Greta Garbo and John Gilbert on location for "Flesh and the Devil" at the height of their famous romance

C. S. Bull

visiting Prince of Sweden.

September 18, 1926—Twenty to-day, Greta is rumored engaged to John Gilbert. Romance reported as hot and hectic, with hero of "The Big Parade" constantly at her side.

October, 1926—Newcomer continues screen success in second siren rôle in second Ibañez story, "The Temptress," playing opposite Antonio Moreno. One critic wonders, however, why she is cast in Spanish rôles.

October 17, 1926—Tells reporters she doesn't like vampire rôles. Would like to play "real women."

November 11, 1926—Two outbursts of temperament occur on the M-G-M lot, despite its being Armistice Day. Garbo refuses to work on new script until salary adjustment is made. John Gilbert orders all visitors off his set. Order catches Marcus Loew, theatre magnate, as he is about to watch Gilbert in some scenes. Loew leaves with others.

January, 1927—Greta Garbo appears as co-star of John Gilbert in "Flesh and the

(*Continued on page 00*)

Losing a Hundred Pounds of Husband

Margaret Livingston, the screen actress who married Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz, and made him a changed man, tells how she did it. After her success in reducing his weight one hundred and ten pounds, screen success doesn't have much appeal to Margaret any more!

EVERYONE in Hollywood wondered why Margaret Livingston kept Paul Whiteman waiting so long before she made up her mind to marry him. Now, confesses Margaret Livingston Whiteman, it can be told. She loved him. She admired him. She found him congenial. *But he was too fat.*

"I'm fastidious about appearances," Margaret admits. "Looks mean a great deal to me—too much, perhaps. At any rate, after he kept begging for months for my answer, I told him the brutal truth.

"'If you want me badly enough to lose fifty pounds, Paul,' I told him, 'I'll marry you.'

"'But I don't know if I can do it,' he protested, 'I'll try, of course.'

"He went back to Chicago. Almost every night he called me up long-distance. It sounds romantic to be wooed by telephone, but what we talked about was pounds and ounces and carbohydrates and proteins. 'I had nothing except a lettuce and tomato salad for lunch to-day, with one slice of toast,' he would boast, and I'd praise him and give him the menu for the next day. That first fifty pounds was hard to lose—but he stuck to it. He'd send me telegrams with his weight on them, and they were the nicest love letters. Four months later, he had lost the fifty pounds; we then married.

"But I wasn't going to stop there. He was still sixty pounds overweight. We talked it over and Paul was interested in going on. It was a game now, trying to beat the weighing machine. There was a sporting element to it. That was almost a year ago. This morning he turned from the full-length mirror and said, 'Darling, I have to give you credit for seeing beauty where no other woman ever did! Because, honestly, Darling, I do think I'm quite beautiful now!'

Seymour

Margaret Livingston told Paul Whiteman she would marry him when he had lost fifty pounds—and she did, last August 19. Now he has lost sixty more, feels better, and looks ten years younger

Ball

Right, how Paul Whiteman looked—and how his dinner table looked—before he fell in love. He weighed nearly three hundred pounds then

Weighs Only 187 Now

"HE weighed a hundred and eighty-seven pounds this morning, which is exactly right for his build and age. I wouldn't have him lose another ounce—and he wouldn't *gain* another

By
DOROTHY
CALHOUN

Acme

Paul Whiteman as he is to-day—a 187-pound wonder to the medical profession. He weighed 20 pounds at birth

Above, how Paul looked in the title rôle of "The King of Jazz." It was while he was in Hollywood for this picture that he met Margaret, the miracle-worker

ounce for anything in the world! He's too proud of his grand new figure, and the way he can wear clothes now. And everyone who meets him exclaims over his waistline and tells him he looks ten years younger!

"Besides, apart from the fact that he looks and feels better, he couldn't afford to gain weight now. He had to throw away thirty-seven suits of clothes, after the tailor had cut them down till they wouldn't cut any further. He outshrank his shirts and underwear. Even his hats and shoes are one size smaller. With a brand-new wardrobe he has to stay thin to wear it! Losing that hundred and ten pounds lost Paul twenty-four hundred dollars in clothes alone.

"It took him a year to lose the last sixty pounds. I didn't want him to reduce too fast. It's dangerous, and, besides, you get flabby unless you tighten up the skin all the time by exercise. I expected, of course to have a lot of trouble keeping him down to a diet, but the worst trouble came not from Paul, but from his fat friends.

"They'd buttonhole him and say seriously, 'Listen, old fellow, I don't want to frighten you—but honestly, it isn't safe for you to reduce like this. We're intended for big men. It'll strain your heart (or kidneys or liver or stomach)—I tried it myself and the doctors told me I'd die if I kept on. You want to be sure you're not ruining your health, old fellow!'

"Whenever Paul came in silent and preoccupied and then broke out with 'Margaret, I don't feel so good to-day. All gone and weak. No pep. Maybe I'd better slow down on the dieting for a bit—then I'd know that his fat friends had been at him again.

"I hadn't been planning Paul's diet under a doctor's orders. I just read every book written on dieting and took whatever seemed sensible from each one. I thought I

(*Continued on page 80*)

New Divorce Styles For Hollywood

By MARK DOWLING

Duncan
When Helene Costello's "day in court" came, she just quietly asked for a divorce on the grounds of "cruelty"!

After a half-dozen of the recent curious "love divorces" of Hollywood, which have elevated domestic disagreements to a distinctly idealistic plane, the frankly rowdy Sherman-Costello proceedings seemed to indicate a return to normal.

It may be all very jolly for a wife to totter from the divorce court on the affectionate arm of her ex-husband (as several wives have done lately), or for the recently separated couple to announce devotedly a few hours later that they may remarry soon (as Harry Bannister did), but it doesn't make for that airy chit-chat which is as necessary as salads at the stars' luncheon tables.

"If they understand each other so well, and admire each other so much," demanded one moody fellow, who failed to be impressed by the pathos of the Harding-Bannister affair, "why bother to get divorced at all?"

And as if his words were prophetic, that is just what one star decided, to the disappointment of the sensation-loving inmates of the studios. After announcing her intention of seeking her freedom from Joseph Schenck, Norma Talmadge changed her mind. "We have decided that getting a divorce is too much trouble," Norma said, "so there will be no divorce!" Which adds to the list of new styles the "too-much-trouble divorce."

New Kinds of Divorces Favored by the Stars

"The Kiss Divorce"—originated by Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, who kissed after being parted.

"The Mail-Order Divorce"—obtained very quietly and speedily, first by Nancy Carroll, then by Miriam Hopkins.

"The Civilized Divorce"—which was first favored by Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey.

"The Gardenia Divorce"—so-called because the former Mrs. Monte Banks wished her ex-husband *bon voyage* with a bouquet after their parting.

"The Truce Divorce"—just indulged in by Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello, who started out to have a battle in court and then called it off.

They Wanted a Fight

WHEN Lowell Sherman sued his wife, Helene Costello (daughter of Maurice and sister of Dolores), for divorce, the dramatic details delighted everyone in Hollywood—with the very possible exception of those kindly souls who wish to portray the movie capital as the country's leading center of Sweetness and Light.

It was a good, old-fashioned divorce with fireworks, tears, accusations, 'n' everything—that is, until some of the Movie Powers stepped in and pushed down on the soft pedal. And just when Hollywood was really enjoying a divorce case for the first time in many moons—or honeymoons!

MUCH more in earnest about ending his marriage was the sophisticated Lowell Sherman, however. The hearing was not held in a closed courtroom in distant Reno, but right in Los Angeles in a court seating fifty-nine spectators, with plenty of space for others to stand near the door. And if the Olympic games gather as big a crowd as that trial, they will be a grand success! They almost put up a "Standing Room Only" sign.

The blasé Mr. Sherman caused a sensation in a Hollywood which has grown accustomed to "friendly" divorces by accusing his wife, among other things, of drinking too much, throwing cocktail glasses at him, knocking over

The frank old days, when movie couples aired their REAL troubles in court, are apparently over. Even Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello, who started out to have a battle before the judge, ended up with one of the new "civilized" divorces!

After testifying in detail about why he wanted a divorce, Lowell Sherman suddenly withdrew his suit!

tables and "slugging" her mother-in-law. And while making these accusations, Sherman gave a performance of a sophisticate red with rage, fidgeting and finger-wagging, such as he has never shown on the screen.

This frankness was so very different from the chaste reticence of the Miriam Hopkins-Austin Parker marital difficulties, to name just one, that Hollywood was stunned. Had the suave First Gentleman of the screen gone mad?

Miriam Hopkins, you remember, was legally separated from her husband by the quick and easy Mexican route. (This also was used by Nancy Carroll in quietly divorcing John Kirkland.) Since then, Miriam and Austin have been seen dining together and apparently on the best of terms, and there are rumors that a reconciliation may be effected any moment.

But now here was the elegant and cynical Lowell Sherman giving Brown Derby lunchers a full hour's delighted gossip by painting a pathetic word-picture of home-life among the sophisticates! Wasn't there even a schoolmasterly horror in his voice as he accused his wife of reading naughty books? (That Lowell owns the best and biggest erotic library in Hollywood, by the way, is gossip that may or may not be true.)

International

Lowell (on stand): "She called me a ham actor"

What They Quarreled About

ADDED sidelights on the private lives of sophisticates were given by a secretary, financial agent and asserted overseer of the family cellar, who spent more time talking of "hard" liquors than of the costly wines usually dear to men-of-the-world. And the domestic squabble that finally made their life together unbearable was the burning question: Do people look better in make-up or out of it? Another subject of dissension was as to which of the two was the more intellectual. So now a proletarian public knows what sophisticates talk about in the privacy of their own homes.

But the scandal! Compare it, people whispered, with the hushed and almost holy atmosphere that surrounded the separation of Ann Harding and her husband, who

Helene (on stand): "He nagged me constantly"

spent their time waiting for a Reno divorce in writing complimentary letters about each other. The Sherman-Costello affair was a change, certainly. These people really wanted a divorce. They were willing to fight to get one.

For there are chatty souls in Hollywood who are frank to admit that they think the Harding-Bannister mix-up, if it could be called anything so undignified, was all a bit silly.

"We will be the best of friends and see a great deal

(*Continued on page 77*)

Pretty Actress Disappears, Leaving Tear-Stained Note

Margaret Perry, only eighteen and a great hit on both the New York and London stage, "gives up" her screen career and vanishes after her first picture. It wasn't any publicity stunt—Margaret was heart-broken!

Found in Denver, after a frantic search (with news of her disappearance suppressed), Margaret Perry went on to New York, where executives are pleading with her to return to Hollywood

By DOROTHY DONNELL

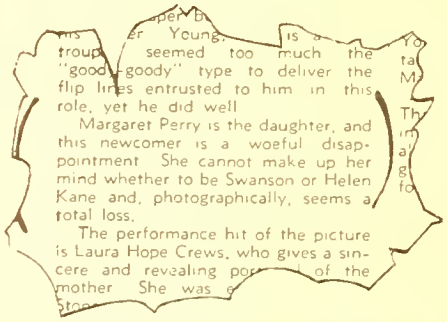
THE other day a famous little actress ran away from Hollywood, away from a part in a picture she was to have started the next day, from the pretty bungalow she had just rented, from her chaperon and her friends, leaving a desperate, tear-stained note behind her saying that "she was through, and never coming back."

The disappearance of Margaret Perry, Broadway star, featured in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picturization of the play in which she had just made a tremendous hit on the stage, was kept a secret even from prying, gossiping Hollywood for five long days, in which her friends and family sent frantic wires, and called in private detective agencies to search for her.

Only once before has such a thing happened—when Edna Best, about to begin work as John Gilbert's leading lady in "West of Broadway," fled from Hollywood because she was lonesome for her husband, Herbert Marshall, acting on Broadway.

Margaret Perry was wealthy in her own right, though none of her new Hollywood friends suspected she is the heiress to twenty million. She is adored by New York and London audiences, lovely, healthy, and eighteen. What emotion could be strong enough to cause her to run away?

WHY SHE "RAN AWAY"



...troup... ...Young, ...is a ...seemed too much the "good-goody" type to deliver the flip lines entrusted to him in this role, yet he did well

Margaret Perry is the daughter, and this newcomer is a woeful disappointment She cannot make up her mind whether to be Swanson or Helen Kane and, photographically, seems a total loss.

The performance hit of the picture is Laura Hope Crews, who gives a sincere and revealing por... of the mother She was ...

The clue to why Margaret Perry disappeared—with a big future ahead of her—was supplied by the above marked paragraph, torn from a Hollywood trade paper. It is part of the first review of her first picture, "New Morals for Old." Reading this one harsh criticism, she thought she was a failure in everyone's eyes.

At the RKO Studios where she had spent the day of her disappearance being fitted for gowns as Joel McCrea's leading woman in "The Most Dangerous Game," consternation reigned as they tried to answer that question. The susceptible Joel, who, it is said, considered Margaret "a swell kid," was one of those most affected. Mrs. Brock Pemberton, RKO fashion expert and Margaret's aunt, who lived next-door to her, spent a frantic night on the telephone, talking to her distraught mother, Antoinette Perry, famous actress-playwright, in New York.

What She Said in Her Note

MERIAN COOPER, the director, who had picked her out from M-G-M tests to play the heroine in "The Most Dangerous Game," studied the pitiful note she had sent him, for a possible clue. She was going away, the note said, and, she didn't want anybody to try to find her. She would never try to act again. She had been mistaken in thinking she was an actress—without her mother. If her mother had been with her, she implied, she might not have "failed."

The maid at Margaret's Hollywood home said that the young actress had come in at lunchtime, in good spirits, and had gone into her own room. A little later she had come out, eyes red with weeping, and had said that she was going shopping. Her chauffeur had left her at a downtown gown shop, and that was the last anyone knew of her. The discovery that she had taken sixty thousand

(*Continued on page 67*)

Taking her cue from Gary Cooper (perhaps), Lupe Velez is now stepping out in society. You see her (right) at the exclusive Atlantic Beach Club on Long Island, on a week-end holiday from Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha," which took her out of the movies

Mary Nolan (left) lost her appeal from a 30-day jail sentence for violation of California labor laws. When she did not appear, the judge ordered her bail forfeited. Mary rushed back to the Coast from Nebraska, where she had been dancing, to try to win a pardon

International

With "Strange Interlude" finished, Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg (who's also her boss), are taking a vacation. She'll soon start "Smilin' Through"

Acme

Having auctioned off the house that Jack Dempsey gave her when they married, Estelle Taylor is now living in a bungalow at Malibu Beach. And since she now has no Jack (heh! heh!), she is painting the place, herself. (Or so it seems, left.) It is rumored that she will not remarry Jack because of Lina Basquette. See story, page 33

John Gilbert, despite three unsuccessful ventures into matrimony, is still an optimist. He has just asked Virginia Bruce, his new leading lady, to be the fourth Mrs. Gilbert. They will be married in August. See story page 42

Wherever Marlene Dietrich goes, she takes her little girl, Maria, and right behind them, always, is an armed guard

MARLENE DIETRICH GETS KIDNAP THREATS—CHILD UNDER CONSTANT GUARD

Most Famous Mother in Hollywood Receives Demands For Twenty Thousand Dollars From Kidnap Ring—Ruse To Trap Them Fails

BY JANET BURDEN

LAST March, when the Lindbergh atrocity stirred the country, Marlene Dietrich's neighbors' noticed that the bedroom windows of her house were being covered with a heavy iron grille, and that whenever her little girl, Maria, went out to play, she was followed closely by a guard, as well as a nurse. Marlene was in terror of having her own child kidnaped.

A newspaper printed a photograph of the house (owned by Charles Mack of "The Two Black Crows"), with a white arrow pointing to the barred window of the nursery. The next day, Marlene moved secretly to a cottage at well-guarded Malibu Beach, while bars were put on *all* the windows of the Beverly Hills house. Soon afterward, Marlene's director-husband, Rudolph Sieber, arrived from abroad. There were rumors that he would take the little girl back with him to Europe, where she would be safer.

Marlene's fears about her child's safety have not been baseless. She has received five notes of threat and warning, filled with such sentences as "If you want to save Maria to be a screen star, pay and if you don't she'll be but a loving memory." The first demand was for ten thousand dollars. Marlene turned each note over to the police, but the news of their receipt was kept from the newspapers—until the would-be kidnapers got two letters crossed, sending one intended for Marlene to another woman, and the other to Marlene.

Here are excerpts from the threatening letters Marlene has received

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The kidnap ring expressed resentment at Marlene's ignoring their demands. They sent her this message: "Say, what's the big idea? Attention! Is the future of your girl worth it? Marlene, Marlene, you'll be sorry!" They told her that now she would have to pay them double.

There were no handwriting clues to work on, as in the Lindbergh case. Each word in each note had been cut from a magazine or newspaper, and pasted together to form the message.

Marlene, advised by the police, placed a dummy package where the kidnaping notes told her to leave the money, but it was not touched. A more threatening note followed. Marlene is taking small Maria to the studio with her these days. The Dietrich set at the studio is locked. An armed guard accompanies Marlene wherever she goes.

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This is Marlene Dietrich's Beverly Hills home, to which the kidnap ring addressed their threats. Marlene has had iron grille work put on all the windows, not on just the nursery window, as before

BANK CLOSING DELAYS GARBO'S TRIP HOME, HITS OTHER STARS

"Movie Stars' Bank" Closes Suddenly, Tying Up Their Funds—Montgomery and Beery Among Those Who Feel Poor Again

BY EVELYN DERR

WHEN the First National Bank of Beverly Hills closed its doors and Garbo did not leave for Sweden at the time it had been announced she would, the two events seemed to be a remarkable coincidence. Wild rumor had it that Greta had "almost a million" in the bank. Her manager, Harry Edington, poohpoohed the sum mentioned. "Nonsense!" he said. "It was only a few thousand." But whether or not the closing of the bank affected Garbo, it affected hundreds of other stars.

The president of the bank, Richard L. Hargreaves, married a movie actress—Helen Ferguson, the wealthy widow of William Russell. Perhaps this was the reason for the movie colony's choosing this bank for its big accounts. At any rate, it was known as "the movie stars' bank," and players flocked to open accounts there. That's the way it is in Hollywood—what one does, the rest rush to do.

And that's the reason why the bank had to close its doors. It seems that some of the big stars suddenly got the notion that government gold bonds were the best investment for their money. As soon as the word got around, many other players wanted gold bonds, too. Several large depositors—reports says Eddie Cantor, the Marx Brothers and Corinne Griffith, among others—withdrew money to buy bonds. One star appeared with a withdrawal check for three hundred thousand dollars. That's quite a bit of change to take out of the tills without warning. So the next morning, there was a polite little notice on the doors and word flashed around that the movie folk had their money tied up.

Wallace Beery is marked as the man with the worst luck in Hollywood. He lost a hundred thousand in the failure of the Guaranty bank last year, and had forty-nine thousand in the Beverly Hills bank. Another unlucky star is Robert Montgomery, who has established a reputation for thrift in his three years as a star. Every week he has deposited the bulk of his pay-check in the bank. He came into the studio the morning of the closing, smiling gamely and held out empty hands.

A $300,000 withdrawal by one depositor was what caused the closing of the First National Bank of Beverly Hills (above)

Garbo (above) is reported to have had funds for trip to Sweden in bank

It's second time Wallace Beery (above) has been hit; Jean Harlow (right) kept money in safe deposit box

Robert Montgomery (above) has all his savings tied up

The rumor persists that Garbo had the money she had intended to take with her to Sweden in a checking account in the First National, and that, the rest of her fortune being tied up in government bonds, she may not be able to leave without making another picture or two. It is persistently stated that $380,000 of the Garbo American earnings were in this account.

Jean Harlow called up a friend on the morning of the bank's closing. The friend, who knew that Jean kept her money in that bank, began to condole with her, when she was amazed to hear Jean laughing heartily. "But didn't you just put sixty-three thousand in that bank after your tour?"

"Certainly," said Jean. "I put sixty thousand in cash in a safe deposit box, and the rest in a checking account!"

Conrad Nagel, Constance Bennett, Marie Dressler, Will Rogers and John Gilbert may have to economize for awhile, unless the optimistic predictions of the bank's president are justified and the stars' money is soon freed. Harold Lloyd and Marion Davies are known to have large sums tied up there.

Don't wish you were a movie star. They stub their toes, and pay taxes, and lose their money, too. And think how much more they have to lose!

DAD'S AUTO ACCIDENT BRINGS SALLY EILERS BACK TO HOOT GIBSON

Couple Kiss and Make Up When Sally's Father Is Injured—Had Parted When She Stayed Away From Home, After Own Crash

BY MADGE TENNANT

Wide World

Hoot and Sally smiled like this at one Mayfair party—but not the one at which Sally left him

When Sally stayed with friends after being injured, her cowboy husband (below) thought they had parted. He didn't know Sally had sought him

Pacific

Sally now shows no signs of being hurt—physically or otherwise. Her face is unscarred, and she's glad to be home again

A DARING, low-cut white satin gown of Sally Eilers' was the cause of her break-up with Hoot Gibson, though an auto accident added to it. And another auto accident was the cause of their making up again.

Sally, herself, says: "We never had had any serious quarrels, really, until I wore *that dress* to the Mayfair." Hoot thought it was pretty at first. But as the evening wore on, he began to hate that dress. It started when someone made a wisecrack about the danger of Sally's taking a deep breath. Hoot became insistent that Sally put on an evening wrap, and refuse dances. Finally Hoot began to insist that Sally go home. Her evening was "ruined."

She started—but not with Hoot. And on the way she was in an automobile accident and was cut about the face, but insisted on being taken to the Brown Derby, where she knew she would find Ben and Bebe Lyon, and thought Hoot would be with them. Hoot wasn't. Ben and Bebe rushed the distressed Sally to the Receiving Hospital, where two stitches were taken in her mouth.

Ben and Bebe took Sally to their house, where she stayed for three days without seeing Hoot. "He was still furious with me," says Sally, "because I hadn't come home, had gone to friends when I was in trouble. He gave out stories to the newspapers that we were separated. Then a story broke that we had become reconciled. It was merely a gesture. Hooter (the nickname, Sally gives her husband—ED.) was involved in a lawsuit in which our being on seeming good terms would help his case a great deal. We agreed that the truce would be just temporary.

"But then my mother and father were badly injured when their car overturned a block from our home—and we met at Father's home. And Hooter said, 'Let's not be foolish any more, Sally. We can be so happy together if we'll just try a little!'

"It seemed so nice to have a real reconciliation with Hooter, not to have it just a 'gag' as it had been! I'm back again where I belong."

GARY COOPER NAMES MONKEY "TALLULAH," BUT CO-STAR OBJECTS

The Lady Known As Bankhead Speaks To Gary Again After He Renames Baby Chimp, "Toluca"—Brought Pet Back From Africa To Enter Hollywood Society

BY RUTH WINGATE

THE cute little baby chimpanzee that Gary Cooper brought back from Africa will no longer be known as "Tallulah Cooper" in Hollywood social circles (and maybe you think that little 'monk' isn't in society!). Her new name is Toluca Cooper, and there is said to be a reason.

Tallulah is rather an unusual name. At least, Tallulah Bankhead, so the gossips report, thinks so. It isn't a name like "Elizabeth" or "Anna" or "Dot" that might safely be tacked on anyone or anything. So when Gary Cooper arrived back in Hollywood with a baby chimpanzee tucked under his arm and fondly referred to the little beast as "Tallulah," the original of the name became annoyed.

Of course, the little monkey was cute, but even a cute little "monk" is only a monk—and Tallulah didn't like it in the least. At first, we hear, Gary thought he could kid his co-star of "The Devil and the Deep" out of it, but as days went by and Tallulah swore she wouldn't speak to Gary until he changed the "chimp's" name, he obliged just by way of keeping peace on the set. It is a little difficult to co-star with a lady to whom you are not speaking.

Yet in spite of Tallulah's sensitiveness, Toluca is a howling social success in Hollywood. She's actually invited places. She has a wardrobe. She has evening and sports costumes. And, what's more, Toluca loves parties.

The night of Gary's famous housewarming, Toluca (then Tallulah) was the life of the party, and with Mary Pickford and the Countess Frasso, helped receive the guests. For this occasion Toluca was arrayed in a red satin evening gown, a small red beret, and an armful of fake diamond bracelets. She consumed a great quantity of caviar (*hors d'oeuvres* being Toluca's favorite diet). She ran chattering from one group to the other, taking her hostess duties very seriously. Only once did Toluca fly into a rage and that was when some rude person lifted her red skirt to see her "cute little legs." At this social outrage Toluca retired under the piano and hissed for several moments. The "chimp" won't stand for any nonsense!

It looks as if Gary Cooper picked out an old-fashioned girl this time. Toluca's gowns come from a Hollywood baby shop

Dyar

It was when Gary looked like this, in darkest Africa, that Toluca first spotted him—and adopted him

Gary Cooper is crazy about his little "chimp." He worries about her far more than he does about his spectacular romances. She came into his life just when Gary was on the verge of a hunting trip into the African jungle. At the farthest outpost, a small town on the outskirts of the jungle, Gary's attention was caught by a cage full of young "chimps" for sale. He watched the funny little animals for a moment or two and started away.

Suddenly, there was a terrible commotion in the cage. One of the little animals was clawing and tearing at her cage, trying to follow Gary. Gary came back, took one good look at the lady later to be known as Toluca, and purchased her on the spot. Screaming with glee, she settled on his shoulder and has remained there (more or less) ever since. She has put Gary to no end of trouble, but then he doesn't seem to mind.

His great worry was that the change of climate between the African and Hollywood jungle would make Toluca sick. It did.

But with summer on hand and with all her social duties Toluca has staged a remarkable recovery. Of course, she is a little peeved with Tallulah Bankhead and it is said that she snubs her at parties. Toluca doesn't believe there is a thing to those romance rumors about Gary and the Bankhead woman!

HELEN HAYES SUED FOR $100,000 BY HER HUSBAND'S FORMER WIFE

Carol Frink (right), who divorced MacArthur in 1926, twice tried to have the decree set aside

Acme

BY DORIS JANEWAY

Stage And Screen Star, Who Married Charles MacArthur, Playwright, In September, 1928, Is Accused Of Alienation Of His Affections By Carol Frink, Chicago Drama Critic, Who Divorced Him In 1926—Recent Story About Helen Said Couple Fell In Love Before He Was Divorced

HELEN HAYES, who married Charles MacArthur, the playwright, in September, 1928, has just been sued for $100,000 for alienation of affections by Carol Frink, Chicago drama critic, who divorced MacArthur in 1926 after a long separation.

Miss Frink and MacArthur, then both reporters on the same Chicago newspaper, were married in 1920. In 1922, she filed a divorce action, and in 1926 she received her decree. Four years ago, she sued to have the divorce set aside, but lost in both a lower and an appellate court. This is the first time, however, that she has directed a suit against the second Mrs. MacArthur.

In her early reporting days, Carol Frink signed herself, "Little Girl Reporter," and Charles MacArthur was a brilliant, but erratic youngster who interspersed his tales of accidents and fires by scribbling plays on copy paper. On a belated wedding trip, they came to Hollywood, and Carol Frink interviewed several stars—including Charlie Chaplin. The story that Charlie told her attracted much attention, and presently Carol Frink was taken off "human interest" assignments and given a whole dramatic page for her field—a remarkable honor for such a young girl. Not long after this, Charlie wrote "Lulu Belle," which his friends proclaimed a sure-fire hit, if he could find a producer. And just about that time, something happened between these two.

Apeda

In a recent magazine story, Helen Hayes and MacArthur were pictured as falling in love before he was free. Did this cause the lawsuit?

They separated—and Charlie went to New York. His play was produced, and made a great success with Lenore Ulric in the title rôle. And it was rumored that Charlie had fallen in love with Helen Hayes, the wistful and lovely young star of "Caesar and Cleopatra." Presently, when his first wife obtained her divorce, he and Helen were married. In a year or so appeared the famous "Act-of-God" baby. The young MacArthurs were very happy. The movies called Charlie, after his success as co-author of "The Front Page" (based on his old newspaper days), and soon Helen followed him to the West Coast, and made a hit in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" and "Arrowsmith." She is now returning, after a brilliant season on Broadway, to co-star with Gary Cooper in "A Farewell to Arms."

What—after a lapse of four years—caused Carol Frink to decide to sue MacArthur's second wife? Perhaps this is not the answer—but it is an odd coincidence. The papers were served on Helen Hayes three weeks after the appearance of a highly romantic story about her in a magazine.

This story told, in sugared language, astonishingly unwise things for anyone to reveal. It admitted that she and Charlie fell madly in love while he was already married.

Charles MacArthur parted from Carol Frink just before fame came

For almost four years, it does not seem to have occurred to Carol Frink to sue Helen Hayes for alienating the affections of her husband. Then, a few days after the magazine with its amazingly injudicious disclosures appeared, the long-smoldering resentment of the Little Girl Reporter flared into flame! Incidentally, she also wants adjustment of MacArthur's alimony payments, which, she alleges, are not up to date.

HAS LINA BASQUETTE WON JACK DEMPSEY AWAY FROM HIS EX-WIFE?

Just When Rumor Has It That Jack And Estelle Taylor Are Romancing Again, Another Brunette Comes Into His Life—In San Francisco Jack Introduces Friend As "Miss Rosita Gonzales," But Lina's Mother Says "Rosita" Is Lina—Reported That She Will Dance In New Dempsey Night-Club

By LOUISE SYKES

IS the widow of Sam Warner, the ex-Mrs. Peverel Marley, née Lina Basquette, and alias Rosita Gonzales, about to become the next Mrs. Jack Dempsey? Did Jack steal the sweetheart of his one-time buddy and present bitter personal enemy, Teddy Hayes, when he met Lina for the first time recently? And did Lina steal Jack away from his ex-wife, Estelle Taylor?

Estelle shrugs her shoulders, rolls her dark eyes. "She's welcome to him if she wants him," says Estelle, not without heat. At one time, it is said, she and Lina Basquette were close friends.

Jack says that the beautiful brunette he was seen with in San Francisco soon after leaving Hollywood was a "Miss Rosita Gonzales of an Argentine family." But Lina's mama admits that "Rosita" is Lina, though Lina says that she was on a camping trip with her dog while she was supposed to have been in San Francisco. And now comes news that Lina is in Reno, seeing the town with Jack, and Jack is quoted as saying: "I like Lina a lot and I think she likes me, too."

Lina Basquette, screen actress and ex-wife of Peverel Marley, says, "I'm going to keep on getting married till I find the right husband"

Jack Dempsey: "I like Lina a lot, and I think she likes me, too"

"I'm going to keep on getting married till I find the right husband," Lina remarked recently. It *must* be lonely traveling about the country from tourist camp to tourist camp, as Lina claims she has been doing—even making a cross-country trip that way recently.

She was all alone, according to an eyewitness, the night she ventured into the newly-opened night-club at the Barbara Hotel (Jack Dempsey, proprietor). At a table in one corner sat Estelle Taylor with a gay party of friends. And at Estelle's table was Jack, who had left his own party the moment she entered the room. Gossip had Jack and Estelle going places together, and on the verge of remarriage.

Teddy Hayes (left), once Lina's escort and Dempsey's pal, is singing, "Somebody Stole My Gal"

To this table advanced Lina, who had recently been injured in a fall from a horse while making a picture. She stooped over Jack and murmured something in a low voice. Jack, in an equally low voice, answered her and Lina drifted away.

"She said she had Teddy Hayes with her and she had left him waiting in the hall to see if I'd let him in," said Jack, grimly. Teddy Hayes (for the benefit of those who don't remember their ring history) was once the Dempsey trainer, but when Jack broke with his former manager, Jack Kearns, Hayes sided with the latter and Dempsey and he have been bitter enemies since. "I told the two of them to clear out of here!" announced Jack.

However, he evidently softened so far as Lina was concerned, for at the end of the evening when she left for home, Jack Dempsey, himself, was her escort. Teddy Hayes was pictured as being royally peeved.

"The next Mrs. Dempsey will not be an actress," Jack remarked in San Francisco. "Not while she is in the profession," he added thoughtfully.

Since Reno rumors have it that Jack is about to open a big night-club there, with Lina Basquette as premiere danseuse, that doesn't sound as if he has matrimony in mind. Besides, she's rumored to be secretly wed to Teddy Hayes.

WHEELER AND WOOLSEY HAVE VERBAL BATTLE, AND COME TO PARTING OF THE WAYS

Bert Heads For Broadway, And Bob Prepares To Continue On Screen With New Partner—Woolsey Says They Parted With Words, But Not Blows; Blames Wheeler For Break-Up

By JACK GRANT

Did Dorothy Lee come between Robert Woolsey (top) and Bert Wheeler? It's a rumor

ROBERT WOOLSEY denies—emphatically—that any blows were struck when he parted company with Bert Wheeler, his teammate since "Rio Rita." Hollywood had the story that Bert had poked Bob in the eye. But, then, Hollywood can be wrong. It frequently is. Besides, Woolsey was there, and Hollywood wasn't.

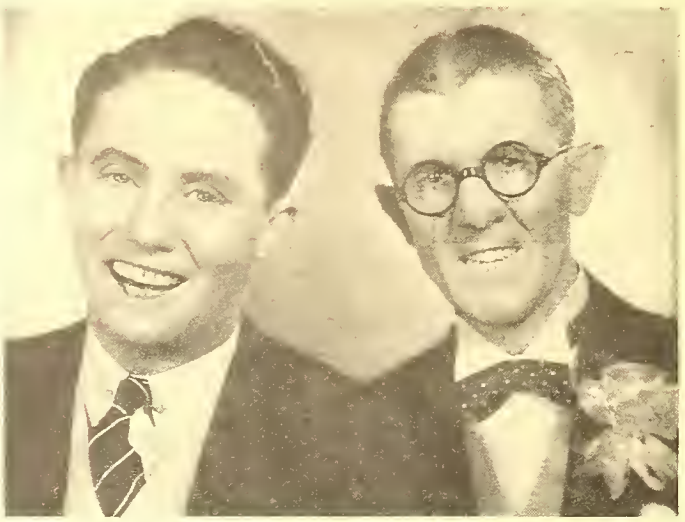
The dissolution of the partnership of Wheeler and Woolsey occurred unexpectedly. The team had just finished "Hold 'Em, Jail" and their contract with RKO, where they had been for more than two years. They had been negotiating with Columbia for a series of comedies for that company when the news broke that Wheeler had returned to Broadway, leaving Woolsey in Hollywood. Their partnership was at an end. Besides the rumor of the fisticuffs, there was a rumor that they had quarreled about Dorothy Lee, the peppy ingénue of their pictures—and that she would be in Wheeler's New York production.

"It seems I was the last man in town to know about Bert's heading East," Woolsey says. "You can't guess who told me. The headwaiter at the Roosevelt Hotel. He heard the deal arranged between Bert, his agent, and an Eastern theatrical producer. The producer said that he had a part for Bert in a new musical show—a great part, one that would make him the most famous comic on Broadway. Imagine his giving up pictures to be famous on Broadway! I haven't anything against Broadway, except it's just one street. But that's the way Bert is. A great little guy, but a lousy business man. He's impetuous and can be easily sold. Bert has made over four hundred thousand dollars in pictures and hasn't a thing to show for it.

"Bert was a little hot-headed. He burned plenty when he was told that David Selznick, the new boss at RKO, asked when he first came on the lot which was Wheeler and which was Woolsey. They told him that Woolsey was the guy with the cigar, and Selznick is quoted as saying it really didn't make any difference, as he didn't think either of us was funny. There are a lot of people who don't think us funny. But our pictures made money.

"After hearing that remark attributed to Selznick, Bert refused to sign the new contract RKO offered us. It wasn't for as much money as we had been getting—but it wasn't anything to sneeze at. However, he was all for arranging a deal with Columbia on a profit-sharing basis. The papers were drawn. Then a fellow who had acted as agent for Bert back East popped up. After talking to him, Bert accused me of being hasty about the Columbia deal. And it was his idea in the first place!

"Later I found out that Bert had signed several stage contracts, so perhaps he picked the fight just to break the partnership. He didn't have to fight with me to do that. All he had to say was 'Let's quit.' Then we would still have been friends.



On the screen, Bert Wheeler (left) and Robert Woolsey could wisecrack trouble away. But they couldn't laugh off their real-life differences. Guess who'll be Woolsey's new partner!

"We'll never team up again, that much I can tell you. Bert broke us up, and we'll stay busted—but I'm sorry the curtain had to be rung down on our act. The team of Wheeler and Woolsey was lucky and enjoyed a great run. I wish Bert all the luck in the world, wherever he is. Meanwhile, I'm teaming up with a new partner—another great little guy, named Harry Langdon."

JOAN CRAWFORD

As someane has remarked—check and dauble-check! Garba may wander if she really aught ta make anather picture far anly ten thausand dallars a week, but in the meantime the girl wham Hallywaad regards as Greta's mast dangerous rival is acting far all she's warth in "Rain." And wha cauld be better in the râle af the gaad-bad girl faught aver by a marine and a minister?

Hurrell

CLARK GABLE AND NORMA SHEARER

In 1931, Gable had his first big break—as one of Norma's two lovers in "A Free Soul." That fiery rôle started him on his sky-rocket journey to stardom. A year passes, and along comes another great opportunity—again as a Shearer lover. This time, however, he is gentle and sensitive, and Norma is tragically sure that she loves him. For the picture is "Strange Interlude"

WILL ROGERS

Like the gongster bodyguard in "Scorfoce," Will is now cutting out poper dolls. It's one woy of showing you how business men keep busy these doys. And he'll show you plenty more in "Down to Eorth," which relotes the depression adventures of the fomily you first met in "They Hod to See Poris." You'll olso see Will ond his wit much in evidence during the Presidentiol campoign

Anita Keeps The Home Lights Burning

C. S. Bull

In the old days, when Anita Page went out with the boys, her little Irish cottage at Manhattan Beach was dark—for Mom and Dad went, too. But now she goes alone—so the lamp in the hall is kept lighted. And it has been burning so constantly of late that it's beginning to look like a romance between Anita and young Dr. Cyril Rice. Meanwhile, she's alight, herself, in "Skyscraper Souls"

Beauty In The Bath

(Hollywood Style)

Only in Hollywood would you see o bath equipped with o choise longue, os obove. It's port of the furniture in "Bochelor's Affoirs," in which Joon Morsh mokes Adolphe Menjou lift thot expressive eyebrow of his even higher thon usuol. And ot the right, you see how o Hollywood chormer looks with HER hoir knotted up, oll reody to sponge the far reoches behind the eors

Powolny

Sally is keeping her lips tightly clomped these days. For one thing, she hos been serious ever since she wos injured in on outo occident, ond her coreer seemed threotened. For onather thing, she ond Hoot Gibson reunited three doys ofter Sally onnaunced they had parted. But you'll soon see her in o laughing maod ogain —for she is to da "Hat-Check Girl" (and you know hat-check girls!)

SALLY EILERS

Mae Clarke's Breakdown Will Not End Her Career

Twenty-one-year-old actress—who collapsed after making eight pictures without any rest—is now out of danger and on the road to recovery. And this is the girl who used to say nothing ever happened to her! She will soon be back—as a star this time!

MAE CLARKE has been very, very ill. She has had two nurses much of the time, specialists have been treating her, and her friends in Hollywood have been gravely concerned about her. But it is good news that Mae is getting better rapidly, and gave us this message for you — her first in many discouraged months.

"Anything I want to say," smiles Mae, "sounds too Pollyanna-ish for my type. But only one who has been sick a long time knows how wonderful it is just to be *alive*. I'm not worrying about anything—my work, my career, my future, or anything else. That will come later, I suppose. Just now I'm thrilled with little, ordinary things—the air on my face when I go outdoors, the sunshine on my carpet. . . .

"I weighed ninety pounds when I finally gave up and admitted I was sick. I had made eight pictures, one after another. I loved my work and just didn't realize what it was taking out of me. Why, they're still releasing new pictures of mine! So far as the public goes, I haven't been away from the screen a day.

"Now I weigh a hundred and ten. The doctor won't let me go back to work till I weigh a hundred and twenty. I'd like to take a trip first—but I suppose I won't want to go any farther than Glendale when I come to the point of leaving Hollywood. Anyway, tell everybody 'Hello' for me. I'm coming back soon, and I hope they'll be glad to see me."

She is only twenty-one, and those years have been so crowded and so embattled that they have finally sent her to a sanitarium with a nervous breakdown. She has worked as few other movie actresses have worked, and she has loved and laughed and wept. Back on Broadway, after the strain of dancing twenty-four different exhibition dances an evening for weeks, she broke both ankles one night with just a light bound into the air. Before coming to Hollywood, she failed dismally and unnoticed; and she has succeeded almost as unspectacularly. She suffered her breakdown as a leading lady; when she recovers, Universal will make her a star. And a week before she broke down, she told me that she felt ill "all over," and added drearily, "*I get so tired of going on and on without anything happening*—"

When Things Started Happening

FOR Mae honestly does think nothing has ever happened to her—nothing exciting and interesting—not since August 16, 1910, when she was born in Philadelphia. Her parents moved to Atlantic City soon afterward, because her father's work took him there. He was pianist in a picture theatre, and Mae very early decided that she would be a pianist, too—so she could see the shows. Always she had the acting urge. At three she dressed up in her mother's clothes and paraded on the lawn. At school she acted and danced, and at twelve she was the Queen in an Atlantic City pageant. And in between she fell off a roof and was rescued from the surf, and got lost and was found, and won a swimming championship. "But nothing exciting, you see," says Mae.

And seven years ago she leaned over the railing of the Atlantic City boardwalk, dropped some discouraged tears in the seething ocean below, and bitterly said something to this

(Continued on page 70)

BY LILLIAN SHIRLEY

Will JOHN GILBERT'S Fourth Wife be VIRGINIA BRUCE?

Is it just a publicity stunt—this engagement of the famous screen lover (three times divorced) and his new leading lady? They act "dead in earnest," and have even set the wedding date. Virginia says it is the first time she has been in love and—who knows?—it may be the first time John has, too!

WHEN they read that John Gilbert was engaged to Virginia Bruce, his leading lady in his new picture, the cynical smiled, "It's just another publicity gag—a good boost to the picture." Which makes John's answer to the newspaper woman who first asked about his engagement even more ironical.

The rumor that John's new romance was something more than the "week-end love" which Hollywood had called it came, surprisingly enough, from the most recent Mrs. Gilbert, in New York. Ina Claire, who recently offered her ex-husband the rôle of co-star in her new Broadway play, confided to a friend that John was engaged again. The friend wired to the newspaper woman, who accosted John at the Legion fights that same evening.

"Are you really engaged, Jack?" she asked.

He nodded at the slim, blonde girl on his arm. "Virginia and I are going to be married on the fifteenth of August," he said.

"But, Jack," the newspaper woman protested, "why didn't you tell me before?"

He looked at her somberly, yet with boyish humility. "I didn't know," said John Gilbert, "*that there was anybody in the world who would be interested.*"

And it looks very much as if Virginia Bruce (born Briggs) of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and later of Fargo, North Dakota, *will* become the fourth Mrs. John Gilbert on August 15, the date when Ina Claire's divorce from John becomes final.

It has been a whirlwind courtship—one of those love-at-first-meeting matches. They met on a Monday. They were engaged on the following Saturday. Within three weeks the whole world had the news.

John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce met on a Monday, and were engaged the next Saturday. Her *quietness* appealed to John

What Drew Them Together

I SAID to Virginia, "Just what is it, do you think, that drew you together?"

And this fair-haired, twenty-one-year-old girl said, simply, "We *fit*."

I asked, "But what is it Jack seems to expect of you—what quality is he looking for?"

She said, "*Quietness.*"

And with those two answers, Virginia Bruce removed all doubt about this romance being the real, honest-to-goodness thing.

Before I talked with Virginia, I did doubt it. Like the rest of Hollywood, I felt that it was just another brief romantic interlude. I thought of her very young and, comparatively inexperienced life. Her quiet childhood in Fargo, North Dakota. Mother and Dad and one brother three years younger. Her dreams of becoming a nurse—or an artist. No dreams, ever, of Hollywood. I knew that she had come to Hollywood some three years ago. Her mother

By
FAITH
SERVICE

had hoped this for her, the movies . . .

An Uncle introduced her to William Beaudine, the director. There was a small part for her, her first, in Chevalier's "The Love Parade." Paramount put her under contract and there were other small parts, in "Young Eagles," in "Safety in Numbers," and others. There was the Paramount option that was not renewed. Then a rôle in the Cantor-Ziegfeld-Goldwyn picture, "Whoopee," discovery by Ziegfeld — and then New York. A show-girl part in Ziegfeld's "Smiles" and the title of "America's Most Beautiful Chorus Girl." Then a Metro scout spied her and there came a Metro contract. Back to Hollywood she came — to parts in "Are You Listening?" "Sky Bride," "The Miracle Man," "Winner Take All," and then the John Gilbert picture, "Downstairs," which John wrote, himself.

Nothing very sensational has ever happened to Virginia. She has had no Great Loves in her life. She has never made startling successes or vast sums of money. She didn't even care about the movies. She said, "I just tried for Mother and Dad . . ."

Virginia Bruce, twenty-one and a former Ziegfeld beauty, couldn't believe it, herself, when John Gilbert proposed

Dyar

Her Departed Rivals

AND then I thought of John. Of the stormy and emotional life he had lived, the dizzy ups, the thunderous downs. The vast sums of money he has had. The torrents of publicity. The adulation and the criticisms. The women . . .

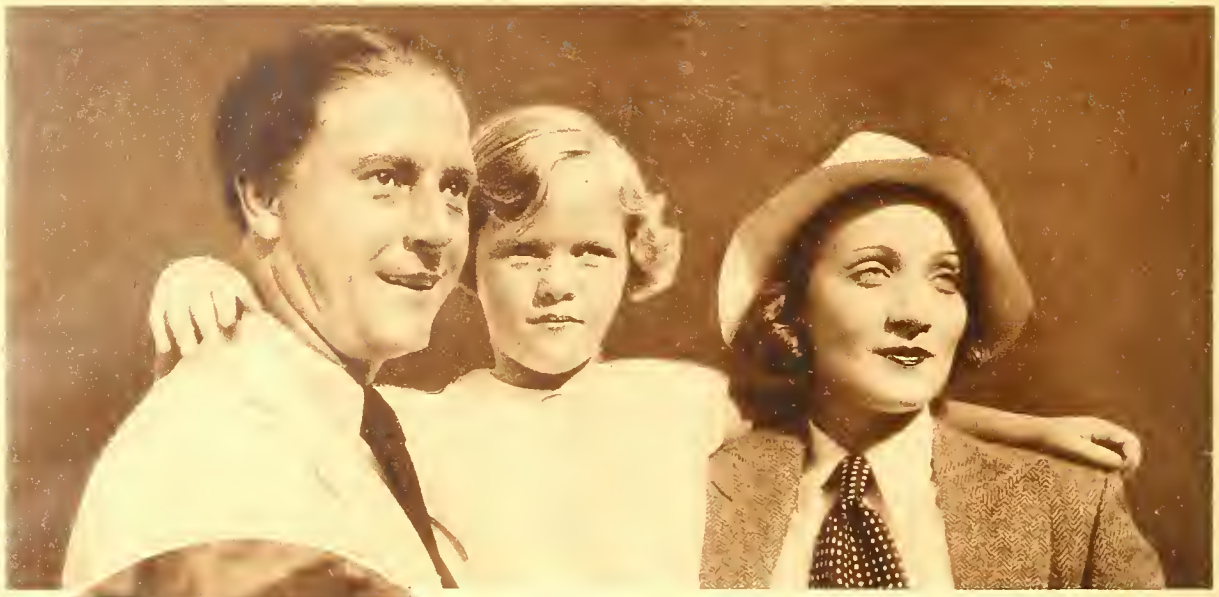
I thought of Leatrice Joy and that whirlwind, passionate courtship and marriage. I thought of the way that love cooled, that marriage dissolved, leaving Leatrice hurt for many years afterwards. There had been a little girl born of that marriage—a child who looked like John.

I thought of the first Mrs. John Gilbert, the "extra" girl from Alabama, Virginia Burwell, who regretfully admitted they were not the same type and who still calls herself by his name . . .

I thought of Garbo and the Great Love that seemed to be. I thought of John's face during the heavenly-hellish time of that fevered episode. It seemed impossible, then, that his love for Garbo could ever fade. Yet it died.

I thought of Ina Claire and of the sudden tempestuous

(*Continued on page 68*)



Whenever the unexpected happens, Marlene Dietrich can always depend on Rudolph Sieber, her director-husband, to rush over from Europe. Lately, he has been busy protecting Marlene and their little girl, Maria, from kidnap threats

When romance rumors started about Maurice Chevalier, he tried to squelch them alone. But Mrs. Chevalier had to rush over and finish the job

Marlene Dietrich's Husband Rushes to Her Rescue Like One of Her Heroes

Twice, Rudolph Sieber has arrived at her side in the nick of time—Chevalier's wife dashed over from Paris to save Maurice from gossip—and Miriam Hopkins could even depend on her estranged husband to be there when needed. It's a habit with Hollywood husbands, wives and ex's!

BY NANCY PRYOR

AT the Hollywood opening of "Grand Hotel," Marlene Dietrich, introducing her husband, Rudolph Sieber, to one of her friends, said, "It is too bad that every time my husband visits me he arrives just in time for *trouble!*"

She referred, of course, to her studio difficulties that were, at that time, occupying considerable space in the newspapers under the headlines: "*Dietrich and Von Sternberg Walk Out on Contracts. Star Refuses to Report for Work With Another Director. Paramount to Sue.*"

Herr Sieber's only other visit to Hollywood took place at the time the former Mrs. Josef von Sternberg was suing Marlene for alienation of the director's affections, basing her suit on an interview Marlene had allegedly given on her vacation abroad.

On the latter occasion, Herr Sieber, blond, young, smiling and affable, lent considerable strength to Marlene's side of the story by casually scoffing at the "alienation" charges. In time, the American public came to the conclusion that if Marlene's husband saw

(*Continued on page 72*)

Coburn

JOEL McCREA

Joel is steering straight for stardom—one of the few local lads who have sailed within hailing distance of these golden shores. He has become RKO'S white-haired boy—and is set for a series of big outdoor adventure pictures. (No more tuxedo rôles for Joel!) The first is "The Most Dangerous Game"—in which he is a a sailor and has the luck to run up against a man-hunting maniac

What's this—Sylvia dressed up? She has been a poor little poor girl for so long that it's sort of a surprise to see her as a poor little heiress in "Merrily We Go to Hell." But every little girl who climbs the stairway to stardom has to prove, some time, that she's a style-setter. Sylvia has just taken her first vacation. But if you'll be patient, you'll soon see her as "Madame Butterfly"

SYLVIA SIDNEY

Lippman

ANN DVORAK

Thot other girl's breoch-of-promise suit ogoinst Ann's brond-new husbond, Leslie Fenton, hos been dropped. Thot's one reoson why she's so elated. Another is thot she's off to the some sort of stort thot Goble hod. Ploying chorocters you're not supposed to like, she's steoling pictures right ond left—and the gates to stordom will soon be wide open. Soon ofter "Three on o Motch"!

Fryer

GLORIA SHEA

"Well, this IS a pleasure!" smiles Gloria, meeting you for the first time. And you won't say any less when you meet Gloria, who gave up a radio career to be Warners' most promising newcomer. Maybe you'll spot her in minor rôles in "Big City Blues" and "Life Begins." When Joe E. Brown recovers from his recent operations, she will be his lady love in "You Said a Mouthful"

ANN HARDING told the truth when she sought her divorce!

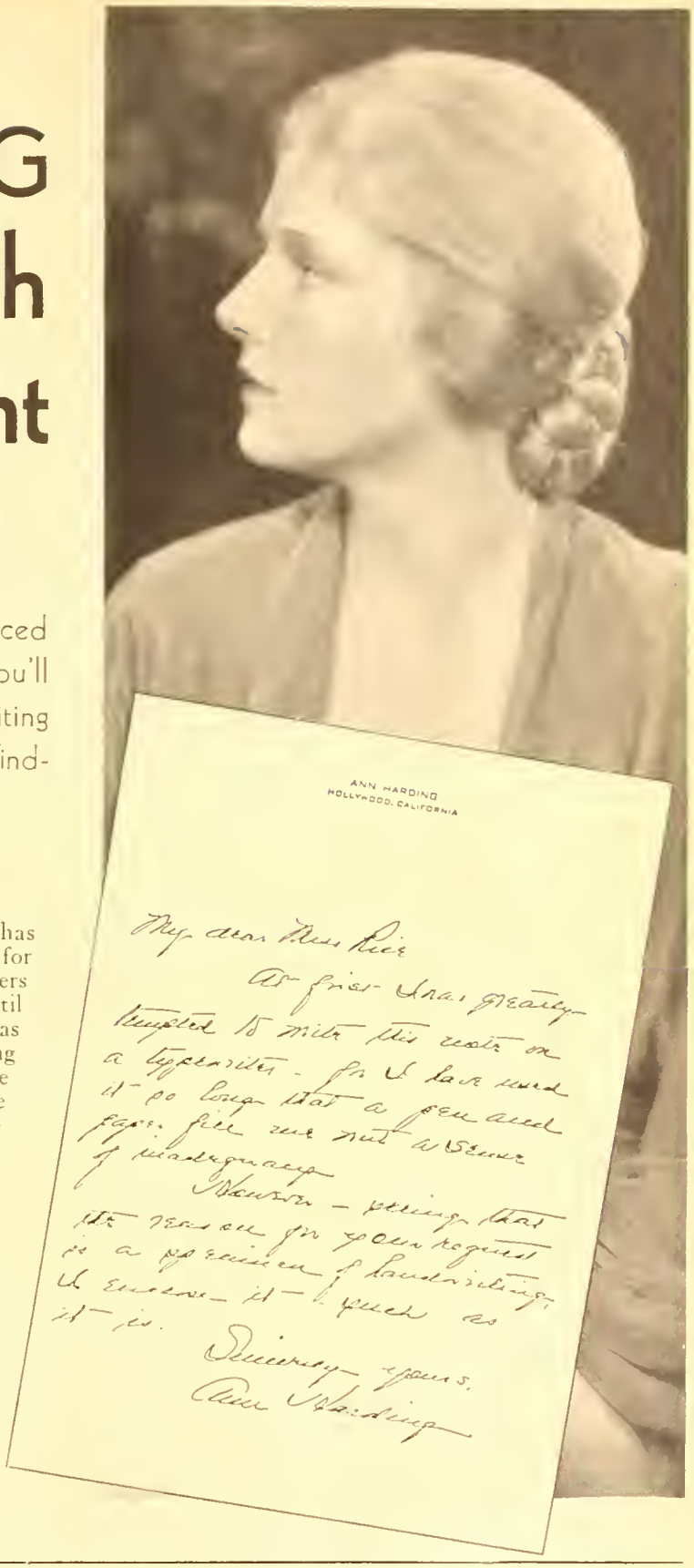
Maybe you didn't believe that Ann divorced Harry Bannister for love of HIM—but you'll have to believe it, after reading what her writing revealed to Louise Rice, who's famous for finding character secrets in handwriting!

By LOUISE RICE

DO you really believe that Ann Harding has divorced her husband Harry Bannister, for the reason that she gave in the newspapers —for *his* benefit? Frankly, I did not, until I had analyzed her handwriting. I thought that it was just one more publicity stunt that some enterprising press-agent had worked out. But now that I have read her character, I am firmly convinced that she could do a thing like that and mean it sincerely at the time she did it. I will try to prove this to you by explaining some of the unusual letter formations in her writing.

Ann Harding's handwriting might well baffle a person who had not examined a good many extraordinary specimens of script. This is partly because the writing is not wholly natural and frank at this time. The rightward angle of her handwriting was natural in the past, but it is beginning to change at present and will change more in the near future—although she may not be willing to admit this fact, or to take advantage of it. Her nature is really a sincere and simple one, which is far from over-sophistication, and I find in it an almost excessive sensitiveness.

(Continued on page 75)



ANALYZE YOUR OWN HANDWRITING

Louise Rice has perfected a chart known as a Grapho-scope, which enables you to analyze your own handwriting. It will reveal your proper vocation. Also analyzes love and congenial friendships. Get one to-day! Send your name and address to Louise Rice, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.

Will He Follow in VALENTINO'S Footsteps?

Cary Grant says, "Please don't say I look like Valentino. I don't." But this dark young newcomer from England and Broadway is the lad who is being built up to play some of the old Valentino rôles. This tells you all about the new "mystery" hero!

By LYNN NORRIS

You first met Cary Grant in "This Is the Night" and as one of the two new "discoveries" in the Ticker Talk department of the June MOVIE CLASSIC. But you are going to see plenty of him from now on, and you'll want to know more about him. This gives you the whole story—to date.—Editor.

CARY GRANT, who may make talkie versions of some of Valentino's old silent hits, came to Hollywood for a vacation, without a serious thought of the picture business except to visit friends who were actors. As a result of a director's joke, he was given a test—and a contract. He has broad shoulders and stands six feet one inch in height. His love-life reads like a tale in your favorite confession magazine; it's the idealized story of what happens to every handsome young man with romantic ideas. He doesn't like to talk about it, himself.

For his first picture rôle he played Thelma Todd's husband in Paramount's super-musical, "This Is the Night." A little unsure of himself in the new medium—he comes from the stage—he says, himself, that he never saw so much ham, when they let him watch his first "rushes." But the preview audience sat up and took notice, for he played opposite the experienced Roland Young and Charlie Ruggles with surprising poise.

They say he's being groomed to take Buddy Rogers' place; he has much the same sort of boyish charm. He blushes fiery red when embarrassed, and clicks his heels together and salutes, when he leaves you—perhaps a holdover from his musical comedy days. There's a strong masculinity about him, too—that's why they compare him with Clark Gable. His face shows the same handsome virility.

How He's Like Valentino

THERE is a strong rumor that he will remake "Blood and Sand," playing Rudolph Valentino's old toreador part. His only similarity to Rudy is in the dreamy, flashing eyes, and the dark olive complexion. The fans have discovered him, already. A woman stopped Randolph Scott, another likely newcomer, on the street.

(*Continued on page 64*)

Buy silk stockings with the $3 you save

A hat, a scarf, a good pair of gloves, or several pairs of stockings—these you can buy with that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class.

This thrift dentifrice brings new brilliance to women's teeth

You probably have your favorite tooth paste. You think it is helping your teeth. And it undoubtedly is. But if you could expect even better results from a new type of tooth paste, wouldn't you be willing to try it? Especially if the trial would cost you only a quarter?

Many women with dull, lackluster teeth have written to thank us for Listerine Tooth Paste. They say it brings new luster, new brilliance, new beauty to teeth. And why not? Listerine Tooth Paste contains the most modern, gentlest type of polishing agents.

They say that it cleans teeth more thoroughly than any dentifrice they have ever used. That it gets rid of stubborn tartar, unsightly tobacco stains, and other discolorations with a speed that is amazing. They say, too, that Listerine Tooth Paste leaves the mouth with a feeling of freshness and invigoration not produced by any other tooth paste on the market. That seems reasonable; this tooth paste contains some of the very essences that make Listerine itself so delightful.

These are not our statements. They are the statements of women who have tried all sorts of brands, and finally settled on Listerine Tooth Paste as being the best value. Won't you try it? We are perfectly willing to stand or fall on your judgment.

25¢

Get a tube today at your druggist's. He, too, will tell you that the product is as good as the quality name it bears. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

The makers of
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
recommend
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSHES

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

"I'm 20"

Screen stars keep the charm of Youth

SCREEN STARS know how important it is to *keep* youthful charm. So they begin very early to give their lovely complexions zealous and regular care.

Jean Harlow, delightful young star, says: "I learned Hollywood's secret and started using Lux Toilet Soap my first day in the studio."

Lovelier than ever at 30, Viola Dana says: "Nowadays no woman need worry about growing old. I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly to keep my skin at its very best."

And the glamorous Nazimova, for so long an idol of the stage and screen, can well say: "Very few actresses look their age. Like me, they take care of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap in all the big film studios. So gentle—so exceptionally *white* that no other soap can rival it!

Begin today to let it care for your skin. You're sure to be delighted with the results, just as the famous stars are!

Recent photograph by Preston Duncan, Hollywood

JEAN HARLOW, favorite of the screen: "I have found the secret of a fresh and youthful complexion — regular care with Lux Toilet Soap."

LUX

"I'm 30"

Recent photograph by Russell Ball, Hollywood

VIOLA DANA, beloved screen star: "Like most actresses, I discovered years ago that Lux Toilet Soap has a wonderfully soothing effect on the skin."

"I'm over 40"

Recent photograph by Nickolas Muray, New York

NAZIMOVA, glamorous star of the stage and screen: "I laugh at being over 40—my skin is so soft, so smooth. For years I have been faithful to Lux Toilet Soap!"

Toilet Soap—10¢

Genevieve is looking for a man with the virility of Clark Gable (left) and the intelligence of Leslie Howard (right)—a combination hard to beat. And equally hard to find!

Freulich

The man Genevieve marries must also have the dignity of Clive Brook (left) and the sheer nerve of James Cagney (right). And she'd like him to be rich, if possible

Why Genevieve Tobin Has Never Married

BY GLADYS HALL

WHY has Genevieve Tobin, twenty-eight, reddish-blonde, traveled and "dangerous," never married? The answer is easy. She said to me, "I must have a man with the virility of Clark Gable, the intelligence of Leslie Howard, the dignity of Clive Brook and, if I may say so, the sheer nerve of James Cagney."

And *that*'s why she has never married.

If such a peerless paragon does exist, let him now step forward and claim Miss Tobin as his bride.

But I doubt it. Especially as she also stipulates that the Lucky Man must have more than a little money. He must be successful. That is definite. His check-book, in other words, must have that Park Avenue air.

She has been engaged three times. And each one of those times, when the engagement ring was slipped onto her finger, she felt faint and nauseated. There was something imprisoning about it. She could not go through with it. And she didn't!

She will never marry an actor. That, too, is a positive statement. The sight of greasepaint on a man's face debars him as her husband and the father of her children. She wants at least two. Children, I mean, not fathers for them.

She means, when she marries, to retire from the screen. She says, truly, that she has been rather a well-known actress. She would insist upon being married to a man of equal, if not greater, fame and distinction. She does not demand that he win his fame in the same line.

Money Won't Be Enough

NOR is money alone enough. One of her three engagements was to a Rich Man's Son. Very rich. Genevieve could have dwelt in marble halls and pulled orchids out of the home meadows. But this rich man's poor son could do nothing. He had no interests—except Genevieve. He didn't know *how* to do anything. And so he was tabu.

It isn't only money that Genevieve wants, you see. It is the power that, in its stride, gets money, too.

Nor will the particular Miss Tobin consider a doctor. Medical profession, please abandon hope! One of her best friends is married to a doctor and the life is one of haphazard meals, broken sleep, and uncertain hours. A lawyer—yes.

If ever she should, by some emotional fluke, fall in love with an actor, he would have to be more famous than she is, herself, and making considerably more money. Genevieve, could not bear to Look Down upon her necessarily Better Half.

"And with all this talk," she said to me, "I'll probably marry a chorus man!"

She takes marriage very seriously. Brought up in a

(*Continued on page 81*)

Radically new

greatest advance in sanitary protection since the invention of Kotex itself in 1920

the new Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

Redesigned to end all fear of revealing outlines, no matter how close-fitting your dress is

AT LAST! A radically-new design in sanitary protection. Made by Kotex—originators of the modern sanitary napkin.

It is called PHANTOM KOTEX. Why? Because it is so flattened and tapered that it leaves no outlines even under the closest-fitting of evening gowns.

And for those who require extra protection, Super Phantom Kotex is perfect. Despite the extra protective surface, ends are so skilfully flattened and tapered as to be completely inconspicuous.

Kotex features retained

Kotex is soft even after hours of use; wonderfully absorbent; can be worn, with equal protection, on either side; disposable, easily. More than 24 million pads were used in hospitals alone last year.

Ask for the new PHANTOM KOTEX. Try it. Learn what a difference it makes. Insist upon getting genuine Kotex, when you buy it wrapped. Each tapered end of the new pad is stamped "Kotex"—so you can't get inferior substitutes.

Kotex prices are today the lowest in Kotex history. This new improvement comes to you at no increase in price. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

Note! *Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom Kotex.*

To ease the task of enlightenment

This message is sent to parents and guardians in a spirit of constructive helpfulness.

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms—and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter—there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today—the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers—courageous—intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness . . . what heartbreaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment—the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this book—the subject has been covered completely . . . in simple understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation, parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

Mary Pauline Callender
Room 2146
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

Signed.....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

Copyright 1932, Kotex Company

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS

AS YOU DESIRE ME

You won't hear any *pro* and *con* argument about Garbo in her newest—and perhaps last—picture. It is by no means her best picture, but Garbo, herself, is at her best. She's even a bit daring, what with standing in a doorway in negligee and being a bit "lit up," as well as a platinum blonde, in the early part of the picture. The plot is confusing—intentionally so. She is a woman who either doesn't remember her past, or doesn't want to—and then she is told she is the long-lost wife of Melvyn Douglas. She looks like the vanished girl and she tries to be, she tells him, "as you desire me." In the end, you're left wondering whether she is his wife or not. Garbo is always at her ease, is less tragic than usual, and smiles often. Douglas has a stiff rôle. Erich von Stroheim is so convincingly villainous you wish lightning would strike him. Owen Moore, as an old friend, is as smooth as Jimmy Walker.

THE DARK HORSE

"The Dark Horse" not only beat all the other election comedies *to* the box office, but I suspect that it will beat all the others *at* the box office. It's clever and amusing from start to finish, in acting, story and lines. There isn't a weak cog in it. A deadlocked political convention nominates an unknown "dark horse" (Guy Kibbee) for governor, and he turns out to be so honest and so smilingly dumb that the bosses have no hopes of electing him—until Warren William gets out of alimony jail and becomes his campaign manager. William, a high-pressure promoter, plays up the candidate's dumb honesty and ballyhoos him into office. It's easy to kid the voters, he finds. But it's not so easy to kid his cute ex-wife (Vivienne Osborne), who almost wrecks both his campaign plans and his romance with his chipper secretary (Bette Davis). Warren William clicks again. It seems to be a habit of his.

THE DOOMED BATTALION

Imagine being fascinated by a war picture at this late date! Maybe there's something wrong with my nervous system—but that's what happened to me (unexpectedly) when I looked over "The Doomed Battalion." It isn't gruesome; and it does have suspense and some breath-taking photography. The setting is not Flanders mud, but Alpine snow—and the conflict you see is that between the Austrians and Italians. The hero, a private, is stationed high on Collalto, only four miles from his native village, which is occupied by the enemy. One of the enemy is his best friend, who must give the order to dynamite the Austrians from the mountain peak. That's where the suspense comes in. The hero is rugged Luis Trenker, a new face to Americans. He also wrote the story, and directed the dramatic snow scenes. Tala Birell, who looks too sensitive to be a peasant, makes her début as his wife.

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE

Here's a jungle thriller without any last-minute rescues or romance, and with precious few humans in the cast! It makes "Trader Horn" look like a Boy Scout expedition. It's the story of the man with the most unusual and perhaps the most dangerous job in the world—Frank Buck. He looks a bit like Warner Baxter and his job is to get the world's most dangerous animals for zoos. He told you how he does it, in a book of the same name; now he illustrates his story. The scene is the Sumatra jungle; the cast are the villains and comedians of the jungle—the black leopards and panthers and pythons, and the honey bears and fuzzy apes. The big climax of the picture is a fight between a python and a panther, after which Buck catches both of them. (Picture yourself playing around with either of them!) You'll wonder where the camera was, when some of the scenes were filmed.

IS MY FACE RED?

Doing a quick right-about-face from his rôle of the sensitive hero of "The Symphony of Six Million," Ricardo Cortez now plays a brassy columnist in a satire that rings the bell. It's a lusty, witty sock at the newspaper men of Broadway who have become male gossipers—and it's funny even when it's melodramatic. Cortez conducts a column called "The Keyhole to the City," and doesn't care how he gets his gossip, so long as he gets it; he modestly says that he's "the guy who made Broadway famous." He throws over his old sweetheart (Helen Twelvetrees) for a Park Avenue flirt (Jill Esmond), who later tells him, "You amused me—like going to the flea circus." He reveals a murder before the body is found, and gets shot for his trouble. But I predict that Cortez will make you like him. Zasu Pitts, as a weary telephone operator, and Arline Judge, as his secretary, almost steal the picture.

MERRILY WE GO TO HELL

It seems that there were two novels—one called "Merrily We Go to Hell" and the other, "I, Jerry, Take Thee, Joan." They have taken the title of one and the plot of the other, and the result is more or less a waste of time for Fredric March and Sylvia Sidney. The title refers to a toast that Freddie, who plays a reporter, has a habit of drinking. And how he does imbibe! All because a blonde actress (a pretty English newcomer named Adrianne Allen) has shattered his ideals. But he gets himself married to an heiress (Sylvia), who reforms him and makes him write a play that's a hit. And then (you guessed it) the actress comes back into his life and wrecks it again. But then (you guessed it again) Sylvia is about to hover over a bassinet—and our hero comes marching (no pun intended) home again. The acting is 'way above the story. Amusing in spots.

THIS HALF-FACE BEAUTY TEST CONVINCED THE SCIENTISTS . . . IT SHOULD CONVINCE YOU

612 women, under observation of 15 dermatologists, use usual beauty methods on one side of their faces . . . Woodbury's Facial Soap on other side . . . for 30 days. Contrast astonishing!

By DR. (_____)
(Nationally known dermatologist)

"The ethics of my profession forbid publication of my name. But I can tell women these actual facts:—

"For 30 days a group of women under my observation cleansed one side of their faces with their usual methods . . . soaps, creams, lotions—whatever they liked . . . The other side of their faces they washed every day with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

"At the end of 30 days, the contrast on those faces was startling! Not only through the microscope or magnifying glass, but to the naked eye. The cheek which had been washed with Woodbury's, was clear, bright, firm. Smooth and fine as silk. Glowing with life. The other cheek was sallow, dingy, coarse-pored, in comparison.

"The results of that experiment convinced me, as they would any scientist. If I were a woman I couldn't ask for better *proof* of what to use to keep my skin nice, or to make it clearer and finer.

"Any woman, seeing the right and left sides of my patients' faces after the 30-day Half-face Test, would quickly forget that old myth you hear so often . . . 'I can't use soap on my face' . . . and quickly abandon the idea that one must pay a fabulous price for beauty aids."

. . .

Your skin needs creams, too. But first of all, it needs zestful cleansing with Woodbury's for the extra tonic effect it has on the skin glands, pores, circulation.

Woodbury's is not just a soap. It is a scientific beauty treatment in cake form. Numerous foreign countries, including many remote spots in the Orient, are combed to procure its costly ingredients. The fine, rare oils in Woodbury's are not to be found in mere toilet soaps.

Would you like to see YOUR complexion clear and fine in 30 days . . . perhaps less? Fresh, firm, velvety soft? Would you like to correct dry skin, oily skin, blackheads, coarse pores, pimples?

Then try Woodbury's Facial Soap as the directions advise. Make the Half-face Test yourself, if you wish . . . but 612 women have already done it for you. Profit by their experience and begin at once to use Woodbury's on your skin. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters (25¢). Or mail coupon for sample.

NOT JUST A SOAP . . . A SCIENTIFIC BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM

Tune in on Woodbury's every Friday, 9:30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time . . . Leon Belasco and his orchestra . . . WABC and Columbia Network.

Von Horn

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COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 920 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream, and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ○ Coarse Pores ○ Blackheads ○
Dry Skin ○ Wrinkles ○ Sallow Skin ○
Flabby Skin ○ Pimples ○

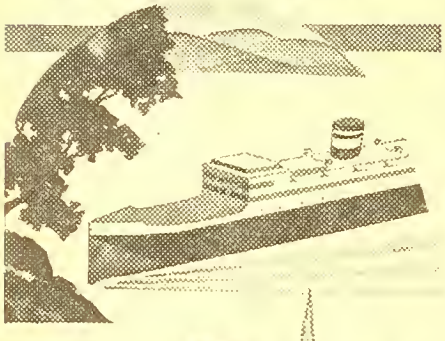
For generous sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp.

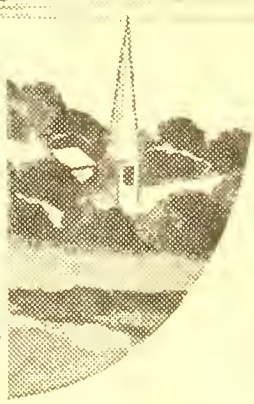
Normal Scalp ○ Dry Scalp ○ Oily Scalp ○

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

FURNESS
Cruises to the
NORTH





12 DAYS

$100 UP

Including All Expenses

CALLING AT

NOVA SCOTIA
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Headline Career of Garbo—1925-1932

(*Continued from page 21*)

Devil." Hailed as "new great love team." Picture breaking records everywhere.

January 14, 1927—After arrest for exceeding speed limit on Wilshire Boulevard by ten miles, star fails to appear in court and forfeits bail.

February 10, 1927—In row with M-G-M over new contract. Wants still more money, it is reported. Is quoted as telling studio officials, "I tank I go home now."

February 12, 1927—Draws praise from Prince William of Sweden for artistry.

May 29, 1927—Signs five-year contract with M-G-M at reported salary of $7,500 a week. Troubles with M-G-M, which Garbo had fought by simple expedient of staying at home and saying nothing, said to be all settled. Hollywood amazed at size of her salary, and amused by her victory.

August, 1927—Story in screen magazine tells inside story of her quiet battle with studio. Titled, "They Learned about Women from Her."

November, 1927—Continues co-starring career with John Gilbert in "Love."

January 8, 1928—Reporter discovers Swedish siren living in conservative Santa Monica hotel. Says she likes to walk by the sea, and to be alone. Thinks she does not speak good English, but manages pretty well.

January, 1928—Refuses interview with well-known newspaper woman. Rumor that Garbo has gone temperamental, and will give no more interviews to anyone. Another rumor that John Gilbert has told her, "Silence Is Golden."

January, 1928—Is hailed in title rôle of "The Divine Woman," the story of Sarah Bernhardt, with Lars Hanson as leading man. Romance with Hanson rumored.

April, 1928—Avalanche of magazine publicity begins in earnest with three-part life story of Garbo.

April 1, 1928—Director Victor Seastrom gives Garbo a clean bill of health, so far as temperament is concerned. Says she is always genial, pleasant and willing to cooperate.

June, 1928—Writing "an estimate" of her in *Vanity Fair* Jim Tully remarks: "Miss Garbo typifies the languor of passion. She is the only woman in the world who has capitalized anaemia. When she glides or 'slouches' through a scene, with mouth partly open, and eyelids drooping, it registers as exotic passion. Her mouth may droop because she is too tired to hold it shut . . . her eyes, because she has not the energy to hold them open."

August, 1928—Appears in "The Mysterious Lady," with still another leading man, Conrad Nagel. Being married, he is safe from Garbo romance rumors.

August, 1928—Gilbert and Garbo still constant companions. Romance at fever heat, say some. Stories of elopement denied.

November 12, 1928—Director Mauritz Stiller, who has been described as playing *Svengali* to Garbo's *Trilby*, dies abroad. Garbo heart-broken as she hears news on set. Rumor that she is mentioned in his will.

December, 1928—Garbo and Gilbert resume screen association in "A Woman of Affairs."

December 8, 1928—Sails from New York for vacation in homeland. Denies any trouble with studio.

December 25, 1928—Spends Christmas in Stockholm with her family. Countrymen disappointed at Garbo's quiet entry into city, and avoidance of all public honors and interviews. Some resentment reported. Rumor of a romance between screen star and Prince Sigvard, second son of the Crown Prince.

March, 1929—Betrothal of Prince Sigvard to Princess of Holland reported. Berlin papers hint that match was arranged to stop Garbo rumors.

March 19, 1929—Arrives in New York from holiday abroad. Refuses to comment on rumors of romance with Wilhelm Soerensen, Swedish financier's son and friend of Prince Sigvard.

March 24, 1929—Immediately telephones John Gilbert on arrival in Hollywood. Also reported to have called him from New York.

April, 1929—Standing room only at opening of "Wild Orchids," in which Garbo's leading man is Nils Asther. He is seen as big Gilbert rival.

May 11, 1929—John Gilbert and Ina Claire elope. What about Garbo? Gilbert refuses to comment on broken romance. Enterprising reporter charters airplane and flies over to Catalina Island, where Garbo is on location. Shows newspaper stories of Gilbert elopement to her; she reads them eagerly, says she wishes John every happiness, and walks away.

June, 1929—Takes secluded house in Santa Monica, to escape unwelcome publicity brought on by Gilbert's marriage.

July, 1929—Garbo appears in second picture with Asther—"A Single Standard." Their love scenes convincing.

November, 1929—New Garbo picture, "The Kiss," released, with Conrad Nagel and Lew Ayres, young newcomer, as leading men. This will be her last silent picture. Hollywood wonders if Garbo can speak English well enough for talkies. Rumor that she will soon return to Sweden.

December, 1929—"Greta Garbo's Girlhood in Sweden"—heading of magazine story telling how a pale and gawky schoolgirl wanted to forget that she was Greta Gustafsson, and how a salesgirl in a Swedish millinery shop became a famous screen star.

January, 1930—"Garbo—the World's Best Known Vamp" is title of new magazine story.

January 26, 1930—Acclaimed for "Anna Christie." Billed all over the world with big letters, "Garbo TALKS!" Screen leadership still hers, despite talkies. Has deep voice, much to critics' surprise.

April, 1930—"Greta—Jack—Victor—Vanquished"—title of magazine story about Garbo and Gilbert. Thousands of reels of film have unwound since they co-starred. They will be remembered as greatest love team of silents. What will be their fate in talkies?

June, 1930—"Garbo and Lon Chaney Likened"—headline in magazine. They both hate jewelry, they dodge limelight, they are mystery twins.

July, 1930—Magazine writer reveals "How to Behave Like Greta Garbo." You will say, "Go away, I want to be alone," you will like rain and misty seas.

August, 1930—Her second talkie, "Romance," released. Leading man is Gavin Gordon, young Southerner, whom she is credited with "discovering." Actor tells interviewers he is hopelessly in love with her.

November, 1930—"Which Is the Real Garbo?" asks a magazine. Is she timid, plain and lonely, or a goddess of grace, courage, subtle beauty?

December 1, 1930—Taking sun-bath in garden of Santa Monica home, Greta Garbo is suddenly surprised to hear voice say, "Oh, Miss Garbo, will you kindly look this way?" Startled by voice, she springs up and runs. Camera clicks, and unknown intruder flees.

December 3, 1930—Studio making every effort to obtain negative of picture taken of Garbo in sun-bath.

(*Continued on page 78*)

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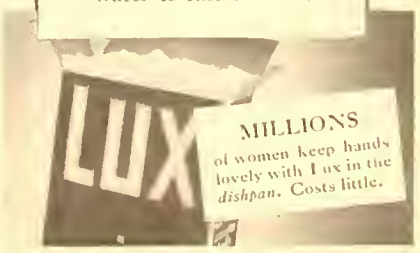

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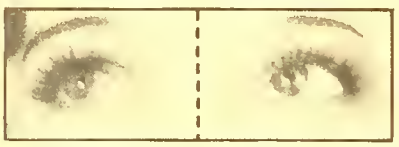

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Gable Denies Divorce Rumors

(*Continued from page 15*)

"I know, of course, that this fan favor I've found *is* sincere. It couldn't be anything else. But I know, too, that it is just —a break. Oh yes, it is! There are thousands of better actors than I am. There are, God knows, thousands of men who are better-looking. I just happened to have *something*—I don't know what it is, and neither do you—but it was something that by some fluke happened to click. That's all. It was just one of those things—it might have happened to anyone. It happened to happen to me.

"Fan favor is built, too, block by block, if you are versatile in the rôles you play. I mean, you can figure it out, how it happens, how it increases and everything. It's built, block by block, piece by piece, like adding one piece of a picture puzzle to another.

"I mean, I play a part, let us say, like I played in 'A Free Soul.' That sort of man happens to appeal to or interest a certain group, or groups of people. *They* become fans. Then I play a part like I played in, for instance, 'Hell Divers.' That type of man appeals to other groups of people—in this case mostly the kids, I figure. And *they* become fans. You haven't lost your first group because they are still at least curious enough to see what you are going to do next. You haven't lost them—you have added others. And so it goes.

How He Figures His Success

"THE thing is, never to be typed, never to stick to one sort of character, never to play too long on one string. Because a certain type appeals mostly only to certain types of people and when you have exhausted them, you are done.

"I have played a gangster, a minister, an aviator, a doctor (in 'Strange Interlude') and I'm going to play another adventurous and colorful part in 'China Seas.' I've been able to keep on building. So long as a man is able to build, he is able to progress. It's the same in any business. To keep on having new 'customers,' you must keep on increasing your stock, varying it, meeting new demands.

"I know that the popularity I have now must go. No question about that. It never has lasted for anyone—why should it last for me? But I may be able to vary that popularity.

"No, the stories that have been written about me, the talk, the gossip—none of this has changed me.

"I seldom read the things that are written about me any more. I used to. At times, I was annoyed. At other times, amused. They still amuse Mrs. Gable. She doesn't take them too seriously. She has a healthy sense of humor. She gets a kick out of it all. She knows that the kind of things written and said are a part of the game. She knows *me*. She knows she has nothing to worry about—"

"But," I broke in, "there must be other menaces besides the things that are written and the things that are said. What about the jittering fools of women who must try to attract your attention—"

"They *are* fools, you say?" Clark smiled.

"Well, they're not exactly sensible, are they?" I parried.

"Exactly—and wouldn't *I* be the king prize fool of them all if I let them affect me?"

"Of course. But being human . . ."

"Oh, human, yes. Like plenty of other men, I suppose. I've had my wobbly moments. Times when I've half-thought, 'Gosh, if I weren't married, I could do this —or that—or some other thing—' Then I've stopped and asked myself just exactly what I *would* do that I'm not doing right now. And I don't know. I can't answer. I can't think of anything. Then I stop and think, 'Well, which is more important to you—what you have—or what you may, just possibly, not have?' And the answer is simple, easy and immediate. *What I have is the important thing to me.* The only really important thing.

"And, after all, you know, my family has as much right to these things that have come to us as I have. I had my family before I had all this. They went through those other times with me, too, you know. Mrs. Gable doesn't have to thank me for sticking around, you know. If anything, she deserves credit for sticking around with *me*—"

There I agreed, rather. "It must be rather rough on her in some ways," I said. "Women find it easy to be jealous, you know, whether there is any specific cause or not. You might have married some silly, hysterical little person—"

"I know," Clark said. He added, "I often wonder how anyone as dumb as I am ever had the sense—and the good luck—to marry the woman I did."

There is another very sound reason why Clark has not changed since the spotlight of Fame concentrated its fieriest rays on him. *He remembers the lean days.*

Some Things He Can't Forget

HE said, "I've been hungry—and I remember what it feels like to be hungry. I was unwanted and I remember the humiliation of closed doors and averted faces. I not only remember these things—they live with me. They are as much a part of the present as they were a part of the past. I know that a man who has been hungry once can be hungry again. I know that those of us who rise up can also fall down. I am not only what I am *now*, you know; I am also what I was *then*——"

I asked him if he had the same friends as he used to have, in those lean days.

He said, "No. I'm sorry to say that I haven't. It is not my fault. That is, it is not by my desire. I suppose it is, in a way, my fault. Somehow, my old friends, with one or two exceptions, won't come around as they used to. They seem to feel something—I don't know what it is—some strange self-consciousness or embarrassment or something. I invite them to go places with me; invite them to have dinner with us. Sometimes they accept—but very often they don't show up. It's one of the changes that have been forced on me—and I dislike it intensely.

"I don't believe there have been any other changes. I suppose I like money and the things that money can do better than I thought I would a year ago. I've found what pleasant things it can do for other people. It's fun having it."

And that is a change, too. Because just one year ago he said to me (again I quote his exact words): "I don't want money. Not a great deal of it. I don't want *things*. I'm not that type of person at all. I wouldn't be happy living as some of the stars out here live. I don't care anything about luxuries and servants and swimming pools and big parties. I wouldn't fit. I couldn't handle them. It's important to me to be happy—in my own way."

Clark has changed only as any sensitive, developing human being would change. He has learned to fit—in little ways. He has learned to want things—more for those dear to him than for himself. Essentially and in all fundamental ways he is the same as he was a year ago. If his head is now among the stars, his wise eyes detect the tinsel from the gold. I *believe* him—don't you?

Summer!

yet your powder clings, rouge stays on and you look always lovely

BY PATRICIA GORDON

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
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Will He Follow in Valentino's Footsteps?

(*Continued from page 52*)

She wasn't, however, interested in Randolph. "I want to find out about a young man who has just signed with your studio!" she said. She meant Cary Grant!

He was born in Bristol, England, but he speaks without a British accent. A grandfather was Percival Leach, the English actor, and Cary Grant happens to be his real name. Cary decided to follow his grandfather's example at the age of twelve, when he solemnly offered a new idea in theatrical lighting effects to the manager of the Princess Theatre in Bristol. They let the boy operate the lights for a day, and this first contact with show people strengthened his determination to be an actor.

He didn't wait very long. Soon afterward, he ran away from home and joined a traveling acrobatic troupe. They did eccentric dancing, stilt acts, and a clown routine, and Cary stayed with them for four weeks. Then his father appeared on the scene and dragged him off back to school.

Ran Away a Second Time

AFTER all, he was only twelve, and this setback failed to stifle his ambition. For the next few years he followed the movements of the troupe of comedians, planning to join them again. He confided in the little daughter of a well-to-do neighbor, and when she heard his dreams of becoming a great stage star, she was understanding enough not to laugh. She encouraged him.

She helped him prepare for his second flight from home, and this time the father let his son's decision stand. For a year Cary toured England with the same company of actors, and then they came to New York and played at the Hippodrome. Katherine, the little home-town girl, passed out of his life, but Cary still has fond memories of her.

For the next few years the boy played in stock companies in England and America, gaining invaluable experience as an actor and spending his money on singing teachers, to develop his splendid baritone voice. It was on a boat trip to the United States that he met Ruth, the beautiful daughter of a Middle Western business man.

They met as young people do on board ship, and fell madly in love with each other. The moonlight on the upper deck had something to do with it, of course, as all of you who have made an ocean journey will know. When the boat landed, each went his own way and never saw the other again.

The Girl Who Helped Him Most

ONE of the darkest moments in Cary's life was when he found himself, stranded, in a small town in the East. The show he had been with closed. It was a girl, Ethel, who stayed at the same hotel and worked in a company at a nearby theatre, who helped Cary over the rough spot. Her act broke up, too, and they went back to New York to storm the booking offices.

Their struggle to find work brought them close together. They took long walks in Central Park and talked over their prospects. Neither of them had any money, but that didn't stop them from dreaming. They fell in love—their conversation turned from shop-talk to romancing about an ivy-covered cottage in the country. Ethel stood by Cary during that trying time, and now he says, "I hope she reads this. I want her to know how much her help meant to me."

Finally they both found work and started on the upward path. Arthur Hammerstein became interested in Cary and put him to work in a musical, "Golden Dawn." Ethel was working, too, and their careers separated them. Gradually they put aside their dreams of the future. The present was here—demanding their every minute!

Cary's voice won him the juvenile rôle in "Polly," another musical comedy, and after that he was signed with the Shuberts. He played opposite Jeanette MacDonald in "Boom-Boom," and went with the company to Chicago. Then came the lead in "Wonderful Night," and the Broadway critics began writing raves about his voice.

Park Avenue Not for Him

WITH success came various sorts of acclaim. At a supper club he was introduced to Adele, the daughter of one of New York's most prominent families, socially, and a member of the fast younger set of the city. The brilliance of the musical comedy footlights attracted her, and she asked Cary to parties that would have turned the head of a less steady young man.

Cary, however, realized that "society" was out of his line and it was natural that he should have had a "misunderstanding" with Adele—so they parted.

His next Broadway success came with the musical, "The Street Singer," in which Cary played opposite the New York favorite, Queenie Smith. For the summer he took a cottage at Freeport, Long Island. One of the crowd who came to visit him week-ends was Ann, a quiet, well-bred girl and a good sport. With her he stole away from the crowd and went on merry-go-rounds, like a couple of kids. They swam, talked, and played together. Ann, more than any girl he has known, fulfills Cary's ideal of what a sweetheart should be.

"She must be, first of all, a good sport. Willing to ride in a Ford or a Rolls-Royce. As happy at a hot dog stand as in the best restaurant in town."

Ann was this kind of girl. They may marry—later—if they're both of the same frame of mind. Just now Cary's too busy learning how to act before the camera.

"Discovered" by Accident

WITH the close of "Nikki," in which he played with two Hollywood celebrities, Fay Wray and Kent Douglass, Cary set out on a tramp automobile trip to Hollywood. Just for fun. To visit a few friends out here, and return after a two-week visit to play another engagement in New York.

One of the friends, however, was Marion Gering, the director. One day at the studio while testing a girl for a part, Gering asked Cary to stand in with her. Not seriously. Just to help her out—to throw back the cues to her.

When the authorities saw the test, they lost no time in putting Cary's signature to a contract. Without delay, he was assigned to an important rôle in "This Is the Night."

He finds Hollywood rather quiet after the hurry of New York. He has taken an apartment in Westwood, a suburb a few miles outside of the film colony. He doesn't want to be compared with anyone—though they're likening him to every handsome lead in the business, including the late beloved Valentino. "Please don't say I look like Valentino. I don't."

He's having a hard time learning the new technique demanded by the camera. "I'm always off-balance when they start shooting a scene. It takes a few seconds before I can get hold of myself."

Officials at the studio consider he's doing remarkably well, for a newcomer, and perhaps you noticed his efforts, yourself, in "Sinners in the Sun." (He was the tall, handsome, but unsuccessful wealthy suitor.) And perhaps you'll see him in the Valentino picture. Keep your eye on him!

Movie Classic's Letter Page

(Continued from page 69)

public applauds good acting and consequently those who create a stir from the audience are rewarded.

Why, then, does Lionel Barrymore remain only a featured player? Why does his name usually appear *last* and often in *small* type with stars of less ability? He has consistently given his public acting that is acting. With Marie Dressler he won the Motion Picture Academy Award for the best acting in 1931. She has justly been promoted to stardom. So have Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery and many others. Lionel Barrymore's characterization in "Grand Hotel" was unique, yet his name appears *last* in that noble cast. His performances always receive honorable mention.

Perhaps this isn't important to Mr. Barrymore. But it would please his grateful public to see his name given adequate billing and publicity. G. C. H.

Why A Minister's Rôle for Gable?

CLARK GABLE—a minister, the mere thought of it knocks me senseless. I wonder what the director was thinking of when he cast Gable as a minister in "Polly of the Circus."

The only actor that could ever match his abilities with those of the late Valentino Clark Gable—the he-man lover, the caveman type that grabs his woman by the roots of her hair till she pleads for mercy, and how most of the girls would thrill being enfolded thusly by Gable. Yes, glamourous Gable, and still some director went right along and gave him the part of a minister.

I do not claim that a minister cannot be a he-man, or that he is not entitled to his share of love but do you ever think of a minister when you speak of great lovers, such as Gable?

Let's do right by Clark Gable, give him the rôle that he so well portrays, that of the rough and ready, irresistible lover, that of a man's man, as well as a woman's man.

E. WM. PRIMAVERA, Providence, R. I.

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 19*)

a little hot under the collar. Which makes a great many people believe that Jack is a very good actor, indeed.

When Lina came back to Hollywood after an extended sojourn in the east, she was unofficially engaged to Teddy Hayes, so the story goes. Hayes and Dempsey haven't been friends ever since the time Jack broke off relations with his former manager, Jack Kearns. Hayes strung with Kearns in the break-up.

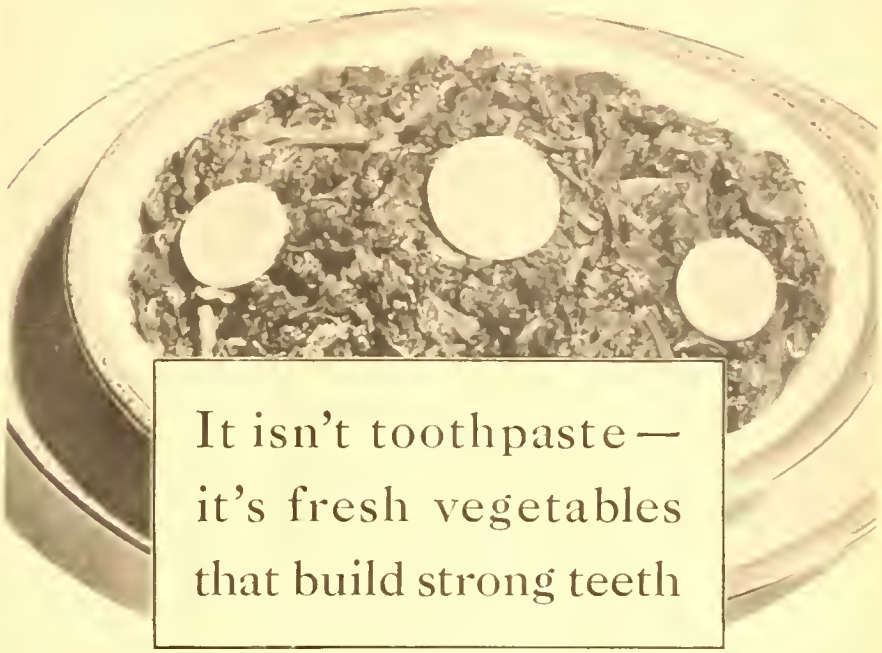
Jack and Lina are supposed to have met at a party given by Jack at the opening of his hotel. Teddy says he hasn't seen "his girl" since. Lina says nothing. Jack says: "I wouldn't take anything from Hayes . . . least of all a girl!"

But the gossips insist it was none other than dark-eyed Lina who attended a baseball game with Jack up in San Francisco. Incidentally, Lina was known as Rosita Gonzales when she went places with Jack in 'Frisco and Reno.

CONSTANCE Bennett is being sued by Joyce and Selznick, agents, for something like $16,000 in other words, two weeks salary. The only comment of the

(*Continued on page 71*)

We say it's Spinach!



It isn't toothpaste—
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that build strong teeth

. . . but Pepsodent helps *preserve* them with this modern safety factor

TO build strong, hard teeth is the purpose of right diet. You must eat foods rich in essential minerals and in vitamins. But building teeth is only half! You must *preserve* teeth too. That is done by removing destructive film each day. To *preserve* teeth Pepsodent Toothpaste was especially developed.

Remove film from teeth

Film is the greatest single enemy of teeth. Film covers teeth with a gelatin-like coating. In it are germs glued against enamel . . . producing acids that dissolve the enamel, penetrate the tooth and finally reach the nerve.

Film absorbs the stain from food and smoking—and ruins the most charming smile. Film clings stubbornly to teeth—sticks so defiantly that toothpaste manufacturers have spent years in seeking the ideal material to remove it. Now Pepsodent has found it! A revolutionary cleansing and polishing material entirely new and different.

New safety for teeth

This new material removes film quickly and effectively. As it removes film-coats it polishes enamel to high brilliance. Above all, this cleansing and polishing material is *safe*—absolutely safe—and twice as *soft* as those in common use.

Eat the right foods. Use Pepsodent Toothpaste. And one thing more: See your dentist periodically. For no toothpaste can truthfully guarantee immunity against diseases which only your dentist knows how to treat and overcome.

These are the 3 rules modern science lays down for lovely, healthy teeth. Observe them faithfully.

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—
SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

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Hollywood's Secret of Attraction

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Even under strongest daylight and artificial light beauty appears perfect...for this face powder has been proved perfect for you by famous stars face to face with blazing lights and camera. Always velvety in texture, it never appears shiny...and it clings for hours, too, for screen stars will not entrust their beauty to a powder that fluffs away.

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Without obligation, send me a Miniature Powder Compact in my color harmony shade, also, my make-up color harmony chart, complexion analysis, and your 48-page illus book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for postage and handling.

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair ☐	Blue. ☐	BLONDE	Dry ☐
	Grey. ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Creamy ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE	LIPS
	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	
Medium ☐	Black ☐	BROWNETTE	Mouth ☐
			Dry ☐
Ruddy ☐	LASHES	Light ☐ Dark ☐	
	Light. ☐	REDHEAD	AGE
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

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Let's Straighten Out Bette Davis' Love-Life!

(*Continued from page 13*)

What Delayed the Wedding

HISTORY repeated itself almost to the point of monotony in the course of their love story, as related in the public prints. During the slump that followed "The Wild Duck," Bette just about gave up acting as a career, and the proud fiancé relented again. But no sooner did he feel he could honorably offer his hand, than Universal gave the young lady a contract. Bette, whose love for her betrothed seemed to be a very secondary sort of emotion, flew off to Hollywood with never a regret for her lost wedding—until option time came around and she was not encouraged to stay. Once more in a bridal frame of mind, she telephoned New York, became re-engaged by long-distance and rushed back to the East.

Practically at the altar, the Warner Brothers offered her a contract and—since the groom would never have been able to swallow the humiliation of a bride with a three- or four-figured salary—she returned to Hollywood and her art, to become one of the Warners' favorite prospects.

"It's so utterly *wrong*," Bette asserted, after listening attentively to her alleged love-life. "They've got everybody mixed up. I always feel so silly talking about romances, and I never have before. But I know everyone is interested in love, and this is so wrong that I'd like to contradict it."

With electric blue eyes looking squarely out of a tanned face, Miss Davis deftly demolished somebody's beautiful dream of her romance. In spite of the false start she got in pictures as a namby-pamby country wallflower, Bette has turned out to be one of the most clear-cut, definite and modern personalities in Hollywood—in fact, she always has been, if producers had only known it. When Bette tells you something in her crisp voice, with her shoulders set at a confident angle, you are pretty sure it's true, and no nonsense.

Bette Denies All

"IN the first place," she began in decisive rebuttal, "since I first began at the Provincetown Playhouse, my career has gone along steadily, in a straight line—or rather, slightly upward, I hope. There have been no lulls or lapses, and I never once thought of abandoning acting, either on the stage or the screen.

"In the second place, I have never been back to New York since I first started work in pictures.

"And in the third place, I've never got anywhere near an altar.

"The boy I'm in love with now, I've been in love with for six years. But he's not a bond salesman, and we've never been engaged.

"We were sweethearts in school—a small boarding school near Fitchburg, Massachusetts. I know most girls don't go to co-ed boarding schools, but our family has had some sad experiences with girls' schools. Mother has a violent prejudice against them, and my sister and I were brought up as co-eds. This boy and I used to write mash notes to each other, and considered ourselves madly in love.

"Since then there have been periods when we didn't see each other for years at a time. Then we would meet by accident somewhere, and find we were in love all over again. After school, I didn't see him for three years, until one summer at Cape Cod, in a movie theatre. He's a very tall skinny boy. I saw his tall back ahead of me, and I screamed. I couldn't believe my eyes. We saw each other a lot that summer and were as much in love as ever.

Approves of Proud Romeos

"THEN two more years elapsed. In the meantime I had become engaged to one boy and involved with another. The engaged one was a man in Rochester, where I had worked in George Cukor's stock company. I was in New York by that time, and as a long-distance fiancée I wasn't much of a success, so I gave that up and decided not to be engaged again. Meanwhile I was sort of in love with a man in New York, but he didn't believe in marrying a girl who made more money than he did, so that never even reached the engagement stage."

Incidentally, Bette thinks that sort of obstinacy about money is very foolish, but awfully nice. It wastes an awful lot of time when you might be together—but she still can't help admiring a man who feels that way. It shows a nice spirit, and her attitude toward that kind of boy is torn between good sense and sentiment.

"Then I met my old sweetheart again," she went on. "The amazing part of it is that we've grown up in complete sympathy. Usually, childhood sweethearts turn out to be entirely different kinds of people and loathe each other. But though we've grown up apart from each other, we've developed along the same lines, and we're just as congenial as ever. He's the only man I know who understands me perfectly, and knows just how to treat me and to get along with me."

Bette admits she's difficult. That decisive manner means something a little more to be reckoned with than mere vivacity.

"I think all people of the theatre are difficult. A little selfish and temperamental. But if you know how to manage them, they're fine. And he does. He's just finishing college, and we haven't any plans at all about the future. We're just in love."

Why Hollywood Men Are "Out"

SO far this extraordinary beau has never been to Hollywood, and people are fond of predicting that, when he does come, it will be just too bad for that six-year romance. Old sweethearts have a way of looking shoddy to the once-fond eyes when seen in this gaudy setting. But Bette has no fear of that. This is the kind of man she likes, and Hollywood men aren't.

"Hollywood—despite the scandal sheets—is a perfect place for married people," she says, "but it's terrible for unattached girls. Hollywood men want to be wooed. They pout unless a girl runs after them all the time and flatters them. You have to take the initiative and do all the courting. I guess they're used to it—they've been so spoiled. Instead of acting like men, they let women usurp their prerogatives—in fact, they insist on it."

Looking at Bette's unwinking eyes and listening to her sound philosophies, you can almost believe she will be able to achieve the miracle of experiencing success in Hollywood without discarding most of the things she valued in her past life. If she does, hers will be one of the few pre-Hollywood romances that has not been undermined by a few years in the movies.

Bette has worked other wonders in her life. She cured herself, years ago, of a horrible squeaky voice that threatened to keep her off the stage forever. In the same effi-

cient way she overcame the blight that was put upon her when she first entered pictures. Looking at her to-day, with her silver foxes, her well-groomed head and flashing manner, you wonder how anybody ever thought of casting her in those back-to-the-farm rôles.

Bette isn't really very much like Connie Bennett, except for her coiffure, but she is one of the forceful, smart and arresting personalities in pictures. Her eyes are blue, her mouth is firm, her teeth snap together with a brittle perfection. Yet her first discoverers spotted her as a country girl.

Bette admits the fault was hers, not theirs. She thinks Hollywood makes women better-dressed and better-groomed. They learn things about their faces and figures that they never knew before. She never did much about her hair on the stage. Her clothes were pretty nondescript and her general appearance very mousey when she arrived in Hollywood.

"Nobody met me at the train," she remembers, "or so I thought. They did come down with photographers and reporters, but they didn't see anyone who looked like an actress, so they went home. Imagine their chagrin when I turned up at the studio!"

Universal just gave up with a sigh, and put her in dowdy rôles. Nobody tried to do anything with her, and she didn't have sense enough to try herself. It was only when she went to Warner Brothers' that she realized her possibilities, and fussed with her hair and clothes until something distinctive was achieved. And until George Arliss insisted on her being in "The Man Who Played God" and then pronounced her the most promising youngster on the screen. Now look at her. She's vying with Joan Blondell and Ann Dvorak in "Three on a Match."

So, by a gradual process, the true Bette Davis has emerged—complete with clothes, personality, and love-life.

Pretty Actress Disappears, Leaving Tear-Stained Note

(*Continued from page 26*)

dollars' worth of jewels with her in her handbag added to her friends' fear that harm might come to her.

Metro officials could not explain her disappearance. It was known that she was worried over her first picture, "New Morals for Old," dramatized from "After All," her Broadway hit, but her future seemed serene. Only a few days before, the Front Office had called her in and asked her to sign a long-term contract.

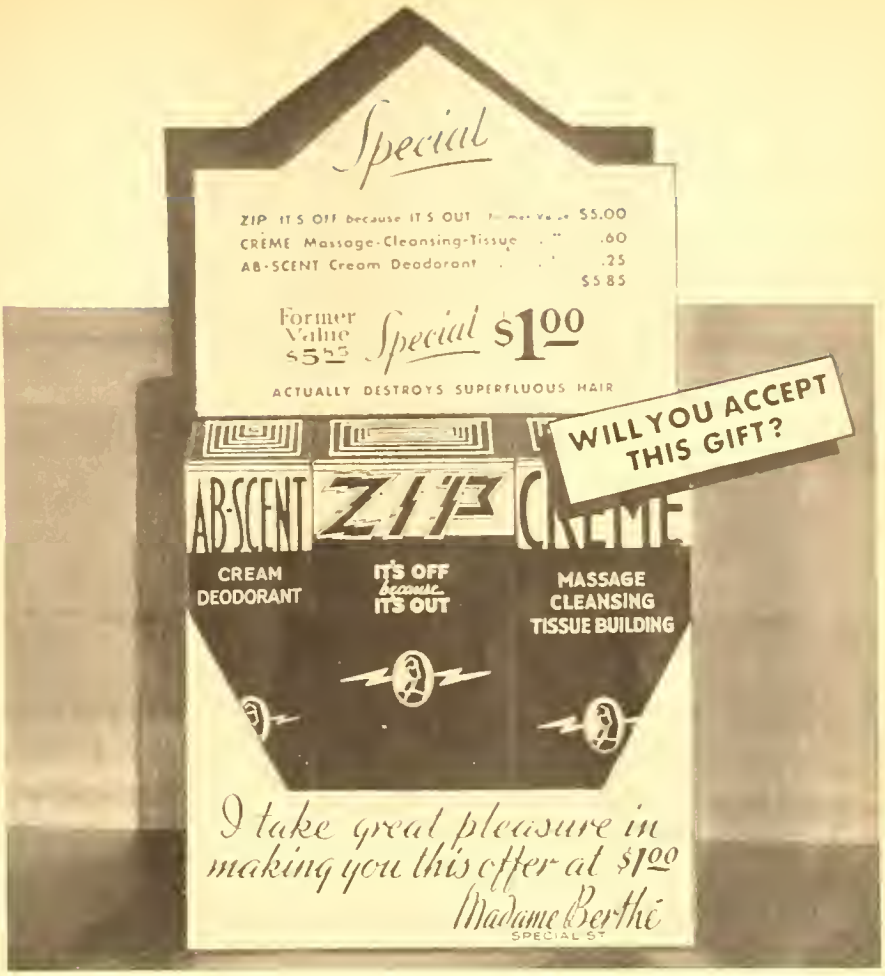
"I'd rather wait till you've seen the reviews of my first picture," she told them. "Maybe you won't want me then." And she left the office without signing. But with Irving Thalberg's praise and encouragement ringing in her ears, with an important rôle scheduled in a big picture for another studio, and thirty thousand dollars income of her own a month, her Hollywood future seemed assured.

The baffling mystery was explained when they found in her bedroom a copy of a local trade paper with a tiny paragraph cut out, and the mutilated fragments of her stills from "New Morals for Old," torn to bits by small, desperate hands. Matching the torn trade paper with a whole copy of the same date, friends saw that she had read the first review of her first motion picture.

"Margaret Perry is the daughter," the review ran, "and this newcomer is a woeful disappointment. She cannot make up her mind whether to be Swanson or Helen Kane and, photographically, seems a total loss."

Thirty-one words—words probably dashed off carelessly to make an early edition—but they were enough to break the heart of Margaret Perry. She did not stop

(*Continued on page 69*)



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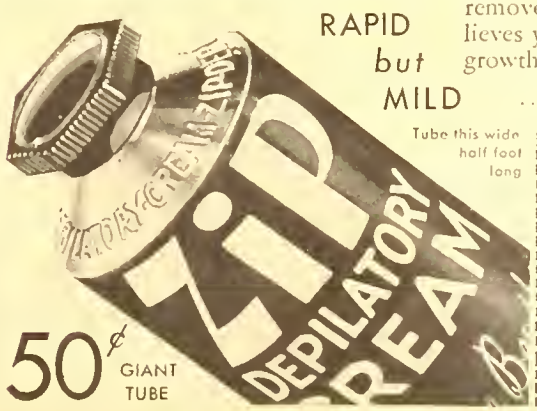

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Will John Gilbert's Fourth Wife Be Virginia Bruce?

(*Continued from page 43*)

marriage and the grief and gallantry of Ina when, again, two and two did not make four for Jack.

I thought of Lupe and of the simoom that seemed to envelop Jack when he first met her. I thought of the Hawaiian Princess and other, less well-known women who have loved John Gilbert, who *still love him.*

I thought, too, of the bewilderment John must have known, at life, at love, at the passions that have left him unsatisfied, at the peace he has never known.

A dangerous spot, I felt, for a young and unsophisticated girl to stand upon—in becoming the fourth Mrs. John Gilbert. Quicksand, perhaps. Dangerous rivals, these living ghosts of the famous and fiery women Jack has loved and may not have forgotten. Only one thing could make this spot secure for Virginia Bruce, only one thing could give her the chance to make it last—LOVE. They have it.

It is possible to believe that Jack, adventuring here and there through the years, may have been seeking and never finding the girl he really needed. It may well be that in this girl he *has* found the one he wants, the one he needs.

Watched Him from Afar

FOR the past ten months Virginia Bruce has been on the Metro lot. For the past ten months, off and on, she has seen Jack in the commissary, on the sets. And she said, "It's a funny thing . . . but every time I saw him I had just one thought. I thought: 'Oh, I want him to come back again! I want him to be as great as he used to be. I want him to come back!' I never dreamed I'd meet him. I never thought I'd know him. I always had just that wish for him.

"Then, sometimes, in the commissary, I'd happen to look up and I'd catch his eye. You know what flashing black eyes he has. And every time I met his eyes, *a shock would go through me. I couldn't look at him.* I've never felt anything like it before."

"You were in love with him even then?"

"I must have been," she said, with that directness that makes her honest and poignant. "I know that 'way back in the days when I was a child in Fargo I used to see him on the screen. In 'The Merry Widow' and 'The Big Parade,' and others. I was always crazy about him. It seems like a dream now, that this should have happened to me. It just doesn't seem possible."

I said, "What was the very first time you did meet him? How did it happen?"

"Well, you see, they made tests of a lot of girls for the part of Jack's leading lady in 'Downstairs,' the story he wrote about the servants' quarters in a big mansion. They made some tests of me. Monta Bell, the director, liked them and so did Jack. They sent for me to go to Jack's dressing-room bungalow to meet them. Mr. Bell introduced us. And I was chosen for the part. That very first day, Jack asked me to go to his house to play tennis. I couldn't go that afternoon, so he asked me to come the next afternoon and I did. That first night, too, I found a big box of red roses waiting for me when I got home.

How John Proposed

"THAT next day we played tennis and since then we have been together every day and every evening. Before that first week was over, Jack asked me to marry him. I didn't think I could be hearing right. It happened on a Saturday afternoon, right out in the broad daylight. We were sitting near the pool, at his house. And we were sitting quite far apart. Jack was talking to me. Suddenly he said, 'I want you to marry me, Virginia. I want you to be my wife.'"

The girl's blue eyes filmed with happy tears. Her hand made a gesture as if to say that she couldn't go on. She had no words for this thing that had happened to her.

"Everything about our love affair has been on the up and up," she went on after a little. "I can tell you that. It is real. I know it. We both know it. It isn't calm, exactly—you couldn't call it that. But it is certain. I know that I want, more than anything else, to make him happy. He hasn't had much happiness, poor darling. I want to be a good wife to him and I'm going to try to be, with everything that's in me. He seems to feel that I understand him, that we *belong* to each other.

"We are going to live in his house. Why not? It's beautiful and it has everything. We're going to have children, too. That's one thing I am positive about. I wouldn't think of going through life without two babies, at any rate.

"We'll both go on working, I think. Jack wants me to continue. He believes in me. He says I have—what is it?—oh yes, 'a quality of definiteness.' He knows so much and I know so little! He *is* so much and I am such a nobody by comparison. I feel as if I must keep standing on tiptoes, looking my best, being my best for Jack.

Will Go Away to Marry

"I THINK we'll be married somewhere away from here. Jack wants to fly, but I'm a little bit afraid, afraid we might both be killed. And we hope to go abroad, perhaps for a honeymoon trip, in September . . ."

The more she talked, the more I felt that I was listening not only to the fourth Mrs. Gilbert, but to *the last one.* She made me feel the simple truth of her first statement—that definite "*we fit.*" She made me feel the "quietness" she is giving him.

She will give him a home—and now he is ready for one. She will make this house of his a home because she is one of those women who do make homes for the men they marry. She will give him children because she is essentially maternal.

She will give him that adoration without which he could not be expected to live. She is not temperamental. If there ever comes any choice between his career and hers, his wishes and hers, there will be no question about it. He is to be master and head of his house. She will give him complete control over her life, personal and professional.

She told me of the first real "date" they ever had. It was for a party at Dolores Del Rio's. She wanted to look so nice for Jack. She didn't feel that she had anything good enough. She went to the wardrobe department in the studio and they fixed her up with a white crêpe gown, slippers and accessories to match. She wondered, rather anxiously, whether satin might have been better than crêpe . . .

She told me of the night Jack came to see her family, one night when she had had to go out. Of the things Jack said about her, about their marriage and the things he plans for it. Her mother, her Dad, and her young brother think he is "simply wonderful." Everything is in order, regular and according to Hoyle, not Hollywood.

They are in love. They are dreadfully in earnest. It is the first love of Virginia's life. It may be—who knows—the first of Jack's.

I think I talked to the last Mrs. Gilbert.

Pretty Actress Disappears, Leaving Tear-Stained Note

(Continued from page 7)

to think that this was only one of the many reviews the picture would get, and that it represented merely the opinion of one person—a woman, as it happened. She did not consider that the paper was a small one, and that it was extremely unlikely that her mother or any of her friends would ever read this cruel and flippant review. Eighteen is not given to reasoning—emotions are more in its line!

"Margaret went on the stage in New York when she was sixteen," Mrs. Pemberton says. "She has played there and in London for two years and *has never received one bad review.* The praise she was showered with was enough to turn a girl's head, but Margaret is sweet and modest. She used to tell reporters, sincerely, 'My mother has trained me, and deserves all the credit!'

"In London, the drama reviewers panned her play, but hailed her as one of the most talented young actresses to come out of America. She was invited to the Palace to meet the King and Queen. When Metro signed her up in New York a few months ago, she was overjoyed that she was going to have the chance to be on her own.

"When she saw herself on the screen, her heart sank. She felt that her costumes were not suited to her, that her make-up was bad, and that the arrangement of her hair was unbecoming. Margaret has rather a large head and always wears her hair simply, but in the picture they had it curled in a great mop, making her look top-heavy. I am speaking from what she told me, understand. I didn't see the preview of the picture because she wouldn't let me know the date when it was to be shown.

"When she read that review, with its suggestion that she was not pretty enough to photograph well and its prophecy of failure in pictures, the thought that she had failed hurt her pride. It was real tragedy to her.

Was Located in Denver

"SHE turned up in Denver, Colorado, you know. Now that she is back with her mother, I don't know what she will do. She has a splendid stage offer to go to London this summer. And she can always work on Broadway. But I hear several studios are trying to persuade her to come back."

Take our advice, Margaret, and come back! What has happened to you has happened to many a young actress, appearing before the camera for the first time.

When Helen Hayes came to Hollywood with a record of dazzling stage success, the Hollywood previewers greeted her first picture with outbursts of unfavorable criticism. Who was this woman? Why was she supposed to be a screen type? Helen Hayes went back to the studio, undaunted, and made "Lullaby" over again almost entirely, and critics and audiences went wild over the newcomer in the new version, titled "The Sin of Madelon Claudet."

The critics who saw "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" were almost unanimous in crying that Valentino was impossible on the screen. "American women will not stand for such a lover," one famous reviewer wrote. If Valentino had run away from Hollywood because of that review, he would have run away from the greatest fame any screen star has ever won.

Come on back, Margaret Perry! Turn up your saucy little nose at the previewers! Take it on your cute little chin! Hold up your gay, blonde head! Hollywood needs young, charming, talented actresses like you. Your friends want you back, the studios want you back and Joel McCrea still wants you for his leading lady.

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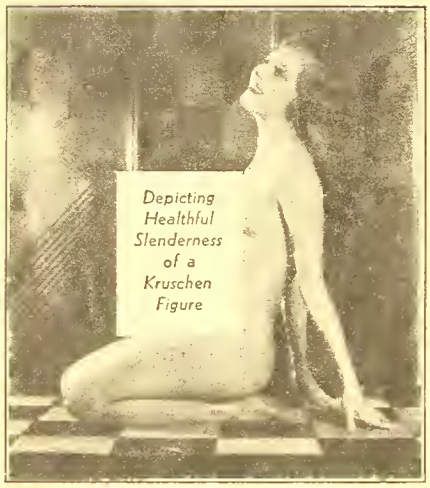

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Mae Clarke's Breakdown Will Not End Her Career

(*Continued from page 41*)

effect: "Nothing ever happens to me. Gee, but I'm tired of it all!"

Probably the Fates overheard Mae's complaint, and one might imagine them saying, "Oh, is *that* so? We'll just see about that"—and pulling out the gadget on Life's switchboard that is marked "Action," which set things to happening pronto. For Mae went back to the boardwalk restaurant where she was a waitress—can you see her, with her blonde hair, brown eyes, snappy, petite figure even at fifteen, and the little starched blue costume?—and was fired for being ten minutes late.

"See if I care," remarked Mae. "I was getting tired of the smell of root beer and ham, anyway. I guess that makes me a dancer."

Had Jealous Rivals Even Then

MAE tossed her head and walked out a free—and unemployed—girl. You see, Mae had been attending Dawson's dancing school in Atlantic City in between school and the restaurant, so she wasn't just talking. She meant it, and she had appeared in some of the dancing school affairs and one civic festival. And within two days she met Earl Lindsay, a New York stage producer, who engaged her to go into the chorus of a new revue in the big city.

Now, if Mae had gone home and asked her parents if she could go to New York for a chorus engagement, the chances are that there would have been a family conference and she wouldn't have got much farther than the front yard—but she didn't. She merely announced that she had a job and was going, and before the family recovered from the shock, she was gone. But—

"Sorry I can't put you in that show," said Lindsay, when she landed in his office the next day. You see, nothing was happening. A week later, she was dancing in the chorus at the Strand Roof on Broadway. Another girl had come with her from home and got a job at the same time. Mae started in the back line and danced herself into the front line. Then she got her first disillusionment. The friend became jealous because she did not get promoted, too. Three days later, Mae's mother appeared at the Strand.

"You pack your things and come right back home," was the maternal greeting. "Aren't you ashamed—and him with a wife and three children?"

Mae's jealous friend had written Mrs. Clarke that Mae had fallen in love with the trap drummer and should be taken away from the dreadful Broadway life. As Mae was dimly conscious that there was a trap-drummer and had never spoken to him, this could be classed as a sort of shock. But back she had to go to Atlantic City. Nothing kept right on happening. However, a little later she overcame the parental objections and went back to dance at the Everglades Club and then at the Vanity Club. And when I say she danced, I'm not hunting for a word.

Broken Ankles Saved Her Life

"THE work was awful," she told me. "I've forgotten how many times we danced ordinary days and nights, but it was plenty from dinner to midnight. On Saturday and Sunday we danced twenty-four times and changed costumes for each dance. Then I broke both ankles, and that was a good thing, because if I hadn't I'd have just danced myself to death."

By this time she had found Barbara Stanwyck and Walda Mansfield, and when Mae was well again, Anton Friedlander signed them for a musical revue. Carter De Haven, former screen comedian, saw the three and painted a picture of Hollywood that ranks him as one of the great fictionists of the age. He signed them to come here, but before they could get on a train Willard Mack wanted them for "The Noose" which he was putting on. He unpainted most of Carter's picture, and they stayed in New York.

"I wasn't crazy about the play, so I moved over to George White's 'Manhattan Mary,'" Mae reminisced. "Then I met Lew Brice and went into vaudeville with him. In the act I played a girl who made a million betting on horse races and paid it all out for a husband. I suppose the idea infected me because I married Lew. Nothing much happened, however, and we decided to separate and I got a divorce."

You notice that "nothing much happened"? Well—

Suppose you were nineteen and living in a Hollywood hotel with your husband and the two of you were—er—disagreeing about whether you'd do more pictures or no pictures. And—suppose a neighbor suddenly 'phoned the police that a man was chasing a girl down a fire escape. You see, it would all be just a drab, uneventful, stolid sort of life. Well, and suppose, you dashed into an unoccupied room and hid under the bed, and then you 'phoned the manager and he sent his wife up to take care of you for the rest of the night and after that you got a divorce. I say, suppose all that happened, *you* wouldn't go around complaining that nothing ever happened, would you? But Mae Clarke would, believe me.

Romance? She Isn't Saying

WHEN she signed her Universal starring contract, she bought a home at Westwood on the edge of Beverly Hills and brought out her father, mother, brother and sister to live with her. And she's something like Greta Nissen in one way; she's not much of a party girl. She says she's too busy.

Romance? She won't talk about it much. Once she was engaged to marry John McCormick, Colleen Moore's former husband and director, but she cried off and in a huff John married a lady in Honolulu—and separated from her quickly. Now the match seems to be on again, for Mae and John go places together.

Shortly before her breakdown, she went with John to the theatre one evening. After the show, they went backstage because John wanted to talk to Fannie Brice, whose play they had seen—and when Mae walked into Fannie's dressing-room, she found Lew Brice, her former husband and brother of Fannie, sitting in a chair!

I tried to learn if there was anything to the rumor that she and Lew might get together again, and Mae's brown eyes took on a softer look.

"No," she said. "Lew's a nice boy and he says nice things about me, *but he's terribly quiet and restrained.*" And she looked me straight in the eye when she said it! What *are* you going to do with a person like that?

Will she and John marry? John looks wistful and yearning. Mae looks as if she hoped something would happen—even a wedding. While waiting, she has been writing tragic poetry and working on a play. I haven't seen the play, but I'm sure it's filled with gangsters, shipwrecks, fires, explosions, wars and things happening.

Mae Calls It Hard Luck

"IT'S funny, but I don't seem to get the interesting rôles in pictures," says Mae. "They're not pleasant, if you understand what I mean; not attractive and

interesting at all. In "The Front Page," I jumped from a window and committed suicide. In "Waterloo Bridge," a bomb in an air raid got me. In "Three Wise Girls," I took a dose of poison and erased myself from the picture. In "Impatient Maiden," I had a surgical operation. In "Frankenstein," the monster killed me in my bridal robes, and in "Night World," I got a life sentence in jail."

"Some people attract happenings to them because they're the kind of people that attract happenings," I suggested, and she looked at me with a sort of puzzled frown.

"Yes? Well, it would be interesting to be that kind of person, wouldn't it?"

Now, what can you do in a case like that?

Mae does her best to give things a chance to happen. She drives her own sea sled at thirty miles an hour up and down the immediate Pacific. She drives a car at sixty miles an hour when she can. She swims regularly, energetically, and in deep water, and she's an untiring walker. In between these things, she plays Spanish music.

"Nothing exciting, you see," she told me. "Of course, in New York things were a little hard sometimes. I danced at a theatre until it closed, and danced at a night-club until that closed, and I didn't have much to eat other times, and seldom had warm clothes. But I managed to laugh, and that carried me through those depressing times. Laughter's the best cure for heart-aches that I know. I've laughed myself out of more unhappy moments than I can count. Now, if something would just *happen!*"

Three days later, Mae got her wish. She had been dieting rigorously and working long hours through eight pictures, and then her nerves and her tired body had rebelled. Mae was admitted to a private hospital to get a complete rest. The doctors said that something happened, all right. She just broke down from overwork.

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 65*)

studio agents is that Connie "owes it" to them. Ralph Blum, husband of Carmel Myers and well-known lawyer, is handling the suit for Joyce and Selznick.

HEDDA Hopper may accept a radio job as "style editor of the air," describing two or three times a week the clothes worn by Hollywood stars at various social functions.

THE home of Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor in the fashionable Los Feliz district went under the hammer of the auctioneer just recently. . . .

It took three days to conduct the auction, partly because the house, as well as the furnishings, was to be disposed of—and many of the swarm of curious onlookers had no intention of "bidding," but just wanted to see at first hand the intimate things that had belonged to Estelle and Jack during their marriage.

Estelle's magnificent bedroom set went at the ridiculously low figure of $175. A Key to Culver City, which had once been presented to Jack with great honors, went to the highest bidder for the sum of $.35! A beautiful Oriental rug brought $55. A silver frame that had once adorned Jack's desk, holding a picture of Estelle, brought $10. The Dempsey pots and pans and other kitchen utensils went as souvenirs for ten and twenty cents apiece. A beautiful evening gown of Estelle's went to a giggling blonde girl for $15.

(*Continued on page 73*)

WHY DID SHE CHANGE HER MIND?.. by Timmins

Beware of "B.O." (body odor) these hot summer days

IT'S natural to perspire more in summer. But make *sure* that "B.O." (*body odor*) doesn't offend. Keep pores thoroughly cleansed and deodorized—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather *purifies*—stops "B.O." Guards health by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

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No long waiting. In a *few days* clear your skin. End pimples, freckles, blackheads, whiteheads, muddy skin, oily skin, dry skin, liver spots, roughness, redness, sallow appearance. *Banish wrinkles*, Reduce fat legs, arms, ankles, your whole body. Or build scrawny figure to beauty. Grow eyelashes, eyebrows, hair. Beautify *completely*.

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Marlene Dietrich's Husband Rushes to Her Rescue Like One of Her Heroes

(Continued from page 44)

no particular reason to get excited about Marlene's friendship with von Sternberg—why should anybody else?

Without really doing anything about it at all, Herr Sieber turned the tide of public sympathy back to Marlene at a time when it was highly important that she retain that sympathy. The flurry died down, the embers of gossip turned to ashes, and in time, Herr Sieber took his leave. Soon afterward, Marlene got a retraction from her foreign interviewer, and Mrs. von Sternberg withdrew her suit.

Rudy Returned in a Hurry

THERE were no reporters or photographers on hand, to record the departure of Rudy Sieber from Hollywood. (There had been many of them to witness his affectionate reunion with Marlene and Josef von Sternberg upon his arrival.) He merely went back quietly to his directorial work in France and there was little more heard of him until—

Trouble once more reared its head upon Marlene's career.

This time the difficulty lay not in the realm of affection, but in the cold, cold world of business. Marlene and von Sternberg had written a "beautiful "(Von's own description) story of a lady of the evening. Paramount, slightly alarmed at the censorable features of the story, had set to work on what von Sternberg later referred to as "operations"—with the result that both Marlene and Josef did their now famous "walkout."

The strained relations lasted just long enough for Rudy Sieber to make a flying trip from Paris to his beautiful and distressed wife's side. While von Sternberg traveled off to New York in what looked like a huff, Rudy and Marlene remained in Hollywood and gained innumerable allies to Marlene's cause.

The picture of the happy young couple sun-tanning themselves on the beach at Marlene's home, romping with their young daughter, and entertaining at informal Sunday afternoon parties created a new version of Marlene in the Hollywood mind. Hardened gossip-writers, many of whom had never been privileged to glimpse this softer side of the inscrutable German girl, took to their typewriters in glowing defense of her stand.

Like a Hero in a Serial

RUDY SIEBER, as affable as before, did more than contribute his bit to the new impression. The disinterested onlooker got the idea that it just wasn't fair to pick on a girl as swell as Marlene, with such a nice guy for a husband as Rudy. We're not offering the version that this picture of devotion and domestic happiness had anything to do with the thawing of the hearts of the studio executives—but the upshot of the rebellion was that Marlene, von Sternberg and Paramount called off their battalions of lawyers and everything is as bright again as one of those nice beach days down at Marlene's. Once more, Rudy Sieber had arrived to see his wife safely and happily conclude one of her Hollywood worries. And he has stayed on to ease her mind about those kidnap threats, and to see that both she and their little girl are protected . . .

A very modern version, you might say, of the old-fashioned nick-of-time hero who always arrived on the scene just in time to protect the heroine's honor or save her scalp from where it had been strapped to the railroad tracks by the dastardly villain. Only the 1932 Hollywood version of the same story has the hero and heroine married, and the troubles are no longer confined to the railroad tracks. Also, in place of dashing up on the proverbial pony from a mile or so away, Hollywood's nick-of-time mates have been known to make dashes (by steamer and 'plane) from such far-off places as New York, London or Paris.

Rushed to Maurice's Rescue

WHEN rumor began to kick up dust that the Maurice Chevaliers were on the verge of divorce, Yvonne Vallée Chevalier came all the way from Paris to be caught by the news cameras affectionately kissing Maurice from the train steps. You see, the Chevaliers had been so enthusiastically publicized as one of those "happy, happy Hollywood couples" that mean old divorce rumors might have had a bad effect on Maurice's hold on the public.

We don't know why it is that a news picture of a man and wife holding hands, or kissing, or smiling at each other is supposed to allay the suspicions of the public so quickly—but it is a very popular legend in Hollywood. (Ann Harding and Harry Bannister were photographed at their own fireside just one week before the divorce story broke.)

Mrs. Chevalier arrived just as the rumors were kicking up the most dust. It was being said that Maurice was interested in first "this" actress, and then "that" one. Because he was once seen dining at the Cocoanut Grove with Marlene Dietrich, both guests at a large dinner party, it was supposed that Marlene was the object of Maurice's affections. But Marlene had been absolved of snatching Josef von Sternberg's affections too recently to make the Chevalier rumors anything but just that—rumors. Even the most suspicious-minded couldn't go for the story that Marlene was going around snatching everybody's affections at the same time.

Jeanette MacDonald's name crept into the surmises when Marlene's didn't hold up. But then Jeanette was hardly plausible, either, because the folks were already sold on the idea that Jeanette and her business manager, Robert Ritchie, were secretly married.

Before Mrs. Chevalier departed, most of the talk had gone up in smoke, and while some of the folks aren't exactly satisfied that all is well between the fascinating Frenchman and his wife, they have at least stopped trying to pin the difficulty on anybody in particular. With her nick-of-time appearance as Maurice's devoted wife accomplished, Mrs. Chevalier sailed back to France, where she will probably remain until something else happens.

Separated, But Always Handy

MIRIAM HOPKINS and Austin Parker, though separated, maintained for several months a delightfully interesting study in the general "handiness" of matrimony. Every time Miriam was on the verge of being announced "engaged" to any one of several Hollywood gentlemen, she would be seen dining with her husband just long enough to quell the gossip. For more than a year Hollywood was in considerable hot water about Miriam and Austin. They were alternately supposed to be madly in love with, first, each other—and then a couple of other people.

Miriam's only answer was always one of those famous Hopkins smiles. She is quoted as having said: "With movie actresses afflicted with engagement rumors from every side, it is sometimes most convenient to have a husband somewhere in the picture, even if it necessitates traveling across the country to divorce him." And was Hollywood surprised to learn that Miriam and Austin had even been secretly divorced?

Aileen Pringle felt the same way about a nice, safe husband in the background and she waited years (eight of them) to divorce her English mate, Charles Pringle.

"In Hollywood," says the merry Aileen, "it is a great deal more convenient to be married than divorced. Providing one's husband isn't actually on the scene, it allows for a great deal more freedom.

"No, my husband never found it necessary to make an actual dash from Jamaica to rescue me from any of my Hollywood difficulties. But without his knowing it, his presence more than once saved me from a complex circumstance. Just the casual reference to a husband who is liable to materialize at any moment is all the protection any woman needs."

Peggy Shannon's well-hidden husband, Allan Davis, did one of those rush-to-the-rescue trips when Peggy's name was being so freely rumored with Richard Arlen's. His sudden arrival in Hollywood did much toward stopping the whisper brigade, but it did little toward cementing the marriage relation between Peggy and Allan. They were separated soon after, but they have remained the best of friends. Probably if any other "rumors" start up about Peggy, Allan will show up just in the nick of time.

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 71)

It was all very exciting and confusing and rather sad to the people who had once been the guests of Jack and Estelle under that hospitable roof.

DID you know that in spite of all this talk about Greta Garbo's "big feet," she wears the same length shoe as Joan Crawford?

THE stars are doing plenty of visiting from their own home lots this month . . . and what visiting!

Paramount and M-G-M are exchanging the services of Fredric March and Clark Gable, respectively. Freddy goes into Norma Shearer's production, "Smilin' Through," and Gable will sex-appeal it with Miriam Hopkins. The title of the Hopkins-Gable opus is "No Bed of Her Own." (Figure that one out by the time it gets in electric lights over the theatres.)

Helen Twelvetrees is straying off the RKO lot to journey out to M-G-M to make a murder melodrama called "Without Shame."

Constance Bennett is taking her annual jaunt from home (RKO) to report on the Warner Brothers lot for the second and last picture on her sensational $30,000-a-week contract.

ADD to this the news that Mary Pickford has asked Paramount to loan her Gary Cooper as the leading man in her next picture and you get a fair idea of the "all-star" casts planned for this year's film menu.

Billie Dove will be borrowed from Howard Hughes productions to be co-featured with Marion Davies in "Good Time Girl."

"Grand Hotel" certainly started something!

The New

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INCREDIBLE as it may seem, the Linit Beauty Bath instantly makes the skin feel soft and smooth—and gives a gloriously refreshed sensation to the entire body.

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Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablet Form

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(*Continued from page 11*)

THINGS have come to a pretty pass in Hollywood. There are those who say that the village never rests content until it has broken up a romance. Bobbe Arnst, the very delectable wife of Johnny Weissmuller, who has been making all the gals pretty disgusted when their swains show up in a bathing suit, is annoyed at all those rumors about domestic upheaval in *Tarzan's* household.

Frank Borzage, the Fox director, tried to comfort her a bit. He told of his arrival in New York, after filming "Cavalcade" in London, and his interviews with the reporters.

"Anything new and scandalous about you?" queried one scribe.

"Not a thing," answered Frank, truthfully enough.

"Hell!" said that disgruntled member of the Fourth Estate. "Why don't you get a divorce so you'll be good copy?"

NEW romances blooming in our midst, as the country newspaper expresses it so nicely—Billie Dove and Gilbert Roland, and Marguerite Churchill and Gene Raymond. Don't know what George O'Brien does when Marguerite steps out with another fella.

WHEN Universal releases its frozen North story, "Igloo," there is going to be a lot of interest in Chee-ak, the native hero. Chee-ak seems to have a Gable personality, and with a Hollywood haircut (he wears it now in a sort of Lily Damita bob with bangs) and some store clothes he could give many a cinematic idol a run for the money. He is over six feet tall, pretty high up in the air for an eskimo, weighs 180 pounds, and is 24 years old.

His life would make a Richard Harding Davis novel read like one of the Elsie books. He was born in Candle (it's always light up there), 100 miles north of Nome, and was educated in a Quaker missionary school. Four times he has figured in motion picture expeditions to the Arctic. He has been a Hollywood cameraman, and during his career has been postman, cook, waiter, deckhand and marine engineer. His Hollywood name is Ray Wise.

Although he has been around the studios quite a bit he does have trouble getting used to our funny customs. Those hot love scenes on the screen which cause the flappers to swoon, only cause dismay to Chee-ak. A good love scene in the Arctic consists of rubbing noses. What a spot for Jimmy Durante!

The studio workers who know Chee-ak insist on teasing him about Hollywood blondes. Chee-ak ,who can kill a polar bear with one throw of the spear, would run if he saw one of those synthetic golden-haired babies. But he laughs good-naturedly.

AFTER that Beverly Hills bank closed, there was more weeping and wailing than Hollywood has heard in years. Most of the players kept personal accounts in this close-at-home bank. Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery and Robert Montgomery are all said to have lost heavily. One very well-known actress admitted that she had just $2.25 to her name—all that was left in her purse.

If Garbo really lost heavily, and first reports say that she did, there are plenty of people who will tell you that the Swedish

(*Continued on page 76*)

Ann Harding Told the Truth When She Sought Her Divorce!

(Continued from page 51)

great imaginative powers, and an innate tenderness for those whom she loves.

Yet there is another side of her nature, which is becoming more mental and less dependent upon affection and actual contacts with people. Notice those high-flying "t" crossings and how far they are in advance of the letter, and you will see the gesture of a spirit that is reaching out for anything which is nearer to her ideals. Whether this gesture is practical and possible of accomplishment will not influence her at the time of her decision. Therefore she is apt to let her imagination rule her actions and is not always sure which is reality and which is just a dream, when her emotions are aroused.

Good at Hiding Emotions

NOTICE also that some of her "a's" and "o's" are open and some of them tightly closed, even tied with an extra stroke of the pen. This shows both emotion and repression or caution in expressing her emotions, giving us a person who can be both ardent and cold, emotional and logical. When you add to these characteristics her generosity, which is shown by her reversed lower loops, it is not strange that she was willing to let her husband go from her so that he could make a finer and better name for himself.

I do not doubt that she suffered when making this decision, and yet I feel sure that she found a certain thrill in so doing—a thrill somewhat akin to the pleasure which fanatics find in scourging themselves with whips for the good of their cause or their souls. Do not mistake me and think that I am calling Ann Harding a fanatic or a poseur. It is more a sub-conscious reaction and lack of frankness, which she would hesitate to admit even to herself and which is far different from fanaticism or deceit.

People of this intricately simple nature are extraordinarily interesting; their character is never commonplace and never easy to understand. The sensitiveness which is so pronounced and which makes her shrink from pain or unpleasantness is strongly governed by the mental, as well as the emotional, side of her nature. Thus she will often force herself along paths that are really repugnant to her, or deny herself the thing which she most desires.

Both a Fault and a Virtue

THIS is not so much unselfishness as a fear of being considered unjust, mean, or petty. She will often wonder why she has said or done a certain thing, but will be too proud to explain or to alter her decision in any way. This pride, which is shown in her high and narrow capitals, is both a fault and a virtue. It makes her hate to accept defeat and enables her to fight for what she wants to have, but it also brings her some unhappiness in her personal contacts.

As she changes more into the mental type, she will lose some of her sensuousness, which makes her thrill to love, passion, beauty, perfume, music, dancing, and all the more esthetic luxuries. She will gain a keenness of thought and a mental satisfaction which will bring her a more enduring enjoyment than she could ever find in purely physical or material contacts. She will loathe stagnation, or the commonplace, and will fight desperately to get out of a rut; but there is a queerly conventional streak in her nature which makes her hate to be *too* conspicuous and extreme. Her passions and appetites are not eliminated, but held down in some degree to suit the practical side of her nature. She is a practical romanticist, as it were. For she has good self-control, as the baseline of her writing is fairly even.

Her "t" crossings are also fairly heavy, showing will power, although somewhat weakened by impatience. She has exceptional strength and should possess plenty of physical vitality which can stand hard work—although what "wears her down" is discord or unpleasantness in dealing with her associates. People with this general duality of character usually find it difficult to be as happy as a less sensitive person and this sometimes affects the health.

Ann's Hidden Talent

I WOULD like to see Ann Harding do some creative work in her spare time—along literary lines, if possible. It might take her some time, however, to find the best medium in which to express herself—fiction or plays. The words in her note to me have the clipped letter formations and elimination of beginning and ending strokes, which give her the capacity to concentrate and to think with accuracy. The flowing rhythm of her writing, her distinctive capital letters, and her "Greek e," which is like a reversed number three, show that she can express herself fluently and with individuality and has a love of culture. Whether she will be able to use these talents or not will depend somewhat on how soon she can harmonize her conflicting characteristics. Some of her upper loops are extremely high, showing that she has plenty of ambition; but others are unusually low, which indicates some deadening of aspiration. This may be partly the fault of the somewhat artificial life which is apt to surround the stars of the stage and screen. The ability to do good creative work in writing is marked and I hope that she will do this as an avocation, at least. Otherwise she may find life too dull and unexciting and thus turn to more erotic pleasures.

In her home life she will have a plain and simple love of family, and her house should be pleasant and restful and in good taste. As a wife and mother, she should be excellent *if* she is not forced to busy herself continuously with the petty drudgery of household duties and the care of her child.

Needs Both Love and Solitude

TOO much of that would have the same effect upon her spirit as it would on a race horse, if it were harnessed to a plow day after day. The work might be done, but there would be a breaking down of morale and the ending would be tragic, I am afraid. She will *adore* her child or children, but will make a better job of motherhood if she does not see too much of them. While she needs much affection and recreation, she also needs plenty of time to be alone with her thoughts and her work. She is somewhat jealous, even though she tries not to show it, and will seldom give up what she feels is really her own, in spite of realizing the futility of her attitude.

And so we have Ann Harding—calm, poised and self-possessed; and, underneath, a bundle of emotions which she is almost afraid to acknowledge. With all her most unusual charm and beauty, she will not always bring happiness to those she loves, or even to herself at present. She is passing through a transition stage and "growing pains" are never pleasant. Her naturally optimistic nature, however, will help her to find the path to happiness, if she will call on all of her real strength of character. When she can use her will power and just be herself, frankly and without self-questioning and doubt, then, and only then, will she come into her own.

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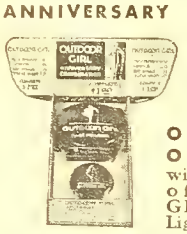

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Our Hollywood Neighbors

(*Continued from page 74*)

lady will not be quite so anxious to retire from the screen. That Pirandello play, "As You Desire Me," may not be her last for M-G-M, after all.

WHILE I'm on the subject of the Garbo, that lady made one of her rare excursions among the *hoi-polloi* not long ago. She appeared with a woman companion, at the luncheon hour in the Roosevelt Hotel roof café. There must have been an epidemic of stiff necks the next day, for no one bothered to eat lunch. Waiters served ham hocks to people who had ordered caviar, and got the ice cream served before the soup. No one knew the difference.

The Garbo gave not the slightest attention to her public. She carried on an animated conversation, and never looked to the right or left. She wore the usual beret, a blue one this time, with a white sports dress, white slippers and white Angora short socks.

Too bad, but the autograph fiends weren't tipped off to the presence of the great one in the hotel.

DIANE SINCLAIR, who is foreign-born, plays a Middle-Western girl in "Washington Whirlpool," and Karen Morley, as native as Kentucky moonshine likker, plays a foreigner in the same picture. Oh, well, that's the way it is in Hollywood. If they're going to do things like that I'd pay good money to see Polly Moran as Catherine of Russia.

YOU can talk about your movie premieres, but there was one of the greatest all-star audiences in Los Angeles history at the opening of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Katharine Cornell's stage play. Norma Shearer was there, with her hair all braided up in a coronet. Norma, so they say, may play the Cornell rôle of *Elizabeth Barrett* when the drama is brought to the screen. Then there were Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Joan Bennett, Jetta Goudal, William Haines, Evelyn Brent and innumerable others. Ruth Chatterton and hubby, Ralph Forbes, were also in the audience. Incidentally, the chatter still goes about that all is not on the up-and-up in the Forbes-Chatterton *menage.*

Katharine Cornell, be it known, is the amazing lady who turned down one of the most fabulous contracts ever offered by Hollywood. She just doesn't want to be a moompitcher actress. Think of it! It seems to be a general feeling among her company. Brian Aherne, the handsome *Robert Browning* of the play, has all the producers at his heels. He says "no," politely, but firmly.

It is hard to imagine any woman of the screen in the rôle of the fragile *Elizabeth Barrett* which Miss Cornell has made so moving and real.

I overheard Blanche Sweet make a suggestion—and it's not a bad one.

"Why not Lillian Gish?" she asks.

WILL ROGERS, who has always liked peace and seclusion around his Beverly Hills ranch (imagine, a *ranch* in Beverly Hills!) now has some famous neighbors. Elissa Landi lives on one side of him and Chester and Sue Morris on the other. Both Elissa and the Morrises are "nerts" about hossback riding, too. Will had better lock that w.k. stable before his fancy polo mounts get away.

New Divorce Styles for Hollywood

Continued from page 25

of each other," Ann and Harry chorused as they left the courtroom to dine with each other. And all the afternoon papers proclaimed in headlines the new "kiss divorce." Ann, herself, sees nothing ridiculous in ex-husbands and ex-wives being such close friends. "We are civilized people and we got a civilized divorce," is her explanation.

Why He Wanted to Sue

BUT even though Ann and Harry Bannister may have had the highest opinion of each other when they parted, that was not the case with the Shermans. "She called me a fat old man and a ham actor," Lowell Sherman complained. That seemed to be the part of his testimony that annoyed him most. He added proudly that he weighed only one hundred and sixty-one pounds.

"But you've dieted, haven't you?" asked Helene's attorney.

"That's my own business!" retorted the worldly Mr. Sherman.

Then, you might say, the fun began. Quite as openly as if Will Hays had never come to Hollywood, Sherman and his witnesses proceeded to draw a headline picture of domestic life among the movie stars.

"During the marriage," a secretary informed the court, "Mr. Sherman was affected by liquor several times, but Mrs. Sherman had the edge on him for the number of times—and she could carry more than Mr. Sherman," he added, admiringly. "And she could swear better, too."

Now this, whispered Hollywood, was more like it! For Hollywood remembered that exciting revelations had been expected in the Jack Dempsey-Estelle Taylor divorce—and hadn't come off. Estelle had said, "If Jack starts to be mean, I will, too." But Jack decided not to be, and their quiet separation by law may have started the "civilized" divorces of the moment. Now they are said to telephone one another constantly, and are—as is usual for divorced couples, if not for married ones—the best of friends.

As if to prove that he doesn't believe in following any set fashion, Lowell Sherman added to his other accusations the statement that his wife read naughty books. To prove it, a dozen of the sort of ribald masterpieces that one reads behind the geography book in school were brought into the judge's presence. And to make the affair more like a racy vaudeville skit than before, two of the naughtiest were stolen right out of the courtroom.

Lowell Backed Out

THE following day it was Helene's turn to tell *her* side of the business, and the gallery for spectators was filled long before the judge appeared. All Hollywood waited breathlessly for news of developments, for it was understood that the fighting Irish blood of the Costellos would not permit of such insults without returning a few.

They were doomed to disappointment. Either Sherman's friends kidded him overnight that he was behaving more in the manner expected of a Keystone Kop than a sophisticated man-about-town of the movies, or else the good folks who watch over Hollywood's reputation felt that further revelations would do the movie town's reputation no good. Also, it was said that his studio was shrugging its shoulders about Mr. Sherman, implying that his contract might not be renewed.

And so, that second day, the eager watchers in the gallery heard little except dull legal proceedings. Just as Helene took the stand in the morning, her attorney announced that she wished to file a cross-complaint and it was intimated that Lowell wished to withdraw *his* suit.

An adjournment was taken till the afternoon, while the lawyers rewrote their cases – and when Helene resumed the stand, the proceedings were short and very, very sweet. Her attorney asked her if she charged cruelty in her cross-complaint. She said that she did, explaining,

Helene's Mild Charges

"MR. SHERMAN continually referred to me as his mental inferior and said constantly that I was not a fit companion for one of his mental attainment." She permitted herself a smile, then added: "He also said that he made a great mistake in marrying me. He nagged me constantly about my housekeeping." She further testified that they had been married on March 15, 1930, that she had left him last November, and that a property settlement had been effected.

That was all—and in no time at all, Helene had her decree. So that even the "furious" Sherman-Costello divorce battle had terminated with soft words and sweet music. It's the new style in Hollywood divorces!

It was, at the end, almost as polite as the Monte Banks' divorce. When Monte sailed for Europe after that suit, his recently-divorced wife was at the gangplank to hand him a bunch of white gardenias. Cynics are now calling that "the gardenia divorce." Whether it will set a precedent for future domestic rows remains to be seen.

Certainly, Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers are expected by Hollywood to end up in divorce court—if only because they have reached the stage of insisting that they have no ill feelings toward each other and are on the friendliest of terms. Ever since Miriam Hopkins was so quietly divorced, Hollywood has watched with suspicion all couples who seem particularly devoted, wondering if they, too, are secretly getting a "mail-order" divorce.

The "Kiss Divorce," "The Gardenia Divorce," "The Civilized Divorce" seem to have come to Hollywood to stay. Future testimony in divorce cases will no doubt continue to read like letters of recommendation. For while it took a sophisticate to stage a divorce scene that was hotter than a movie—even the sophisticate went lukewarm on the folks before it was over. Perhaps this should be called "The Truce Divorce."

Did You Know That—

Ina Claire and Samuel Goldwyn have torn up the actress' contract by mutual consent, and that she is returning to the stage?

Besides Dolores Costello Barrymore (whose son has been named John Blythe Barrymore, II), new Hollywood mothers of boys are May McAvoy Cleary and Carmel Myers Blum?

When Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Robert Montgomery and Laurence Olivier recently went on a fishing cruise, they grew heavy beards and vowed that the first to shave must eat a large helping of raw beefsteak?

Two of the few players who won't be in Hollywood for the Olympics are Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, who are touring Europe? It is Hardy's first trip abroad, and Laurel's first return to England since 1925. They have just finished their second feature-length comedy, "Pack Up Your Troubles."

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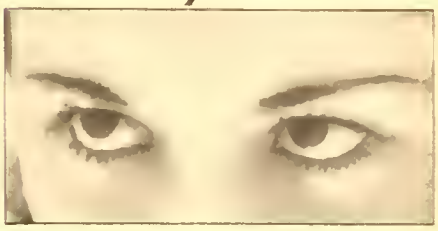

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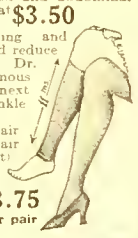

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Headline Career of Garbo—1925-1932

(*Continued from page 60*)

December 5, 1930—Picture of Garbo in sun-bath garb, finally seen by some enterprising sleuth, turns out to be just a blur.

January, 1931—Elinor Glyn declares Garbo is a type that suggests eternity, a woman who has lived and loved, with wistfulness in her eyes, as though she had known much sorrow, yet still believes that somewhere can be found joy and love.

January, 1931—Writer draws pen picture of "The Real Garbo at Home." After stalking her for some time, discovers that she likes puppet shows and quiet dinners, and goes home after the theatre.

February, 1931—Garbo appears in third talkie, "Inspiration," with Robert Montgomery as co-star. Picture almost stolen by Karen Morley, newcomer, say critics.

February, 1931—"Is Garbo Through?" queries film magazine. Despite denials, rumors persist that she may go back to Sweden soon.

March, 1931—"Dietrich's Shadow on Garbo's Path." All about the new Garbo rival from Germany. Another magazine story this month asks: "Did Director Brown and Garbo Fight?" Purports to tell the inside story of what happened on the set during the filming of "Inspiration." Brown has directed several of her successes, but association is now rumored at an end.

April, 1931—"Exploding the Garbo Myth" is title of one Garbo story this month. Writer comes right out and says she is bored with Garbo, finds her dull, ordinary and petulant. Another magazine headlines: "Here's the Real Garbo!"—announces that she likes to whistle, uses no paint or powder, never goes to dentist, smokes non-nicotine cigarettes, and would like to have a family of six. (Hollywood permits itself a snicker at the last assertion.) Another magazine headlines "Garbo Lunches on Grapefruit," adding that the star also likes romaine salad, caviar, American cheese and black coffee.

May 16, 1931—Waiter taken to psychopathic ward of hospital because he believes he is brother of Greta Garbo.

May 30, 1931—Newspaper columnist announces that Garbo's most intimate friends in Hollywood are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edington. He has been her business manager for some time.

June, 1931—"Is Garbo Doomed?" asks magazine in big type. Sensation-writer hints of strange fate hanging over star. Is there secret tragedy in her life—is she well—or has she pernicious anaemia? Another magazine displays story called "Garbo—Woman Without Love." Writer asks why Greta has never fallen in love. ("Hasn't she?" asks Hollywood.) Magazine that published story, "Exploding the Garbo Myth," in April, receives 15, 854 letters in her defense from outraged Garbo admirers.

June 10, 1931—Book called "The Private Life of Greta Garbo" soon to be published. Report is that Garbo will try to suppress it.

June 23, 1931—Dispatches from Copenhagen say Garbo is to become wife of wealthy merchant named Anderson. She is quoted as saying: "Which Anderson? They're as numerous over there as Smiths in America."

September, 1931—"Garbo Never Sleeps," headlines a magazine. Story tells how she is troubled with insomnia, explains her long, solitary walks.

October, 1931—Garbo appears in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," with Clark Gable, new "great lover," as her co-star. Picture breaks theatre records in New York.

December 28, 1931—Garbo discovered in New York, registered at fashionable St. Moritz Hotel as "Gussie Berger, Chicago." Reports describe her as disguising herself by dressing "like a schoolmarm" and wearing smoked glasses. Admits identity, but is quoted as begging reporters: "Please leaf me 'lone. I came here for joost a few days, for fun. Then I go back to Hollywood to work. Yes?"

December 29, 1931—Out for a brisk walk in Central Park, New York, she is pursued by reporters and other curious New Yorkers. Escapes by dashing to a cab, and driving away in haste. Reporters piqued, ask publicly what all the mystery is about.

December 30, 1931—Columnist reports that Russ Columbo, orchestra leader and singer, has been sending Greta big bouquets. But New Yorkers who have spotted Greta and Ramon Novarro together at exclusive night-clubs suspect this doesn't mean a thing to Garbo.

December 31, 1931—Reporters, who have now given up efforts to interview Garbo, remark in their papers that it is strange that Garbo's arrival in New York coincided with opening of "Mata Hari," her latest picture. Especially with Ramon Novarro, her co-star in the picture, also in New York.

January, 1932—Magazine headlines: "You've Been Wrong about Garbo . . . She Has a Sense of Humor." Writer cites incidents to prove it.

January 8, 1932—Passing through Chicago on her way back to Hollywood, Garbo is quoted as telling reporters: "I don't like most people. No, I am not in love. No, I am not ever to marry. No, I am not to stop playing in the movies. They are my life to me. I am happy to be far, far from New York. They are so impolite in New York."

February, 1932—A magazine reveals "Garbo's Broken Love Affair"—the hitherto unknown story of a romance of her early days in Sweden.

February, 1932—Garbo has moved from $600-a-month home in Santa Monica. Location of new home kept secret until two small boys living next-door came running into their own house with: "Mama, that lady is out there in the yard without any clothes!"

March, 1932—"Is Garbo's Double Taking Her Place?" asks magazine. Story recounts recent Hollywood rumors, but does not say they are true.

March 24, 1932—Newspaper columnist remarks that it looks as if Garbo's "annual threat" to go back to Sweden will be fulfilled this time. Says star has all the money she wants, and now wants only a little farm in Sweden, and retirement.

April 6, 1932—Same columnist now declares that Garbo is planning her own producing company in Sweden.

April 10, 1932—Garbo said to have applied for passport to Sweden. There is a persistent report that she has lost heavily in the crash of stock of the Kreuger match syndicate in Sweden. Harry Edington, her business manager, emphatically denies this, and says her investments are all in the United States.

April 13, 1932—A six month's extension on her visitor's permit has been granted to Greta Garbo. Studio in suspense about whether or not she is going to sign new contract, now under consideration. Difficulty is about salary. Star is reported to want just double her present salary, with studio feeling such a raise is unwise under present business conditions. Compromise being attempted.

April 12, 1932—World première of "Grand Hotel" in New York, with Garbo (who has dropped the "Greta" for good and all) in the rôle of the dancer, *Grusinskaya*. Critics hail picture as one of the great films of all time, and have high praise

for Garbo. Praise for cast, however, divided among five stars—Garbo, Joan Crawford, John and Lionel Barrymore, and Wallace Beery.

April 10, 1932—Newspaper reporter discovers that Garbo is not in "Who's Who," and kids the editors on their oversight.

April 22, 1932—London hears that Greta Garbo will leave Hollywood at the end of April and be married to Wilhelm Soerensen in Berlin in the early summer. He is same young man who figured in romance rumors in March, 1929. Harry Edington denies that she is leaving Hollywood to marry anyone. Her studio frankly announces that it does not know her plans.

April 23, 1932—Sven Garbo, brother of star, denies in Stockholm that she is to marry Soerensen. Soerensen, himself, asks reporters not to print any more such rumors—as it might endanger "a very dear friendship."

May 20, 1932—Harry Edington is quoted as saying that Garbo will leave Hollywood for Sweden within ten days.

June, 1932—Magazine cover line, "The Inside Story of Garbo's Great Success." Writer claims that four men are responsible for her fame and glamour. Says that Lon Chaney suggested mystery to her; that John Gilbert advised no interviews, to add to the mystery; that Gilbert Adrian, the M-G-M fashion designer, had dressed her exotically; and that Cecil Howard, the make-up artist, has brought out her facial distinction. With her talent and this assistance, Garbo has become the world's most famous woman, says the writer.

June 1, 1932—Garbo's contract ends. Studio presents her with fitted traveling bag.

June 2, 1932—Her latest picture, "As You Desire Me," has its première—and critics again acclaim her, most of them hoping out loud that it will not be her last picture. Reviewers find her more daring than usual.

June 3, 1932—The First National Bank of Beverly Hills closes its doors. Reported that Garbo has more than a million dollars in the institution.

June 6, 1932—Harry Edington denies report that Garbo's fortune is tied up in the closed bank. Says most of her money has been invested in U. S. government bonds, and that she has only a few thousand dollars on deposit in the bank.

June 6, 1932—Walter Winchell reports in his column that Garbo left on "de luxe train No. 530" Sunday morning at two o'clock.

June 8, 1932—The "Garbo Rumor Department" at M-G-M denies departure and also denies that there is any such train. Says star is still in town.

June 9, 1932—Reported that Garbo has signed an agreement with Joseph P. Kennedy, banker and former screen executive, to act under his management at $15,000 a week. And he is reported to be dickering with M-G-M and Warner Brothers for use of her services. Newspapers hint that closing of bank may have brought change in her plans.

July, 1932—"Will Garbo and Dietrich Be Deported?" is the newest headline query about Garbo. Magazine asks question after bill is introduced in Congress by Representative Dickstein of New York to ban foreign talent from American films. Article points out how many of the present great stars we would never have seen if such a law had been in effect.

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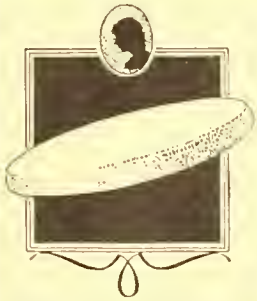

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It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

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Losing a Hundred Pounds of Husband

(*Continued from page 23*)

might be wrong. 'You've been planning to take out more life insurance, Paul,' I told him. 'Why don't you go to see them about it? If you pass a life insurance health examination, you will know that you're all right.'

"So Paul went to the life insurance people and the doctors who had examined him ten years before were amazed. 'You're younger physically now than you were then, your expectancy of life is longer, you're in splendid condition,' they told him. He passed with a hundred per cent rating. And he'll probably be mentioned in medical books because he is such an unusual case. Mentioned again, I mean. He made the medical books first when he weighed twenty pounds at birth.

"The hardest part of this dieting business, so far as I was concerned, was to mix hospitality and diets. We are invited out a good deal, of course, because of Paul's work. But this is the way we managed: When Paul had been out to a banquet or dinner party, he made up for it by cutting down calories the next day.

"He weighs himself morning and evening. There is a normal two-pound gain during the day. If he found himself going even one pound over the normal variation between morning and evening weight, he called a halt on eating entirely until he was back where he belonged. At home we simply served our friends with what we ate ourselves, and I didn't have any complaints.

"There's no reason why it should be noticeable. That's the trouble with most diets—they make mealtimes depressing. If any of you ever dined at Paul Whiteman's home before he was married, you know what gargantuan meals he served, roasts that his cook could hardly stagger under, and everything else in proportion.

Lessening His Appetite

"WELL, I started out serving huge bowls of salad or enormous tureens of soup for a first course. Nothing stingy-looking. I had the table set especially prettily, like a party every night, and then in defiance to all etiquette we started off with a gorgeous big salad. It certainly takes the appetite away to eat a couple of helpings of vegetable or fruit salad before dinner proper. I used lemon juice and mineral oil for dressing.

"The diet scheme, itself, was very simple. No proteins and sweets at the same meal, no starches and proteins at the same meal. That's the secret. I'm sure I can't tell you the scientific reason why these two combinations make you fat, but they do. I didn't let him cut out potatoes, or candy, or cream, or butter, but I saw to it that he didn't eat them in combinations with meats. I'd call him up every afternoon and find out what he had had for lunch before ordering our dinner. If he had had a tomato and cheese salad with a sweet dessert, I'd order a steak and fruit for dessert. He always ate as much as he wanted at every meal.

"But your stomach shrinks, you know, after you've dieted a while. Last Christmas Paul and I were invited out to an old-fashioned dinner with all the fixin's—from turkey and stuffing to mince pie and plum pudding. Paul warned me, 'Margaret, I'm going to fall off the food wagon. I'm going to eat everything—two helpings!' And I just said, 'Fine! Go ahead, dear!' I knew what would happen and, sure enough, after one plate of turkey, he looked across at me ruefully and said, 'Can't make it, after all!'"

Paul Whiteman's amazing transformation in weight has made so much talk and aroused such a storm of interest that Margaret is writing a book to tell the world how he did it. It will be published in the autumn. But the menu lists and calory tables do not show all that Margaret Livingston has done for Paul Whiteman. She has given up her own career, which was at its height at the time of her marriage—because she has found that being the wife of the world's greatest band leader is a full-time job.

"I had him get a manager to take the worries of his business details off his mind. I've been in business myself, you know—I've run apartment houses—as well as being an actress, and I know how a thousand and one petty things can fret one. I've got an entirely new idea of my sister since I married Paul. She was always the one to take the small burdens in our household, and now that I'm on the telephone, or writing letters about Paul's work all day long, I can appreciate what she did for me. The boys in the band heaped their business and domestic troubles on Paul; his friends depended on him for everything; he didn't know where he stood financially. Why, do you know, after he had his manager go over his tangled affairs, he paid fifty thousand dollars of old debts he didn't even know he had, in order to start clear!

She's His Valet Now

"I PERSUADED him to get rid of his valet, too. He didn't want to do that. 'Gosh,' he said, 'I hate to send George away. Why, darling, he used to sleep on the floor beside me when I was sick!' But a man servant gets between a wife and her husband—I couldn't be in the room with Paul while his man was helping him dress. I wanted to do those things for him, myself.

"I must admit I'm not the perfect valet yet. Not very long ago Paul was dressing to go out in the evening and I put his studs in his shirt. I must have fixed them wrong for he just glared at it and tore the whole thing to shreds. Then he looked at me in a panic, but I *loved* it. I've jumped on too many hats myself when my work was worrying me to mind a little temperament. 'I'll improve,' I told him. 'Don't fire your new valet, Paul—I'll learn.'

"Right now, I don't believe I'll ever go back to acting. Paul is my job, and I like my job! I want to be around whenever he wants to talk or just be silent. No, there's no prospect of a baby yet, though we did read about one in the paper! But I hope we'll have some. Paul has a gorgeous little boy, you know, by his former wife.

"My friends would hardly recognize me these days. Sometimes I'm in bed at nine o'clock in the evening—for I can't attend all of Paul's performances! I hardly recognize myself. But I like it! I've had a hectic life, you know—I've been places and seen things, and night-clubs and restaurants and parties aren't any novelty to me any more. I can say truthfully to myself as I drop off to sleep at nine, 'I'm not missing anything worth while!'

"What I do miss is the grand shop-talk with people of my own kind. So many of Paul's friends are normal citizens, charming, cultured, but not professional. I get along with them marvelously, really, but when I met Phyllis Haver Seeman in New York the other day for luncheon, we fell into each other's arms, and nearly wept, it was so good to talk the language again. Phyllis has given up her old life and has deliberately chosen to live her husband's life. She's happy, and awfully popular and successful socially, and she doesn't want to come back to Hollywood. But an actress who has left the greasepaint is always a little homesick the rest of her days."

There's a certain indescribable diaphanous something about a hotel that makes people want to return there again and again to lunch or dine. This psychical "something" is particularly evident at The Algonquin.

How a Famous Novelist Found Shelter

SOME years ago a genial voyager arrived in New York, unannounced, late at night, from West Chester, Pa. There was no vacant room in The Algonquin.

The traveler explained that he had given The Algonquin as his address for important engagements, telegrams and mail. In spite of his polite requests for shelter the weary novelist had to be refused.

Inquiring for the head man he was ushered in to Frank Case's office.

"It seems I cannot get a room here," he said quietly. Then added, "My name is Hergesheimer."

"Not *the* Hergesheimer?" said Case.

"Well, at least *a* Hergesheimer," replied the tired traveler.

"Did you write "Java Head?" inquired Case.

"Yes."

"You can have any room you want, Mr. Hergesheimer. You can have my room. You can have a whole floor."

And thus began the first of the 4,392 visits that the famous novelist had so far paid to The Algonquin.

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Why Genevieve Tobin Has Never Married

(Continued from page 56)

strict faith, she subscribes seriously to all of her church's tenets. Marriage, for Genevieve, must be indeed "as long as ye both shall live—"

She sings, dances and plays the harp. She doesn't stipulate that the Lucky Man will have to play the *harp*, but she does very emphatically state that he will have to be able to do practically everything else and do it well.

"He must be able," she told me, "to play golf and tennis and polo. He must be able to swim and to know good books and wines. He must have a charming manner, though he must *not* kiss my hand. He must be a connoisseur of living and loving." She threw wide her very slender arms in a pair of blue Harry Collins sleeves and cried, "*Am I not worthy of the best?*" (Acting—how Genevieve loves it!)

Wants a Man of the World

SHE must have a man who has traveled, who knows the world. She has traveled extensively and it would be a crushing bore to be married to any man who could not discuss the Eiffel Tower with her as the Eiffel Tower should be discussed.

She loves clothes—and lots of 'em. The man she marries must not only love and appreciate clothes, too, but also love to see her in them and dote upon paying for them. He must be able to laugh at bills, as well as coos; and he must make out checks as gaily as he sings in his morning tub.

She adores kidney sauté and loathes eggplant. The man she marries must likewise worship kidneys (sautéed) and turn a cold shoulder on eggplant. She sleeps in pajamas and loathes nightgowns. If there breathes a man with soul so dead that he could quibble with Genevieve over nighties versus jammies, let him cross his own name off the list this instant.

She'd rather drink champagne than beer any day in the week. Need I mention again that a champagne check-book is not a luxury, but a prime necessity?

She's awfully fond of her mother and her sister, Vivian, and of her two brothers. Her mother "spoils" her, as all good mothers do. She brings her luncheon to the studio and cuts it up into dainty tid-bits that do not disarrange the lip-goo on her mouth. The man she marries must be aware of such thoughtfulnesses. The many males who are perusing this story now should immediately jot them down before daring to propose.

She Won't Do the Cooking

SHE never cooks. Nor does she ever intend to. The man she marries must be able to engage a chef or turn to and fry an egg, himself.

She never diets. The man she marries will never have to eat his meals to the calory chorus. Nor does she have any secrets of beauty. Her beauty is no secret and her husband will be subjected to no shocks, either of pain or of pleasure.

She admires Greta Garbo profoundly. The man she marries should admire Miss Garbo, too. Because a household garbo-vided against itself must fall. Genevieve admires Greta more as a woman than as an actress. She thinks that she has stood for a fine dignity, both in her contacts with Hollywood as a whole and also with the Press. She believes that players should maintain a certain aloofness, a certain mystery. That is why, she tells me, pictures go so much better in places where the players are never seen. Familiarity, says Miss Tobin, breeds contempt—at the box-office. Out in the

Now You Can REDUCE SAFELY!

WOULDN'T you like to rid yourself of excess, harmful, unsightly fat around your hips, waist, arms, legs, shoulders, back, bust, or wherever it appears, if you could do it without starving yourself, without "reducing" baths, without violent exercising, without taking thyroid or other dangerous drugs, without dosing yourself with constipation-producing salts, purgatives and physics? . . . Wouldn't you like to acquire a dainty, youthful figure if you could do it SAFELY, and without the slightest fuss, bother or inconvenience?

Here, at last, is the reducing news for which you have waited. In an essay entitled "A Reliable and Harmless Way to Diminish Over-Fatness," the late Dr. William T. Cathell, of Baltimore stated that if any person weighing less than 300 pounds, with simple uncomplicated over-fatness, would drink the waters of two famous springs alternately each day, after every meal, he or she would not only lose fat gradually and SAFELY, but without leaving wrinkles, bagginess, or crows-feet, and without affecting the muscles, nerves, glands or strength. Dr. Cathell cited case after case to prove the remarkable reducing powers of these waters. One patient lost thirty pounds in six months; another reduced 21½ pounds in eleven weeks; others reported losses of 22 pounds in 12 weeks; 22½ pounds in 13 weeks; 9 pounds in 6 weeks.

It is no longer necessary to go to the famous springs in Germany and France to obtain the fat reducing benefits of these waters. A famous chemist has succeeded in producing an exact reproduction in formula of their mineral content in the form of dainty tablets. When dropped into a glass of water, these tablets produce a sparkling drink, pleasant to take, and particularly refreshing. These tablets, appropriately named "SAIF" can be obtained only direct from the exclusive American distributors, by mail. It is not necessary to send any money in advance. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below, and a full week's supply will come to you in a plain wrapper. When the package arrives, pay the postman only $1.00 plus a few cents delivery charge. If you are not convinced that their continued use will gradually and safely cause your excess fat to disappear, return the empty carton and your money will be refunded. Mail the coupon NOW or write for the complete story of SAIF tablets. SAIF, Inc., Suite 138, Empire Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

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wider-open spaces, one does not rub elbows with Clark Gable "or with Genevieve Tobin," and the interest is better sustained.

She believes that *all* women should maintain a certain mystery—whether they are on the stage or in the boudoir. And that goes for husbands, too.

She never eats before going to bed. Nor does she ever read at bedtime. The man she marries must go through the same schedule of physical and mental sustenance or a conjugal conflict will ensue.

No Headline-Hunters Wanted

THE man she marries must *not* be a celebrity-hunter. Because, when she does marry, she will cease to be a celebrity. She will stay at home and rock the babies and count the laundry.

She is not interested in politics, either domestic or international. She has no objection, however, to wedding a politician. In fact, she rather favors them. She has a certain penchant for being a power behind the Throne—just far enough behind to be comfortable.

She is a Snob. She admits it. The man she marries must have a Family Tree with plenty of leafy branches and the blood that runs in his veins must be unmixed and a cerulean blue.

The heroine of "Hollywood Speaks" loves Hollywood, but doesn't want to live there after marriage. (Home-town boys, please note.) She thinks Hollywood delightful, but a little mad and the taste displayed on most occasions a little bad.

She'd like to live in England—in the country. If the Prince of Wales is still free, single and white when this is printed, he might start redecorating Windsor Castle, which is Out of Town.

She is unlucky at cards. Bridge players, either auction or contract, are OUT.

She has no moles or other skin defects. The man she marries must be likewise without blemish. When pressed for his physical characteristics, she *sang*, not said, "Oh, he must be tall—he must be dark—and very, very strong!" (The atmosphere at that moment was rather "One Hour With You"-ish.)

Her favorite perfume is exotic and she likes plenty of it. Slathers and slathers. The man she marries must Care About Perfume, in a big way. On her person, not on his.

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SHE'S very frank and outspoken when she knows a person well. She expects to know her husband very well, and so the man she marries must like plain-speaking and the honest truth even when it hurts.

When she gets angry at home, she Throws Things. *Any* things. The man she marries must be a runner-up for champion shot-putter and he must also be an Artful Dodger of no mean ability.

She's given to moods, and the man she marries must NOT be given to moods. It's all very simple.

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In a word: A man with the virility of Clark Gable, the intelligence of Leslie Howard, the dignity of Clive Brook and the sheer nerve of James Cagney—if these men were gods, not men.

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There's more Chicle in it

. . that's what makes it better

It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA CHICLE gives Beech-Nut its long-lasting smoothness—makes it easier, less tiring to chew—keeps it fresh and smooth-flavored much longer. It's this EXTRA CHICLE that makes Beech-Nut so truly refreshing

Beech-Nut GUM

"MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER"

And last night on the front porch . . .

"Time out for a cigarette . . .?"

"Sure—but let's have a stick of Beech-Nut first. When you chew Beech-Nut Gum *between smokes* the next one always tastes better."

NEVER PARCHED OR TOASTED

Switch to Camels

then leave them—if you can

IF YOU want to know the difference between a truly fresh cigarette and one that is parched or toasted, light a Camel.

As you draw in that cool, fragrant smoke notice how smooth and friendly it is to your throat. Not a hint of sting or bite. Not a trace of burn.

That is because Camels are blended from choice Turkish and mild, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, and are made with just the right amount of natural moisture and kept that way until delivered to the smoker by the Camel Humidor Pack.

Camels are never parched or toasted.

That's why Camels bring you so much unalloyed enjoyment. That's why they are so much milder; why they leave no cigaretty after-taste.

If you haven't tried Camels lately, get a package today and see for yourself what you are missing.

Switch over to Camels. Then leave them —if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, *Winston-Salem, N. C.*

CAMELS

***Made* FRESH—*Kept* FRESH**

Don't remove the Camel Humidor Pack—it is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Buy Camels by the carton for home or office. The Humidor Pack keeps Camels fresh

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